

THE FARTHER SHORE





STELE OF MENEKRATEIA AND HER FATHER, MENEAS
ATHENS, FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

THE FARTHER SHORE

*An Anthology of World Opinion
on the Immortality of the Soul*

WITH A PREFACE TO EACH SELECTION BY THE EDITORS

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AND
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FOREWORD BY

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Boston and New York
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

1934

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE • MASSACHUSETTS
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FANNY RICE HUNT
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Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tenebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore;
Navita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos,
Ast alios longe summotos arcit harena.

VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, VI, 313-316

PREFACE

WHAT is it like after we die? Through thousands of years that question has filled with wonder the minds and hearts of those who have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow and have seen a loved one die, of those who are dismayed by a world in which the good, the beautiful, and the true are so hard to find and so seldom appreciated, and of those who are simply curious. It is not a question limited in interest to the sage, the scientist, or the poet; it is universal.

What is it like after we die? There have been countless answers by all sorts of men in every race and nation since and even before the dawn of civilized society.

This book is a selection of a few memorable answers which have been recorded. The editors have tried to give the results of an impartial survey of the world's thought on the subject of the immortality of the soul. The selections were made on the basis of the representative character of the opinions expressed, the importance of the persons quoted, and beauty of literary style. They are few but of sufficient length to supply all necessary context. They have been arranged in chronological order rather than according to so-called 'schools of thought,' which vary too often with the predilections of the critic, and form in a subject so personal and so universal a seamless web of similarities and differences. Before each selection stands a brief preface, intended most generally to explain either the occasion of the selection or the manner in which it reveals the attitude of its author or of his age to the question under discussion.

What is it like after we die? The editors express no opinion. But it may be of interest to the curious and of comfort to the sorrowing to note that the overwhelming majority of

PREFACE

the authors selected believe that though the body of man dies his soul lives on.

The two editors are jointly responsible for the selections in this book. While there has been a certain amount of collaboration on the prefaces accompanying the selections, each editor has signed his initials at the end of those prefaces for which he has assumed primary responsibility.

L. H.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

April, 1934

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE editors have been invariably fortunate in the assistance they have received from various scholars in the choosing and in the treatment of their selections. For aid in their Egyptian selections they are indebted to Mr. D. Dunham and to Miss G. W. Nelson of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in their Indian selections to Professors W. E. Clark of Harvard University, Harold H. Bender of Princeton University, and J. B. Pratt of Williams College and to Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in their Platonic selections to Professor J. W. Miller of Williams College, in their Chinese selections to Professor L. Warner of Harvard University, in their Biblical selections and in their selection from Browning to Rev. Dr. E. L. Hunt of New York City, in their Jewish selections to Professors Nathan Isaacs and H. A. Wolfson of Harvard University and to Rabbis W. F. Rosenblum and Max Schenck of Temple Israel, New York City, in their selection from Gregory to Professor G. La Piana of Harvard University, in their selection from the *Koran* to Professor W. Thomson of Harvard University, in their selection from Sturluson to Professor F. L. Crowley of Harvard University, in their selection from *Hamlet* to Mr. Fredson Bowers of Harvard University, in their philosophical selections to Professor A. O. Lovejoy of the Johns Hopkins University and to Dr. O. H. Lee of Harvard University, in their Goethe selection to Professors J. A. Walz of Harvard University and O. W. Long of Williams College, and in their selections from Parker and Lodge to Mrs. R. R. Turner of Spokane, Washington.

The editors wish gratefully to acknowledge their indebtedness to the following individuals and publishers for permission to reprint the following selections from their publications:

George Bell and Sons for R. H. M. Elwes, *Chief Works of Spinoza*, J. M. D. Meiklejohn, *Kant's Critique of Pure Reason*, and R. T. Riley, *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

Burns, Oates and Washbourne for Fathers of the English Dominican Province, *Thomas Aquinas' Summa Theologica*.

Cambridge University Press for A. Cohen, *Babylonian Talmud* and E. S. Haldane, *Philosophical Works of Descartes*.

Clarendon Press for F. M. Mueller, *Katha-Upanishad* and E. H. Palmer, *Koran* — both in *Sacred Books of the East*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

J. M. Dent and Company for L. D. Barnett, *Bhagavad-Gītā* and J. Healey, St. Augustine's *City of God*.

Harvard University Press for H. C. Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*.

Harvard University Press and President and Fellows of Harvard College for J. M. Basore, *Seneca's Dialogues*, C. E. Bennett, *Horace's Odes and Epodes*, H. R. Fairclough, *Virgil's Aeneid*, R. M. Gummere, *Seneca's Moral Epistles*, and C. R. Haines, *Marcus Aurelius' Communings with Himself* — all in the Loeb Classical Library.

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company for A. E. W. Budge, *Book of the Dead* and R. B. Haldane, *Schopenhauer's World as Will and Idea*.

Kelly and Walsh for H. A. Giles' *Gems of Chinese Literature*.

Sir Oliver Lodge for his *Science and Immortality*.

Longmans, Green and Company and Miss T. K. Abbott for T. K. Abbott, *Kant's Critique of Practical Reason*.

The Macmillan Company (New York) for *Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson* and *Complete Poetical Works of Robert Browning*.

Macmillan and Company (London) and Dr. J. Abelson for J. Abelson, *Maimonides' Book of Light* in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*.

Macmillan and Company (London) for S. H. Butcher and A. Lang, *Odyssey*.

Charles Scribner's Sons for J. H. Breasted, *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, B. Jowett, *Dialogues of Plato*, B. Perrin, *Plutarch's Cimon and Pericles*, and Theodore Roosevelt, *The Great Adventure*.

E. M. Gardner for his *Dialogues of Gregory the Great*.

The frontispiece was suggested by Professor Paul J. Sachs of Harvard University and the title *The Farther Shore* by Mr. Ferris Greenslet of Houghton Mifflin Company.

For much kindness and many courtesies in the loan of books the editors are indebted to Mr. W. Briggs and his assistants in the Harvard College Library.

For prompt and expert service in typing the editors are under obligation to Miss Alice Darling of Cambridge.

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FOREWORD

THIS anthology is timely. Mankind is now passing through one of its recurring periods of reshaping ways of thought. During the stretch of time wherein written literature has preserved the hopes, longings, illusions, disillusionments, and reasoned beliefs of men, no topic has more persistently recurred than that of immortality. From the first to the last of these selections we move among friends, with the sympathy of kindred thought. The joy of the present, the yearning of life defeated, the hope of reality triumphing over oblivion, in varying proportions add their background to all reflection.

It is interesting to note the analogies and the differences between utterances separated by time and circumstance. For example, the first selection — *The Song of the Egyptian Minstrel*, written about 2160 B.C. — can be compared with the extract from Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn-Burial*. They reflect upon the futility of Pyramids as barriers against mortality. They are separated by about three thousand eight hundred years, and they express different seasons in the same climate of thought. Again compare the selection from Seneca with the concluding piece of the whole anthology, which is a chapter by Theodore Roosevelt. Both men ruled great empires; both men rose to the height of an immense opportunity; both men faced a tragedy of civilization. Seneca, we feel, belongs to the old age of the world, Roosevelt to its youth. The same thought is pressed upon us if we compare the Egyptian Minstrel with Theodore Roosevelt. The world renews its youth.

I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation of the simple, concise beauty of the introductions to the various authors, supplied by the editors.

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

THE FARTHER SHORE

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THE SONG OF THE EGYPTIAN MINSTREL

(About 2160 B.C.)

THE melancholy gaiety of Epicureanism is as old as the race. The spirit of this song, inscribed four thousand years ago upon the chapel tomb of a pyramid built for King Intef of the Eleventh Dynasty and later copied on papyrus for the use of a traveling minstrel, is echoed in the philosophy of decadent Rome, in the haunting poetry of Omar Khayyam, in the mocking irony of Voltaire, and today in the hearts of people of little hope and no faith. This is the world's earliest recorded poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes.

The Egyptians took good care of their dead because they believed that the life of the soul after death depended on the proper preservation of the body in the grave. So they built the pyramids, buried within them the bodies of Kings, and placed in the mortuary chapels all manner of material comforts to fill the needs of the life beyond.

But when the following poem was written the Age of the Pyramids (2980-2475 B.C.) had passed and an age of scepticism, the Feudal Age (2160-1788 B.C.) was just beginning. Some of these stately monuments lay in ruin, and the unknown author of the poem advises King Intef to 'celebrate the glad day' since 'no man taketh his goods with him.' He cites Imhotep (2980 B.C.), architect of the Third Dynasty, and Hardedef (2880 B.C.), of the Fourth, son of the builder of the great pyramid of Gizeh, as examples of man's futile struggle for immortality.

The English translation is by J. H. Breasted, *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, Scribners, New York, 1912, pp. 182-183.
[N. E. G.]

THE SONG OF THE EGYPTIAN MINSTREL

How prosperous is this good prince!
 It is a goodly destiny, that the bodies diminish,
 Passing away while others remain,
 Since the time of the ancestors,
 The gods who were aforetime,
 Who rest in their pyramids,
 Nobles and the glorious departed likewise,
 Entombed in their pyramids.
 Those who built their (tomb)-temples,
 Their place is no more.
 Behold what is done therein.
 I have heard the words of Imhotep and Hardedef,
 (Words) greatly celebrated as their utterances.
 Behold the places thereof;
 Their walls are dismantled,
 Their places are no more,
 As if they had never been.

None cometh from thence
 That he may tell (us) how they fare;
 That he may tell (us) of their fortunes,
 That he may content our heart,
 Until we (too) depart
 To the place whither they have gone.

Encourage thy heart to forget it,
 Making it pleasant for thee to follow thy desire,
 While thou livest.
 Put myrrh upon thy head,
 And garments on thee of fine linen,
 Imbued with marvellous luxuries,
 The genuine things of the gods.

Increase yet more thy delights,
 And let [not] thy heart languish.
 Follow thy desire and thy good,
 Fashion thine affairs on earth
 After the mandates of thine (own) heart.

THE SONG OF THE EGYPTIAN MINSTREL 3

(Till) that day of lamentation cometh to thee,
When the silent-hearted hears not their lamentation,
Nor he that is in the tomb attends the mourning.

Celebrate the glad day,
Be not weary therein.
Lo, no man taketh his goods with him.
Yea, none returneth again that is gone thither.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD

(1600–900 B.C.)

THE *Book of the Dead* or the *Chapters of Coming Forth by Day* is the Bible of the Egyptians, most of whom, unlike the Egyptian Minstrel, firmly believed in the life everlasting. They based their faith on the efficacy of the hymns and prayers and teachings in their Book.

It is largely liturgical, containing ritualistic formulæ to be addressed to the gods who control the destiny of the soul after death. The formulæ out of which the book had been composed before the time of the First Dynasty (3400 B.C.) and had developed into the so-called Pyramid Texts, inscribed on the walls of chambers inside the pyramids of the fifth and sixth dynasties (2625–2475 B.C.) at Sakkara. Individuals had copies bearing their own name made on papyrus by scribes. The papyri were buried with their owners who were supposed to pronounce the formulæ they contained at appropriate moments in the future life. The Theban Redaction, from which the following selection was taken, was constructed on the basis of copies found at Thebes and written between 1600 and 900 B.C.

The Egyptians were more modern than the Puritans in their conception of the life after death. They did not believe in eternal damnation; the souls which were not saved were annihilated. This belief is illustrated by a vignette in the *Papyrus of Ani*. The heart of the probationer is being weighed in a scales against the feather of Maāt (the goddess of Truth). If the heart prove heavier, its owner falls prey to the Eater of the Dead, an animal-god; otherwise he is admitted to the abode of Osiris.

In the following selection from the *Papyrus of Nebseni* (the scribe) the candidate for immortality appears before a celestial council of forty-two judges to plead ‘not guilty’ to forty-two ‘Thou shalt nots,’ each plea being addressed to a separate judge. There is a similarity between this selection and certain parts of the *Old Testament* which suggests that the Israelites, during the captivity, learned much from their Egyptian captors.

The selection is from The *Book of the Dead*, translated by A. E. Wallis Budge, three vols., Kegan Paul, French, Truebner & Co., London, 1901, II, 366–371.
[N. E. G.]

THE NEGATIVE CONFESSION

The scribe Nebzeni, triumphant, saith:

1. Hail, thou whose strides are long, who comest forth from Ānnu (Heliopolis), I have not done iniquity.
2. Hail, thou who art embraced by flame, who comest forth from Kher-āḥa, I have not robbed with violence.
3. Hail, thou divine Nose (Fenti), who comest forth from Khemennu (Hermopolis), I have not done violence [to any man].
4. Hail, thou who eatest shades, who comes forth from the place where the Nile riseth, I have not committed theft.
5. Hail, Nehā-hāu, who comest forth from Re-stau, I have not slain man or woman.
6. Hail, thou double Lion-god, who comest forth from heaven, I have not made light the bushel.
7. Hail, thou whose two eyes are like flint, who comest forth from Sekhem (Letopolis), I have not acted deceitfully.
8. Hail, thou Flame, who comest forth as [thou] goest back, I have not purloined the things which belong unto God.
9. Hail, thou Crusher of bones, who comest forth from Suten-henen (Heracleopolis), I have not uttered falsehood.
10. Hail, thou who makest the flame to wax strong, who comest forth from Het-ka-Ptah (Memphis), I have not carried away food.
11. Hail, Qerti (i.e., the two sources of the Nile), who come forth from Āmentet, I have not uttered evil words.
12. Hail, thou whose teeth shine, who comest forth from Ta-she (i.e., the Fayyūm), I have attacked no man.
13. Hail, thou who dost consume blood, who comest forth from the house of slaughter, I have not killed the beast, [which are the property of God].
14. Hail, thou who dost consume the entrails, who comest forth from the *mābet* chamber, I have not acted deceitfully.
15. Hail, thou god of Right and Truth, who comest forth from the city of double Maāti, I have not laid waste the lands which have been ploughed (?).
16. Hail, thou who goest backwards, who comest forth from the city of Bast (Bubastis), I have never pried into matters [to make mischief].

17. Hail, Āati, who comest forth from Ānnu (Heliopolis), I have not set my mouth in motion [against any man].

18. Hail, thou who are doubly evil, who comest forth from the nome of Āti, I have not given way to wrath concerning myself without a cause.

19. Hail, thou serpent Uamenti, who comest forth from the house of slaughter, I have not defiled the wife of a man.

20. Hail, thou who lookest upon what is brought to him, who comest forth from the Temple of Āmsu, I have not committed any sin against purity.

21. Hail, Chief of the divine Princes, who comest forth from the city of Nehatu, I have not struck fear [into any man].

22. Hail, Khemi (i.e., Destroyer), who comest forth from the Lake of Ḫaui (Khas?), I have not encroached upon [sacred times and seasons].

23. Hail, thou who orderest speech, who comest forth from Urit, I have not been a man of anger.

24. Hail, thou Child, who comest forth from the Lake of Ḥeq-at, I have not made myself deaf to the words of right and truth.

25. Hail, thou disposer of speech, who comest forth from the city of Unes, I have not stirred up strife.

26. Hail, Basti, who comest forth from the Secret city, I have made no [man] to weep.

27. Hail, thou whose face is [turned] backwards, who comest forth from the Dwelling, I have not committed acts of impurity, neither have I lain with men.

28. Hail, Leg of fire, who comest forth from Ākhekhu, I have not eaten my heart.

29. Hail, Kenemti, who comest forth from [the city of] Kenemet, I have abused [no man].

30. Hail, thou who bringest thine offering, who comest forth from the city of Sau (Saïs), I have not acted with violence.

31. Hail, thou lord of faces, who comest forth from the city of Tchefet, I have not judged hastily.

32. Hail, thou who givest knowledge, who comest forth from Unth, I have not....., and I have not taken vengeance upon the god.

33. Hail, thou lord of two horns, who comest forth from Satiu, I have not multiplied [my] speech overmuch.

34. Hail, Nefer-Tem, who comest forth from Het-kaptaḥ (Memphis), I have not acted with deceit, and I have not worked wickedness.

35. Hail, Tem-Sep, who comest forth from Taṭṭu, I have not uttered curses [on the king].

36. Hail, thou whose heart doth labour, who comest forth from the city of Tebtu, I have not fouled (?) water.

37. Hail, Āḥi of the water, who comest forth from Nu, I have not made haughty my voice.

38. Hail, thou who givest commands to mankind, who comest forth from [Sau (?)], I have not cursed the god.

39. Hail, Neḥeb-nefert, who comest forth from the Lake of Nefer (?), I have not behaved with insolence.

40. Hail, Neḥeb-kau, who comest forth from [thy] city, I have not sought for distinctions.

41. Hail, thou whose head is holy, who comest forth from [thy] habitation, I have not increased my wealth, except with such things as are [justly] mine own possessions.

42. Hail, thou who bringest thine own arm, who comest forth from Āukert (underworld), I have not thought scorn of the god who is in my city.

HOMER

(800-700 B.C.?)

THE *Odyssey* brings together in a long heroic poem many popular traditions respecting the ten years' wanderings of Odysseus on his return from the Trojan War. It was composed perhaps in the eighth century B.C., supposedly by a series of professional poets in Asia Minor, to the greatest of whom tradition assigns the name Homer. The *Odyssey* is a sequel to the *Iliad*, which deals with the siege of Troy. Like the latter, it is known as a 'folk-epic,' an 'epic' because of the magnitude of the event which it relates and a 'folk' epic because it reflects the life of the people among whom it originated.

In the following selection Odysseus relates to Alcinous, king of the Phæcians, to whose coast he has made his escape from shipwreck, his interview with the shades of departed souls in the land of the Cimmerians, located beyond the earth-encircling stream Oceanus. Thither he has been directed by the enchantress Circe in order that he may question these shades concerning his future fortunes. The shades possess prophetic powers, the chief spokesman being the shade of Teiresias, the blind soothsayer of Thebes. They are so weak, however, that they must drink the blood of sheep before they can speak.

Two significant features of the conception of the future life entertained by these early Greeks emerge from this selection. In the first place they conceived of the departed souls as leading an altogether joyless existence. In a passage not included in the present selection the shade of Achilles says: 'Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed.' In the second place they gave no moral content to the life after death. Reward for the good and punishment for the bad is not so much as hinted at. All share alike this joyless existence.

The selection is from the *Odyssey of Homer*, translated by S. A. Butcher and A. Lang, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1900, Book xi, vv. 1-50, pp. 172-173, vv. 84-224, pp. 174-179, vv. 568-640, pp. 189-191.
[N. E. G.]

THE ODYSSEY

'Now when we had gone down to the ship and to the sea, first of all we drew the ship unto the fair salt water, and placed the mast and sails in the black ship, and took those sheep and put them therein, and ourselves too climbed on board, sorrowing, and shedding big tears. And in the wake of our dark-prowed ship she sent a favouring wind that filled the sails, a kindly escort, — even Circe of the braided tresses, a dread goddess of human speech. And we set in order all the gear throughout the ship and sat us down; and the wind and the helmsman guided our barque. And all day long her sails were stretched in her seafaring; and the sun sank and all the ways were darkened.

'She came to the limits of the world, to the deep-flowing Oceanus. There is the land and the city of the Cimmerians, shrouded in mist and cloud, and never does the shining sun look down on them with his rays, neither when he climbs up the starry heavens, nor when again he turns earthward from the firmament, but deadly night is outspread over miserable mortals. Thither we came and ran the ship ashore and took out the sheep; but for our part we held on our way along the stream of Oceanus, till we came to the place which Circe had declared to us.

'There Perimedes and Eurylochus held the victims, but I drew my sharp sword from my thigh, and dug a pit, as it were a cubit in length and breadth, and about it poured a drink-offering to all the dead, first with mead and thereafter with sweet wine, and for the third time with water. And I sprinkled white meal thereon, and entreated with many prayers the strengthless heads of the dead, and promised that on my return to Ithaca I would offer in my halls a barren heifer, the best I had, and fill the pyre with treasure, and apart unto Teiresias alone sacrifice a black ram without spot, the fairest of my flock. But when I had besought the tribes of the dead with vows and prayers, I took the sheep and cut their throats over the trench, and the dark blood flowed forth, and lo, the spirits of the dead that be departed gathered them from out of Erebus. Brides and youths unwed, and old men of many and evil days, and tender maidens with

grief yet fresh at heart; and many there were, wounded with bronze-shod spears, men slain in fight with their bloody mail about them. And these many ghosts flocked together from every side about the trench with a wondrous cry, and pale fear gat hold on me. Then did I speak to my company and command them to flay the sheep that lay slain by the pitiless sword, and to consume them with fire, and to make prayer to the gods, to mighty Hades and to dread Persephone, and myself I drew the sharp sword from my thigh and sat there, suffering not the strengthless heads of the dead to draw nigh to the blood, ere I had word of Teiresias.

‘Anon came up the soul of my mother dead, Anticleia, the daughter of Autolycus the great-hearted, whom I left alive when I departed for sacred Ilios. At the sight of her I wept, and was moved with compassion, yet even so, for all my sore grief, I suffered her not to draw nigh to the blood, ere I had word of Teiresias.

‘Anon came the soul of Theban Teiresias, with a golden sceptre in his hand, and he knew me and spake unto me: “Son of Lærtes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, what seekest thou *now*, wretched man, wherefore hast thou left the sunlight and come hither to behold the dead and a land desolate of joy? Nay, hold off from the ditch and draw back thy sharp sword, that I may drink of the blood and tell thee sooth.”

‘So spake he and I put up my silver-studded sword into the sheath, and when he had drunk the dark blood, even then did the noble seer speak unto me, saying: “Thou art asking of thy sweet returning, great Odysseus, but that will the god make hard for thee; for methinks thou shalt not pass unheeded by the Shaker of the Earth, who hath laid up wrath in his heart against thee, for rage at the blinding of his dear son. Yet even so, through many troubles, ye may come home, if thou wilt restrain thy spirit and the spirit of thy men so soon as thou shalt bring thy well-wrought ship nigh to the isle Thrinacia, fleeing the sea of violet blue, when ye find the herds of Helios grazing and his brave flocks, of Helios who overseeth all and overheareth all things. If thou doest these no hurt, being heedful of thy return, so may yet

ye reach Ithaca, albeit in evil case. But if thou hurtest them, I foreshow ruin for thy ship and for the men, and even though thou shalt thyself escape, late shalt thou return in evil plight, with the loss of all thy company, on board the ship of strangers, and thou shalt find sorrows in thy house, even proud men that devour thy living, while they woo thy god-like wife and offer the gifts of wooing. Yet I tell thee, on thy coming thou shalt avenge their violence. But when thou hast slain the wooers in thy halls, whether by guile, or openly with the edge of the sword, thereafter go thy way, taking with thee a shapen oar, till thou shalt come to such men as know not the sea, neither eat meat savoured with salt; yea, nor have they knowledge of ships of purple cheek, nor shapen oars which serve for wings to ships. And I will give thee a most manifest token, which cannot escape thee. In the day when another wayfarer shall meet thee and say that thou hast a winnowing fan on thy stout shoulder, even then make fast thy shapen oar in the earth and do goodly sacrifice to the lord Poseidon, even with a ram and a bull and a boar, the mate of swine, and depart for home and offer holy hecatombs to the deathless gods that keep the wide heaven, to each in order due. And from the sea shall thine own death come, the gentlest death that may be, which shall end thee foredone with smooth old age, and the folk shall dwell happily around thee. This that I say is sooth."

'So spake he, and I answered him, saying: "Teiresias, all these threads, methinks, the gods themselves have spun. But come, declare me this and plainly tell me all. I see here the spirit of my mother dead; lo, she sits in silence near the blood, nor deigns to look her son in the face nor speak to him! Tell me, prince, how may she know me again that I am he?"'

'So spake I, and anon he answered me, and said: "I will tell thee an easy saying, and will put it in thy heart. Whomsoever of the dead that be departed thou shalt suffer to draw nigh to the blood, he shall tell thee sooth; but if thou shalt grudge any, that one shall go to his own place again." Therewith the spirit of the prince Teiresias went back within the house of Hades, when he had told all his oracles. But I abode there steadfastly, till my mother drew nigh and drank the

dark blood; and at once she knew me, and bewailing herself spake to me winged words:

“Dear child, how didst thou come beneath the darkness and the shadow, thou that art a living man? Grievous is the sight of these things to the living, for between us and you are great rivers and dreadful streams; first, Oceanus, which can no wise be crossed on foot, but only if one have a well-wrought ship. Art thou but now come hither with thy ship and thy company in thy long wanderings from Troy? and hast thou not yet reached Ithaca, nor seen thy wife in thy halls?”

‘Even so she spake, and I answered her, and said: “O my mother, necessity was on me to come down to the house of Hades to seek to the spirit of Theban Teiresias. For not yet have I drawn near to the Achæan shore, nor yet have I set foot on mine own country, but have been wandering evermore in affliction, from the day that first I went with goodly Agamemnon to Ilios of the fair steeds, to do battle with the Trojans. But come, declare me this and plainly tell it all. What doom overcame thee of death that lays men at their length? Was it a slow disease, or did Artemis the archer slay thee with the visitation of her gentle shafts? And tell me of my father and my son, that I left behind me; doth my honour yet abide with them, or hath another already taken it, while they say that I shall come home no more? And tell me of my wedded wife, of her counsel and her purpose, doth she abide with her son and keep all secure, or hath she already wedded the best of the Achæans?”

‘Even so I spake, and anon my lady mother answered me: “Yea verily, she abideth with steadfast spirit in thy halls; and wearily for her the nights wane always and the days in shedding of tears. But the fair honour that is thine no man hath yet taken; but Telemachus sits at peace on his demesne, and feasts at equal banquets, whereof it is meet that a judge partake, for all men bid him to their house. And thy father abides there in the field, and goes not down to the town, nor lies he on bedding or rugs or shining blankets, but all the winter he sleeps, where sleep the thralls in the house, in the ashes by the fire, and is clad in sorry raiment. But when the summer comes and the rich harvest-tide, his beds of fallen leaves are strewn lowly all about the knoll of his vineyard

plot. There he lies sorrowing and nurses his mighty grief, for long desire of thy return, and old age withal comes heavy upon him. Yea and even so did I too perish and meet my doom. It was not the archer goddess of the keen sight, who slew me in my halls with the visitation of her gentle shafts, nor did any sickness come upon me, such as chiefly with a sad wasting draws the spirit from the limbs; nay, it was my sore longing for thee, and for thy counsels, great Odysseus, and for thy loving-kindness, that reft me of sweet life."

"So spake she, and I mused in my heart and would fain have embraced the spirit of my mother dead. Thrice I sprang towards her, and was minded to embrace her; thrice she flitted from my hands as a shadow or even as a dream, and grief waxed ever the sharper at my heart. And uttering my voice I spake to her winged words:

"Mother mine, wherefore dost thou not abide me who am eager to clasp thee, that even in Hades we twain may cast our arms each about the other, and have our fill of chill lament? Is this but a phantom that the high goddess Persephone hath sent me, to the end that I may groan for more exceeding sorrow?"

"So spake I, and my lady mother answered me anon: "Ah me, my child, of all men most ill-fated, Persephone, the daughter of Zeus, doth in no wise deceive thee, but even on this wise it is with mortals when they die. For the sinews no more bind together the flesh and the bones, but the great force of burning fire abolishes these, so soon as the life hath left the white bones, and the spirit like a dream flies forth and hovers near. But haste with all thine heart toward the sunlight, and mark all this, that even hereafter thou mayest tell it to thy wife."

There then I saw Minos, glorious son of Zeus, wielding a golden sceptre, giving sentence from his throne to the dead, while they sat and stood around the prince, asking his dooms through the wide-gated house of Hades.

"And after him I marked the mighty Orion driving the wild beasts together over the mead of asphodel, the very beasts that himself had slain on the lonely hills, with a strong mace all of bronze in his hands, that is ever unbroken.

'And I saw Tityos, son of renowned Earth, lying on a levelled ground, and he covered nine roods as he lay, and vultures twain beset him one on either side, and gnawed at his liver, piercing even to the caul, but he drove them not away with his hands. For he had dealt violently with Leto, the famous bedfellow of Zeus, as she went up to Pytho through the fair lawns of Panopeus.

'Moreover I beheld Tantalus in grievous torment, standing in a mere and the water came nigh unto his chin. And he stood straining as one athirst, but he might not attain to the water to drink of it. For often as that old man stopped down in his eagerness to drink, so often the water was swallowed up and it vanished away, and the black earth still showed at his feet, for some god parched it evermore. And tall trees flowering shed their fruit overhead, pears and pomegranates and apple trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs and olives in their bloom, whereat when that old man reached out his hands to clutch them, the wind would toss them to the shadowy clouds.

'Yea and I beheld Sisyphus in strong torment, grasping a monstrous stone with both his hands. He was pressing thereat with hands and feet, and trying to roll the stone upward toward the brow of the hill. But oft as he was about to hurl it over the top, the weight would drive him back, so once again to the plain rolled the stone, the shameless thing. And he once more kept heaving and straining, and the sweat the while was pouring down his limbs, and the dust rose upwards from his head.

'And after him I described the mighty Heracles, his phantom, I say; but as for himself he hath joy at the banquet among the deathless gods, and hath to wife Hebe of the fair ankles, child of great Zeus, and of Here of the golden sandals. And all about him there was a clamour of the dead, as it were fowls flying every way in fear, and he like black Night, with bow uncased, and shaft upon the string, fiercely glancing around, like one in the act to shoot. And about his breast was an awful belt, a baldric of gold, whereon wondrous things were wrought, bears and wild boars and lions with flashing eyes, and strife and battles and slaughters and murders of men. Nay, now that he hath fashioned this, never another

may he fashion, whoso stored in his craft the device of that belt! And anon he knew me when his eyes beheld me, and making lament he spake unto me winged words:

“Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices: ah! wretched one, dost thou too lead such a life of evil doom, as I endured beneath the rays of the sun? I was the son of Zeus Cronion, yet had I trouble beyond measure, for I was subdued unto a man far worse than I. And he enjoined on me hard adventures, yea and on a time he sent me hither to bring back the hound of hell; for he devised no harder task for me than this. I lifted the hound and brought him forth from out of the house of Hades; and Hermes sped me on my way and the grey-eyed Athene.”

‘Therewith he departed again into the house of Hades, but I abode there still, if perchance some one of the hero folk besides might come, who died in old time. Yea and I should have seen the men of old, whom I was fain to look on, Theseus and Peirithous, renowned children of the gods. But ere that might be the myriad tribes of the dead thronged up together with wondrous clamour: and pale fear gat hold of me, lest the high goddess Persephone should send me the head of the Gorgon, that dread monster, from out of Hades.

‘Straightway then I went to the ship, and bade my men mount the vessel, and loose the hawsers. So speedily they went on board, and sat upon the benches. And the wave of the flood bore the barque down the stream of Oceanus, we rowing first, and afterwards the fair wind was our convoy.’

THE UPANISHADS

(800-500 B.C.)

THE *Upanishads* ('Sessions at the Feet' of a Master) are doctrinal treatises appended to the four *Vedas* (1500-1000 B.C.?), the earliest sacred scriptures of the Hindus. They mark the beginnings of philosophical Brahmanism, which from 800 to 500 B.C. came gradually to displace the earlier worship of nature deities found in the *Vedas*.

Philosophical Brahmanism is a species of spiritual monism. There is, according to it, one divine essence and that essence is spirit (Brahma). This spiritual essence is not identical with nature, as Pantheism believes, but it is immanent in nature and also transcends it. Man, for example, has in life this spirit (Brahma) within him, but he is not all spirit, since he is also corporeal. Only when he becomes completely liberated from the body, will he enjoy union with Brahma. This liberation from the body is to be achieved only gradually, through successive incarnations. After death one is born again into some other body, and so on until he becomes completely spiritualized. Then only will he become absorbed in the world-spirit or Brahma. This world-spirit is entirely impersonal. Hence an increase in spirituality means an increase in selflessness. 'The blessed' who enter Brahma lose all sense of personal identity. Union with Brahma is the ultimate aspiration of Brahmanism. Some men fail to achieve this union. In that case they are compelled to pass through an infinite series of incarnations. Such a fate is the Brahmanistic equivalent of the Christian conception of damnation. Most men, however, will sooner or later consummate this union, and thus escape the necessity of passing through any further rebirths.

Union with Brahma is not a matter of fate or destiny; it is directly dependent upon human volition. The rebirths are caused by *karma* ('acts'), which are caused by *kāma* ('desires'), which in turn are prompted by worldly attachments, attachments to the pleasures of sense, to property, to family, to anything, in short, that ties one to life upon earth. It is only by renouncing these preoccupations as obstructions to true, inward peace, that one may escape the otherwise interminable series of rebirths, and so fit one's self for Brahma.

The *Upanishads* are somewhat obscure. Even expert Indicists

are disagreed as to their meaning. In general they seem to reflect a pantheistic tendency of thought, placing the emphasis upon spirit but without denying the substantial reality of the world. This obscurity is not strange when we remember that they were put together by various hands of various schools of thought at various times. The *Katha-Upanishad* is no exception to the rule. Nevertheless, the general drift of it is clear.

The initial situation is not unlike that of the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham in the Old *Testament*. A son (Nakiketas) is assisting a father (Vâgasravasa) to perform a sacrifice. With a spiritual discernment far beyond his years the son suspects the genuineness of the father's lavish offer of all his possessions to the gods, and thinks to put his father to the test by asking him whether he is himself to be included in the sacrifice. The father in anger replies that he is and forthwith slays him. The finality of the father's act is not, however, such as the uninitiated reader might suspect. Yama ('Death') restores him to life and to his father again. Indeed the story of the sacrifice is merely an ingenious device for bringing Nakiketas into conversation with Yama that he may learn from this 'lesser divinity' the truth about Brahma.

The selection is from the *Katha-Upanishad*, translated by F. Max Mueller in the *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F. Max Mueller, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1884, XV, 1-17.

[N. E. G.]

THE KATHA-UPANISHAD

FIRST ADHYÂYA

First Vallî

1. Vâgasravasa, desirous (of heavenly rewards), surrendered (at a sacrifice) all that he possessed. He had a son of the name of Nakiketas.

2. When the (promised) presents were being given (to the priests), faith entered into the heart of Nakiketas, who was still a boy, and he thought:

3. 'Unblessed, surely, are the worlds to which a man goes by giving (as his promised present at a sacrifice) cows which have drunk water, eaten hay, given their milk, and are barren.'

4. He (knowing that his father had promised to give up all

that he possessed, and therefore his son also) said to his father: 'Dear father, to whom wilt thou give me?'

He said it a second and a third time. Then the father replied (angrily):

'I shall give thee unto Death.'

(The father, having once said so, though in haste, had to be true to his word and to sacrifice his son.)

5. The son said: 'I go as the first, at the head of many (who have still to die); I go in the midst of many (who are now dying). What will be the work of Yama (the ruler of the departed) which today he has to do unto me?'

6. 'Look back how it was with those who came before, look forward how it will be with those who come hereafter. A mortal ripens like corn, like corn he springs up again.'

(Nakiketas enters into the abode of Yama Vaivasvata, and there is no one to receive him. Thereupon one of the attendants of Yama is supposed to say:)

7. 'Fire enters into the houses, when a Brâhmaṇa enters as a guest. That fire is quenched by this peace-offering; — bring water, O Vaivasvata!'

8. 'A Brâhmaṇa that dwells in the house of a foolish man without receiving food to eat, destroys his hopes and expectations, his possessions, his righteousness, his sacred and his good deeds, and all his sons and cattle.'

(Yama, returning to his house after an absence of three nights, during which time Nakiketas had received no hospitality from him, says:)

9. 'O Brâhmaṇa, as thou, a venerable guest, hast dwelt in my house three nights without eating, therefore choose now three boons. Hail to thee! and welfare to me!'

10. Nakiketas said: 'O Death, as the first of the three boons I choose that Gautama, my father, be pacified, kind, and free from anger towards me; and that he may know me and greet me, when I shall have been dismissed by thee.'

11. Yama said: 'Through my favour Auddâlaki Âruni, thy father, will know thee, and be again towards thee as he was before. He shall sleep peacefully through the night, and free from anger, after having seen thee freed from the mouth of death.'

12. Nakiketas said: 'In the heaven-world there is no fear;

thou art not there, O Death, and no one is afraid on account of old age. Leaving behind both hunger and thirst, and out of the reach of sorrow, all rejoice in the world of heaven.'

13. 'Thou knowest, O Death, the fire-sacrifice which leads us to heaven; tell it to me, for I am full of faith. Those who live in the heaven-world reach immortality,—this I ask as my second boon.'

14. Yama said: 'I tell it thee, learn it from me, and when thou understandest that fire-sacrifice which leads to heaven, know, O Nakiketas, that it is the attainment of the endless worlds, and their firm support, hidden in darkness.'

15. Yama then told him that fire-sacrifice, the beginning of all the worlds, and what bricks are required for the altar, and how many, and how they are to be placed. And Nakiketas repeated all as it had been told to him. Then Mrityu, being pleased with him, said again:

16. The generous, being satisfied, said to him: 'I give thee now another boon; that fire-sacrifice shall be named after thee, take also this many-coloured chain.'

17. 'He who has three times performed this Nâkiketa rite, and has been united with the three (father, mother, and teacher), and has performed the three duties (study, sacrifice, almsgiving) overcomes birth and death. When he has learnt and understood this fire, which knows (or makes us know) all that is born of Brahman, which is venerable and divine, then he obtains everlasting peace.'

18. 'He who knows the three Nâkiketa fires, and knowing the three, piles up the Nâkiketa sacrifice, he, having first thrown off the chains of death, rejoices in the world of heaven, beyond the reach of grief.'

19. 'This, O Nakiketas, is thy fire which leads to heaven, and which thou hast chosen as thy second boon. That fire all men will proclaim. Choose now, O Nakiketas, thy third boon.'

20. Nakiketas said: 'There is that doubt, when a man is dead,—some saying, he is; others, he is not. This I should like to know, taught by thee; this is the third of my boons.'

21. Death said: 'On this point even the gods have doubted formerly; it is not easy to understand. That subject is subtle.'

Choose another boon, O Nakiketas, do not press me, and let me off that boon.'

22. Nakiketas said: 'On this point even the gods have doubted indeed, and thou, Death, hast declared it to be not easy to understand, and another teacher like thee is not to be found: — surely no other boon is like unto this.'

23. Death said: 'Choose sons and grandsons who shall live a hundred years, herds of cattle, elephants, gold, and horses. Choose the wide abode of the earth, and live thyself as many harvests as thou desirest.'

24. 'If you can think of any boon equal to that, choose wealth and long life. Be (king), Nakiketas, on the wide earth. I make thee the enjoyer of all desires.'

25. 'Whatever desires are difficult to attain among mortals, ask for them according to thy wish; — these fair maidens with their chariots and musical instruments, — such are indeed not to be obtained by men, — be waited on by them whom I give to thee, but do not ask me about dying.'

26. Nakiketas said: 'These things last till tomorrow, O Death, for they wear out this vigour of all the senses. Even the whole of life is short. Keep thou thy horses, keep dance and song for thyself.'

27. 'No man can be made happy by wealth. Shall we possess wealth, when we see thee? Shall we live, as long as thou rulest? Only that boon (which I have chosen) is to be chosen by me.'

28. 'What mortal, slowly decaying here below, and knowing, after having approached them, the freedom from decay enjoyed by the immortals, would delight in a long life, after he has pondered on the pleasures which arise from beauty and love?'

29. 'No, that on which there is this doubt, O Death, tell us what there is in that great Hereafter. Nakiketas does not choose another boon but that which enters into the hidden world.'

Second Vallî

1. Death said: 'The good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant, misses his end.'

2. 'The good and the pleasant approach man: the wise goes round about them and distinguishes them. Yea, the wise prefers the good to the pleasant, but the fool chooses the pleasant through greed and avarice.'

3. 'Thou, O Nakiketas, after pondering all pleasures that are or seem delightful, hast dismissed them all. Thou hast not gone into the road that leadeth to wealth, in which many men perish.'

4. 'Wide apart and leading to different points are these two, ignorance, and what is known as wisdom. I believe Nakiketas to be one who desires knowledge, for even many pleasures did not tear thee away.'

5. 'Fools dwelling in darkness, wise in their own conceit, and puffed up with vain knowledge, go round and round, staggering to and fro, like blind men led by the blind.'

6. 'The Hereafter never rises before the eyes of the careless child, deluded by the delusion of wealth. "This is the world," he thinks, "there is no other;" — thus he falls again and again under my sway.'

7. 'He (the Self) of whom many are not even able to hear, whom many, even when they hear of him, do not comprehend; wonderful is a man, when found, who is able to teach him (the Self); wonderful is he who comprehends him, when taught by an able teacher.'

8. 'That (Self), when taught by an inferior man, is not easy to be known, even though often thought upon; unless it be taught by another, there is no way to it, for it is inconceivably smaller than what is small.'

9. 'That doctrine is not to be obtained by argument, but when it is declared by another, then, O dearest, it is easy to understand. Thou hast obtained it now; thou art truly a man of true resolve. May we have always an inquirer like thee!'

10. Nakiketas said: 'I know that what is called a treasure is transient, for that eternal is not obtained by things which are not eternal. Hence the Nâkiketa fire(-sacrifice) has been laid by me (first); then, by means of transient things, I have obtained what is not transient (the teaching of Yama).'

11. Yama said: 'Though thou hadst seen the fulfilment of all desires, the foundation of the world, the endless rewards of good deeds, the shore where there is no fear, that

which is magnified by praise, the wide abode, the rest, yet being wise thou hast with firm resolve dismissed it all.'

12. 'The wise who, by means of meditation on his Self, recognises the Ancient, who is difficult to be seen, who has entered into the dark, who is hidden in the cave, who dwells in the abyss, as God, he indeed leaves joy and sorrow far behind.'

13. 'A mortal who has heard this and embraced it, who has separated from it all qualities, and has thus reached the subtle Being, rejoices, because he has obtained what is a cause for rejoicing. The house (of Brahman) is open, I believe, O Nakiketas.'

14. Nakiketas said: 'That which thou seest as neither this nor that, as neither effect nor cause, as neither past nor future, tell me that.'

15. Yama said: 'That word (or place) which all the Vedas record, which all penances proclaim, which men desire when they live as religious students, that word I tell thee briefly, it is Om.'

16. 'That (imperishable) syllable means Brahman, that syllable means the highest (Brahman); he who knows that syllable, whatever he desires, is his.'

17. 'That is the best support, this is the highest support; he who knows that support is magnified in the world of Brahmâ.'

18. 'The knowing (Self) is not born, it dies not; it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. The Ancient is unborn, eternal, everlasting; he is not killed, though the body is killed.'

19. 'If the killer thinks that he kills, if the killed thinks that he is killed, they do not understand; for this one does not kill, nor is that one killed.'

20. 'The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of that creature. A man who is free from desires and free from grief, sees the majesty of the Self by the grace of the Creator.'

21. 'Though sitting still, he walks far; though lying down, he goes everywhere. Who, save myself, is able to know that God who rejoices and rejoices not?'

22. 'The wise who knows the Self as bodiless within the

bodies, as unchanging among changing things, as great and omnipresent, does never grieve.'

23. 'That Self cannot be gained by the Veda, nor by understanding, nor by much learning. He whom the Self chooses, by him the Self can be gained. The Self chooses him (his body) as his own.'

24. 'But he who has not first turned away from his wickedness, who is not tranquil, and subdued, or whose mind is not at rest, he can never obtain the Self (even) by knowledge.'

25. 'Who then knows where He is, He to whom the Brahmans and Kshatriyas are (as it were) but food, and death itself a condiment?'

Third Vallî

1. 'There are the two, drinking their reward in the world of their own works, entered into the cave (of the heart), dwelling on the highest summit (the ether in the heart). Those who know Brahman call them shade and light; likewise, those householders who perform the Trinâkiketa sacrifice.'

2. 'May we be able to master that Nâkiketa rite which is a bridge for sacrificers; also that which is the highest, imperishable Brahman for those who wish to cross over to the fearless shore.'

3. 'Know the Self to be sitting in the chariot, the body to be the chariot, the intellect (buddhi) the charioteer, and the mind the reins.'

4. 'The senses they call the horses, the objects of the senses their roads. When he (the Highest Self) is in union with the body, the senses, and the mind, then wise people call him the Enjoyer.'

5. 'He who has no understanding and whose mind (the reins) is never firmly held, his senses (horses) are unmanageable, like vicious horses of a charioteer.'

6. 'But he who has understanding and whose mind is always firmly held, his senses are under control, like good horses of a charioteer.'

7. 'He who has no understanding, who is unmindful and always impure, never reaches that place, but enters into the rounds of births.'

8. 'But he who has understanding, who is mindful and always pure, reaches indeed that place, from whence he is not born again.'

9. 'But he who has understanding for his charioteer, and who holds the reins of the mind, he reaches the end of his journey, and that is the highest place of Vishnu.'

10. 'Beyond the senses there are the objects, beyond the objects there is the mind, beyond the mind there is the intellect, the Great Self is beyond the intellect.'

11. 'Beyond the Great there is the Undeveloped, beyond the Undeveloped there is the Person (purusha). Beyond the Person there is nothing — this is the goal, the highest road.'

12. 'That Self is hidden in all beings and does not shine forth, but it is seen by subtle seers through their sharp and subtle intellect.'

13. 'A wise man should keep down speech and mind; he should keep them within the Self which is knowledge; he should keep knowledge within the Self which is the Great; and he should keep that (the Great) within the Self which is the Quiet.'

14. 'Rise, awake! having obtained your boons, understand them! The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over; thus the wise say the path (to the Self) is hard.'

15. 'He who has perceived that which is without sound, without touch, without form, without decay, without taste, eternal, without smell, without beginning, without end, beyond the Great, and unchangeable, is freed from the jaws of death.'

16. 'A wise man who has repeated or heard the ancient story of Nakiketas told by Death, is magnified in the world of Brahman.'

17. 'And he who repeats this greatest mystery in an assembly of Brahmans, or full of devotion at the time of the Srâddha sacrifice, obtains thereby infinite rewards.'

SECOND ADHYÂYA

Fourth Vâlî

1. Death said: 'The Self-existent pierced the openings (of the senses) so that they turn forward: therefore man looks

forward, not backward into himself. Some wise man, however, with his eyes closed and wishing for immortality, saw the Self behind.

2. 'Children follow after outward pleasures, and fall into the snare of wide-spread death. Wise men only, knowing the nature of what is immortal, do not look for anything stable here among things unstable.'

3. 'That by which we know form, taste, smell, sounds, and loving touches, by that also we know what exists besides. This is that (which thou hast asked for.)'

4. 'The wise, when he knows that that by which he perceives all objects in sleep or in waking is the great omnipresent Self, grieves no more.'

5. 'He who knows this living soul which eats honey (perceives objects) as being the Self, always near, the Lord of the past and the future, henceforward fears no more. This is that.'

6. 'He who (knows) him who was born first from the brooding heat (for he was born before the water), who, entering into the heart, abides therein, and was perceived from the elements. This is that.'

7. '(He who knows) Aditi also, who is one with all deities, who arises with Prâna (breath of Hiranyagarbha), who, entering into the heart, abides therein, and was born from the elements. This is that.'

8. 'There is Agni (fire), the all-seeing, hidden in the two fire-sticks, well-guarded like a child (in the womb) by the mother, day after day to be adored by men when they awake and bring oblations. This is that.'

9. 'And that whence the sun rises, and whither it goes to set, there all the Devas are contained, and no one goes beyond. This is that.'

10. 'What is here (visible in the world), the same is there (invisible in Brahman); and what is there, the same is here. He who sees any difference here (between Brahman and the world), goes from death to death.'

11. 'Even by the mind this (Brahman) is to be obtained, and then there is no difference whatsoever. He goes from death to death who sees any difference here.'

12. 'The person (purusha), of the size of a thumb, stands

in the middle of the Self (body?), as lord of the past and the future, and henceforward fears no more. This is that.'

13. 'That person, of the size of a thumb, is like a light without smoke, lord of the past and the future, he is the same today and tomorrow. This is that.'

14. 'As rain-water that has fallen on a mountain ridge runs down the rocks on all sides, thus does he, who sees a difference between qualities, run after them on all sides.'

15. 'As pure water poured into pure water remains the same, thus, O Gautama, is the Self of a thinker who knows.'

BUDDHA

(563-483 B.C.)

BUDDHA or The Buddha is the official title of Siddhattha Gotama, the last and greatest buddha ('enlightened one') of India. Son of a rāja ('ruler') of the Sakyas, a Hindu tribe then resident in what is now Nepal, Gotama, at the age of twenty-nine, became converted to a life of self-renunciation. To express his sense of the necessity of abjuring all earthly ties, he left wife and infant son to embark upon the wandering life of a religious recluse. After a six-year period of penance, the severity of which he describes by saying, 'When I touched my belly I felt my back-bone through it, and when I touched my back I felt my belly,' he broke down from exhaustion, and thereafter determined to mitigate the severity of his mortifications. Dismayed by his inability to conform to the requirements of asceticism, he fell prey to ardent longings to return home, resume domestic life, and enjoy the worldly advantages to which his father's rank entitled him. All day long he wrestled with this temptation under the Bo-tree (the tree of enlightenment at Bodh-Gaya), and by sunset overcame it. Thereupon he experienced a strange accession of spiritual power; he was attaining enlightenment ('Bodhi'). From this moment dated his entry upon the 'blessed' state of Buddha-hood. Henceforth for forty-five years he taught and practised his way of salvation in the simple Pāli vernacular, not in the elaborate literary Sanskrit which was used by the Brahmans.

Instead of becoming a Brahman ('priest'), Gotama placed himself, in the first year of his wanderings, under the tutelage of Brahmanistic sophists, thus avoiding the problem of admissibility into a different caste and what would have been to him the irksome discipline of the priesthood. At the same time he succeeded in scaling prophetic heights beyond the reach of the priestly caste and in rearing upon Brahmanistic foundations a new doctrine of his own.

Buddhism bears much the same relation to Brahmanism that Protestantism bears to Catholicism. While retaining the central doctrine of the parent faith, relating to karma and rebirths, Buddha renounced the elaborate ritualism of the Brahmans, preached his religion to the common man as well as to the élite, and trusted (and taught others to trust) not to revelation but to the 'inward light.'

The so-called Buddhistic Canon, though not written by Buddha himself, contains the gist of his teachings. The three great *Sutta Piṭakas* ('Baskets of Discourses'), of which this canon consists, present his sayings as recollected and written down by his later followers. To the second Piṭaka belongs the *Majjhima Nikāya* ('Collection' of Discourses of 'Medium Length'), which, like the *Dīgha Nikāya* ('Collection' of 'Longer' Discourses) of the same Piṭaka, is made up of dialogues supposed to have taken place between the 'Blessed One' and his disciples.

The following selection from the *Majjhima Nikāya*, Sutta ('Discourse') 63, is from *Buddhism in Translations* by Henry C. Warren, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1896, pp. 117-122.

[N. E. G.]

MAJJHIMA-NIKĀYA

QUESTIONS WHICH TEND NOT TO EDIFICATION

Thus have I heard.

On a certain occasion The Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthi in Jetavana monastery in Anāthapiṇḍika's Park. Now it happened to the venerable Māluñkyāputta, being in seclusion and plunged in meditation, that a consideration presented itself to his mind, as follows:—

'These theories which The Blessed One has left unelucidated, has set aside and rejected, — that the world is eternal, that the world is not eternal, that the world is finite, that the world is infinite, that the soul and the body are identical, that the soul is one thing and the body another, that the saint exists after death, that the saint does not exist after death, that the saint both exists and does not exist after death, that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, — these The Blessed One does not elucidate to me. And the fact that The Blessed One does not elucidate them to me does not please me nor suit me. Therefore I will draw near to The Blessed One and inquire of him concerning this matter. If The Blessed One will elucidate to me, either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal, or that the world is finite, or that the world is infinite, or that the soul and the body are identical, or that the soul is one thing and the body another, or that the saint exists after death, or that the saint does not exist after death, or that the saint both exists and

does not exist after death, or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, in that case will I lead the religious life under The Blessed One. If The Blessed One will not elucidate to me, either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal,... or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, in that case will I abandon religious training and return to the lower life of a layman.'

Then the venerable Māluñkyāputta arose at eventide from his seclusion, and drew near to where The Blessed One was; and having drawn near and greeted The Blessed One, he sat down respectfully at one side. And seated respectfully at one side, the venerable Māluñkyāputta spoke to The Blessed One as follows:—

'Reverend Sir, it happened to me, as I was just now in seclusion and plunged in meditation, that a consideration presented itself to my mind, as follows: "These theories which The Blessed One has left unelucidated, has set aside and rejected, — that the world is eternal, that the world is not eternal,... that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, — these The Blessed One does not elucidate to me. And the fact that The Blessed One does not elucidate them to me does not please me nor suit me. I will draw near to The Blessed One and inquire of him concerning this matter. If The Blessed One will elucidate to me, either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal,... or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, in that case will I lead the religious life under The Blessed One. If The Blessed One will not elucidate to me, either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal,... or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, in that case will I abandon religious training and return to the lower life of a layman."

'If The Blessed One knows that the world is eternal, let The Blessed One elucidate to me that the world is eternal; if The Blessed One knows that the world is not eternal, let The Blessed One elucidate to me that the world is not eternal. If The Blessed One does not know either that the world is eternal or that the world is not eternal, the only upright thing for one who does not know, or who has not that insight, is to say, "I do not know; I have not that insight."

‘If The Blessed One knows that the world is finite,...’

‘If The Blessed One knows that the soul and the body are identical,...’

‘If The Blessed One knows that the saint exists after death,...’

‘If The Blessed One knows that the saint both exists and does not exist after death, let The Blessed One elucidate to me that the saint both exists and does not exist after death; if The Blessed One knows that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, let The Blessed One elucidate to me that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death. If The Blessed One does not know either that the saint both exists and does not exist after death, or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, the only upright thing for one who does not know, or who has not that insight, is to say, “I do not know; I have not that insight.”’

‘Pray, Māluñkyāputta, did I ever say to you, “Come, Māluñkyāputta, lead the religious life under me, and I will elucidate to you either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal,... or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death”? ’

‘Nay, verily, Reverend Sir.’

‘Or did you ever say to me, “Reverend Sir, I will lead the religious life under The Blessed One, on condition that The Blessed One elucidate to me either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal,... or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death”? ’

‘Nay, verily, Reverend Sir.’

‘So you acknowledge, Māluñkyāputta, that I have not said to you, “Come, Māluñkyāputta, lead the religious life under me and I will elucidate to you either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal,... or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death;” and again that you have not said to me, “Reverend Sir, I will lead the religious life under The Blessed One, on condition that The Blessed One elucidate to me either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal,... or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death.” That being the case, vain man, whom are you so angrily denouncing?’

‘Māluñkyāputta, any one who should say, “I will not lead

the religious life under The Blessed One until The Blessed One shall elucidate to me either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal,... or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death;" — that person would die, Māluñkyāputta, before The Tathāgata had ever elucidated this to him.

'It is as if, Māluñkyāputta, a man had been wounded by an arrow thickly smeared with poison, and his friends and companions, his relatives and kinsfolk, were to procure for him a physician or surgeon; and the sick man were to say, "I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me belonged to the warrior caste, or to the Brahman caste, or to the agricultural caste, or to the menial caste."

'Or again he were to say, "I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt the name of the man who wounded me, and to what clan he belongs."

'Or again he were to say, "I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me was tall, or short, or of the middle height."

'Or again he were to say, "I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me was black, or dusky, or of a yellow skin."

'Or again he were to say, "I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me was from this or that village, or town, or city."

'Or again he were to say, "I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the bow which wounded me was a cāpa, or a kodaṇḍa."

'Or again he were to say, "I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the bow-string which wounded me was made from swallow-wort, or bamboo, or sinew, or maruva, or from milk-weed."

'Or again he were to say, "I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the shaft which wounded me was a kaccha or a ropima."

'Or again he were to say, "I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the shaft which wounded me was feathered from the wings of a vulture, or of a heron, or of a falcon, or of a peacock, or of a sithilahanu."

‘Or again he were to say, “I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the shaft which wounded me was wound round with the sinews of an ox, or of a buffalo, or of a ruru deer, or of a monkey.”

‘Or again he were to say, “I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the arrow which wounded me was an ordinary arrow, or a claw-headed arrow, or a vekanda, or an iron arrow, or a calf-tooth arrow, or a karavīrapatta.” That man would die, Māluñkyāputta, without ever having learnt this.

‘In exactly the same way, Māluñkyāputta, any one who should say, “I will not lead the religious life under The Blessed One until The Blessed One shall elucidate to me either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal,... or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death”; — that person would die, Māluñkyāputta, before The Tathāgata had ever elucidated this to him.

‘The religious life, Māluñkyāputta, does not depend on the dogma that the world is eternal; nor does the religious life, Māluñkyāputta, depend on the dogma that the world is not eternal. Whether the dogma obtain, Māluñkyāputta, that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal, there still remain birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief, and despair, for the extinction of which in the present life I am prescribing.

‘The religious life, Māluñkyāputta, does not depend on the dogma that the world is finite;...

‘The religious life, Māluñkyāputta, does not depend on the dogma that the soul and the body are identical;...

‘The religious life, Māluñkyāputta, does not depend on the dogma that the saint exists after death;...

‘The religious life, Māluñkyāputta, does not depend on the dogma that the saint both exists and does not exist after death; nor does the religious life, Māluñkyāputta, depend on the dogma that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death. Whether the dogma obtain, Māluñkyāputta, that the saint both exists and does not exist after death, or that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death, there still remain birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief, and despair, for the extinction of which in the present life I am prescribing.

‘Accordingly, Māluñkyāputta, bear always in mind what it is that I have not elucidated, and what it is that I have elucidated. And what, Māluñkyāputta, have I not elucidated? I have not elucidated, Māluñkyāputta, that the world is eternal; I have not elucidated that the world is not eternal; I have not elucidated that the world is finite; I have not elucidated that the world is infinite; I have not elucidated that the soul and the body are identical; I have not elucidated that the soul is one thing and the body another; I have not elucidated that the saint exists after death; I have not elucidated that the saint does not exist after death; I have not elucidated that the saint both exists and does not exist after death; I have not elucidated that the saint neither exists nor does not exist after death. And why, Māluñkyāputta, have I not elucidated this? Because, Māluñkyāputta, this profits not, nor has to do with the fundamentals of religion, nor tends to aversion, absence of passion, cessation, quiescence, the supernatural faculties, supreme wisdom, and Nirvana; therefore have I not elucidated it.

‘And what, Māluñkyāputta, have I elucidated? Misery, Māluñkyāputta, have I elucidated; the origin of misery have I elucidated; the cessation of misery have I elucidated; and the path leading to the cessation of misery have I elucidated. And why, Māluñkyāputta, have I elucidated this? Because, Māluñkyāputta, this does profit, has to do with the fundamentals of religion, and tends to aversion, absence of passion, cessation, quiescence, knowledge, supreme wisdom, and Nirvana; therefore have I elucidated it. Accordingly, Māluñkyāputta, bear always in mind what it is that I have not elucidated, and what it is that I have elucidated.’

Thus spake The Blessed One; and, delighted, the venerable Māluñkyāputta applauded the speech of The Blessed One.

PERICLES

(490-429 B.C.)

THE statesman Pericles, after whom one of the great creative periods of civilization is named, was surnamed by Thucydides 'The Olympian.' Even the Comic Poets, who reviled him, spoke of him as 'wielding a dread thunderbolt in his tongue.' An aristocrat by birth, he espoused, says Plutarch, 'the cause of the poor and the many instead of the few and the rich.' Under his leadership Athenian military and commercial supremacy reached its high-water mark, but the Peloponnesian War, which he advocated, ended disastrously and for a short while before his death he was shorn of his power. After he died, however, the repentant Athenians were, said Plutarch, 'led to the confession that a character more moderate than his in its solemn dignity, and more august in its gentleness had not been created.'

After the first year of the war Pericles delivered his *Funeral Oration* upon the Athenian dead. In the first part of the oration, which is omitted, he speaks of the glory of Athens and appeals to his fellow citizens for support of his policies. In what is here given, instead of holding out for the bereaved hope of a life after death for those they have lost, he urges them to find consolation in the reflection of deeds well done, which will win for them an earthly immortality.

Thus, unlike Plato, his contemporary, he displays the lack of interest in immortality still prevalent among the Greeks of his day.

The selection is from *Plutarch's Cimon and Pericles, with the Funeral Oration of Pericles*, translated by Bernadotte Perrin, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1910, pp. 169-174.

[L. H.]

FUNERAL ORATION

I have thus dwelt at length on the character of our city both because I would teach the lesson that we have far more at stake than those who are so unlike us, and because I would accompany the words of praise which I now pronounce over these men with manifest proofs. Indeed their highest praise

has been already spoken. I have but sung the praises of a city which the virtues of these men and of men like them adorned, and there are few Hellenes like these, whose deeds will be found to balance their praises. I hold that such an end as theirs shows forth a man's real excellence, whether it be a first revelation or a final confirmation. For even those who fall short in other ways may find refuge behind the valor they show in fighting for their country. They make men forget the evil that was in them for the good, and help their country more by their public sacrifice than they injured her by their private failings. Among these men, however, there was no one in wealth who set too high a value on the further enjoyment of it, to his own undoing, nor any one in poverty who was led, by the hope of escaping it and becoming rich, to postpone the dread ordeal. Nay, they deemed the punishment of the enemy more to be desired than all these things, and the fairest of all perils; and so they highly resolved, facing the peril, to punish the foe at the price of their ambitions. They left to hope the uncertainty of success in these, and confidently trusted in their own deeds as they faced the plain duty of the hour. And in the heat of action, thinking it far better to suffer death than to yield and live, they did indeed fly from the word of disgrace, but they stood firm in deeds of prowess, and so, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the height of their glory rather than of their fear, they passed away.

Such were these men, and they were worthy of their city. Those who survive them may pray, perhaps, for a less fatal, but should desire no less bold a temper towards their foes. You cannot weigh in words the service they rendered to the state. You know it yourselves fully as well as any speaker who might descant at length upon it, telling you all the good there is in resistance to the foe. You should rather fix your eyes daily upon the city in her power, until you become her fond lovers. And when her greatness becomes manifest to you, reflect that it was by courage, and the recognition of duty, and the shunning of dishonor, that men won that greatness, men who, even if they failed in an undertaking, did not on that account deem it a worthy thing to rob their city of a glorious example, but offered their lives willingly as

their fairest contribution to the table of her welfare. To the state they gave their lives, but for themselves they won that praise which knows no age, and that sepulchre which is most notable, — I speak not of that in which their bodies lie, but of that in which their fame, the object of commemorative word and deed whenever fit occasion offers, is preserved in everlasting remembrance. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men. Not only in their own country do lettered stones tell where they lie, but in countries not their own as well there abide unwritten memorials of them in every breast, not material, but spiritual. These are the men for you to emulate now. Consider your happiness to be your freedom, and your freedom your high spirit, and do not look askance at the perils of war. It is not the wretched, who have no hope of good, who would with the greater justice be prodigal of their lives; but rather they for whom a total reversal of fortune is among the perils of a longer life, and who would suffer the greatest changes in case of public disaster. More grievous, surely, to a man of spirit, is disaster coupled with cowardice, than the death which comes upon him unawares in the flush of vigor and a common hope.

Wherefore also I do not now commiserate the parents of these dead, you who are here present; I would rather comfort you. Reared as ye have been amid manifold vicissitudes, ye are well aware that it is good fortune when men achieve what is most becoming to them, — death, as these men have, sorrow, as ye have, — and when the measures of their days and of their happiness end together. I know it is hard to persuade you of this, when there will be many reminders of your dead in the good fortune of other parents, in which ye also once took joyful part. Sorrow is felt not so much for the lack of blessings never enjoyed, as for the loss of those to which one has become accustomed. However, those who are still at an age when they may become parents ought to be steadfast in the hope of other children; in your family life, the children who may yet be born will help many of you to forget the loss of those who are no more, while your city will enjoy the double gain of being populous and safe. They surely cannot be fair and just counsellors who do not risk the lives of children in the common dangers of the state. But some of

you can no longer become parents; find your gain therefore in the longer life of your good fortune, and in the thought that the time of your bereavement will be short. Comfort yourselves also with the fair fame of these sons of yours. For in the love of honor there is no old age, and when men are so old as to be useless, it is not the gaining of wealth, as some say, which gives them the more delight, but the receiving of honor.

For you here present who are the sons or brothers of these men, I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. All are wont to praise the dead, and hardly, for all your surpassing virtue, will ye be judged to be even little inferior to them, not to say their equals. The living are envied by their rivals, but the absent one is honored with a good will that knows no competition.

If I am to say anything of the womanly virtues becoming to those of you who are henceforth to be in widowhood, I shall indicate it all in a brief exhortation: not to fall below your birthright is your great glory, and to have as little as possible said about you among men, either in praise or blame.

I have now observed the custom in uttering such fitting words as I could, and by our act of due burial we have begun our more tangible honors to the dead. In continuance of the same the city will maintain their children at the public charge from this time on until they are of age. Such is the serviceable crown which she bestows on these men and their children in reward of struggles such as theirs. For where the greatest prizes are offered for virtue, there the noblest men conduct the state.

And now, when ye have duly mourned, each one his own dead, ye may depart.

PLATO

(428-348 B.C.)

NEARLY twenty-four centuries ago the respectable citizens of Athens indicated one of their fellow citizens as follows: 'Socrates is an evil-doer and corrupter of the youth, who does not receive the gods whom the state receives, but introduces other new divinities.' He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

Socrates spoke on his own behalf. An able lawyer for the defense would probably have brought about an acquittal, for the vote of the judges was close. But Socrates believed that truth and not merely Socrates was on trial and his speech is an appeal to the higher court of posterity. More than that — it is a confession of faith. His disciple Plato was present at the trial and has given us his account of it in the *Apology*. How much of it is the language of Plato and how much of Socrates is a matter of conjecture.

The *Apology* is divided into three parts: first, the defense wherein Socrates answers the charges of his accusers in his superbly irritating manner; second, his address in mitigation of the sentence; and third, from which the following selection is taken, his rebuke to his judges and his confession of faith in the immortality of the soul, wherein he speaks not as one of the greatest dialecticians of philosophy but as one of the greatest men who have been philosophers.

When Socrates met with his disciples for the last time, a few hours before he died, he argues in his old manner and examines with unflinching courage the reasons for his faith in the life after death. He has not solved that problem, but he has rendered unto reason that which is reason's and unto faith that which is faith's. Plato was not present at the discussion, and it is unknown how long after the death of his master he wrote the *Phædo*. Plato's belief in immortality was deeply rooted and variously expressed in many of his dialogues, especially the *Meno*, *Phædo*, *Phædrus*, and the *Apology*. There is a human warmth and dramatic poignancy in the *Phædo* united with the usual Socratic method of reasoning which makes it unique among the dialogues.

Socrates has sought to prove immortality by means of the doctrine of reminiscence: we possess ideas that could not have been derived from experience; hence we must have come into the world with these ideas; hence we must have enjoyed a previous existence

in which those ideas were known. Simmias and Cebes have objected that, while granting that this argument may prove a past existence, it does not prove a future existence. The first selection from the *Phædo* is the answer of Socrates to their objection.

The second selection from the *Phædo* — the death scene of the old ‘gad-fly of Athens’ — needs no comment.

The selections are from The *Dialogues of Plato*, translated by Benjamin Jowett, Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York, 1885, I, 336–339, 406–413, 444–447.

[L. H.]

APOLOGY

Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise man; for they will call me wise even although I am not wise when they want to reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature. For I am far advanced in years, as you may perceive, and not far from death. I am speaking now only to those of you who have condemned me to death. And I have another thing to say to them: You think that I was convicted through deficiency of words — I mean, that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, I might have gained an acquittal. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words — certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you as you would have liked me to address you, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I say, are unworthy of me. But I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean in the hour of danger: nor do I now repent of the manner of my defense, and I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every way of escaping death. For often in battle there is no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways

of escaping death, if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them. And now I depart hence condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death, and they too go their ways condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy and wrong; and I must abide by my award — let them abide by theirs. I suppose that these things may be regarded as fated, — and I think that they are well.

And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and the noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then a while, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges — for you I may truly call judges — I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles,

if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying, for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might

converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamades, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth — that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, — then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways — I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

PHÆDO

Must we not, said Socrates, ask ourselves some question of this sort? — What is that which, as we imagine, is liable to be scattered away, and about which we fear? and what again is that about which we have no fear? And then we may proceed to inquire whether that which suffers dispersion is or is not of the nature of soul — our hopes and fears as to our own souls will turn upon that.

That is true, he said.

Now the compound or composite may be supposed to be naturally capable of being dissolved in like manner as of being compounded; but that which is uncompounded, and that only, must be, if anything is, indissoluble.

Yes; that is what I should imagine, said Cebes.

And the uncompounded may be assumed to be the same and unchanging, whereas the compound is always changing and never the same?

That I also think, he said.

Then now let us return to the previous discussion. Is that idea or essence, which in the dialectical process we define as essence or true existence — whether essence of quality, beauty, or anything else: are these essences, I say, liable at times to some degree of change? or are they each of them always what they are, having the same simple self-existent and unchanging forms, and not admitting of variation at all, or in any way, or at any time?

They must be always the same, Socrates, replied Cebes.

And what would you say of the many beautiful — whether men or horses or garments or any other things which may be called equal or beautiful, — are they all unchanging and the same always, or quite the reverse? May they not rather be described as almost always changing and hardly ever the same, either with themselves or with one another?

The latter, replied Cebes; they are always in a state of change.

And these you can touch and see and perceive with the senses, but the unchanging things you can only perceive with the mind — they are invisible and are not seen?

That is very true, he said.

Well then, he added, let us suppose that there are two sorts of existences, one seen, the other unseen.

Let us suppose them.

The seen is the changing, and the unseen is the unchanging?

That may be also supposed.

And, further, is not one part of us body, and the rest of us soul?

To be sure.

And to which class may we say that the body is more alike and akin?

Clearly to the seen: no one can doubt that.

And is the soul seen or not seen?

Not by man, Socrates.

And by 'seen' and 'not seen' is meant by us that which is or is not visible to the eye of man?

Yes, to the eye of man.

And what do we say of the soul? is that seen or not seen?

Not seen.

Unseen then?

Yes.

Then the soul is more like to the unseen, and the body to the seen?

That is most certain, Socrates.

And were we not saying long ago that the soul when using the body as an instrument of perception, that is to say, when using the sense of sight or hearing or some other sense (for the meaning of perceiving through the body is perceiving through the senses), — were we not saying that the soul too is then dragged by the body into the region of the changeable, and wanders and is confused; the world spins round her, and she is like a drunkard when under their influence.

Very true.

But when returning into herself she reflects; then she passes into the realm of purity, and eternity, and immortality, and unchangeableness, which are her kindred, and with them she ever lives, when she is by herself and is not let or hindered; then she ceases from her erring ways, and being in communion with the unchanging is unchanging. And this state of the soul is called wisdom?

That is well and truly said, Socrates, he replied.

And to which class is the soul more nearly alike and akin, as far as may be inferred from this argument, as well as from the preceding one?

I think, Socrates, that, in the opinion of every one who follows the argument, the soul will be infinitely more like the unchangeable, — even the most stupid person will not deny that.

And the body is more like the changing?

Yes.

Yet once more consider the matter in this light: When the soul and the body are united, then nature orders the soul to rule and govern, and the body to obey and serve. Now which of these two functions is akin to the divine? and which to the mortal? Does not the divine appear to you to be that which naturally orders and rules, and the mortal that which is subject and servant?

True.

And which does the soul resemble?

The soul resembles the divine, and the body the mortal, — there can be no doubt of that, Socrates.

Then reflect, Cebes: is not the conclusion of the whole matter this, — that the soul is in the very likeness of the divine, and immortal, and intelligible, and uniform, and indissoluble, and unchangeable; and the body is in the very likeness of the human, and mortal, and unintelligible, and multiform, and dissoluble, and changeable. Can this, my dear Cebes, be denied?

No indeed.

But if this is true, then is not the body liable to speedy dissolution? and is not the soul almost or altogether indissoluble?

Certainly.

And do you further observe, that after a man is dead, the body, which is the visible part of man, and has a visible framework, which is called a corpse, and which would naturally be dissolved and decomposed and dissipated, is not dissolved or decomposed at once, but may remain for a good while, if the constitution be sound at the time of death, and the season of the year favorable? For the body when shrunk

and embalmed, as is the custom in Egypt, may remain almost entire through infinite ages; and even in decay, still there are some portions, such as the bones and ligaments, which are practically indestructible. You allow that?

Yes.

And are we to suppose that the soul, which is invisible, in passing to the true Hades, which like her is invisible, and pure, and noble, and on her way to the good and wise God, whither, if God will, my soul is also soon to go, — that the soul, I repeat, if this be her nature and origin, is blown away and perishes immediately on quitting the body, as the many say? That can never be, my dear Simmias and Cebes. The truth rather is, that the soul which is pure at departing draws after her no bodily taint, having never voluntarily had connection with the body, which she is ever avoiding, herself gathered into herself (for such abstraction has been the study of her life). And what does this mean but that she has been a true disciple of philosophy, and has practiced how to die easily? And is not philosophy the practice of death?

Certainly.

That soul, I say, herself invisible, departs to the invisible world, — to the divine and immortal and rational: thither arriving, she lives in bliss and is released from the error and folly of men, their fears and wild passions and all other human ills, and forever dwells, as they say of the initiated, in company with the gods? Is not this true, Cebes?

Yes, said Cebes, beyond a doubt.

But the soul which has been polluted, and is impure at the time of her departure, and is the companion and servant of the body always, and is in love with and fascinated by the body and by the desires and pleasures of the body, until she is led to believe that the truth only exists in a bodily form, which a man may touch and see and taste and use for the purpose of his lusts, — the soul, I mean, accustomed to hate and fear and avoid the intellectual principle, which to the bodily eye is dark and invisible, and can be attained only by philosophy; do you suppose that such a soul as this will depart pure and unalloyed?

That is impossible, he replied.

She is engrossed by the corporeal, which the continual

association and constant care of the body have made natural to her.

Very true.

And this, my friend, may be conceived to be that heavy, weighty, earthly element of sight by which such a soul is depressed and dragged down again into the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible and of the world below — prowling about tombs and sepulchres, in the neighborhood of which, as they tell us, are seen certain ghostly apparitions of souls which have not departed pure, but are cloyed with sight and therefore visible.

That is very likely, Socrates.

Yes, that is very likely, Cebes; and these must be the souls, not of the good, but of the evil, who are compelled to wander about such places in payment of the penalty of their former evil way of life; and they continue to wander until the desire which haunts them is satisfied and they are imprisoned in another body. And they may be supposed to be fixed in the same natures which they had in their former life.

What natures do you mean, Socrates?

I mean to say that men who have followed after gluttony, and wantonness, and drunkenness, and have had no thought of avoiding them, would pass into asses and animals of that sort. What do you think?

I think that exceedingly probable.

And those who have chosen the portion of injustice, and tyranny, and violence, will pass into wolves, or hawks and kites; whither else can we suppose them to go?

Yes, said Cebes; that is doubtless the place of natures such as theirs.

And there is no difficulty, he said, in assigning to all of them places answering to their several natures and propensities?

There is not, he said.

Even among them some are happier than others; and the happiest both in themselves and their place of abode are those who have practiced the civil and social virtues which are called temperance and justice, and are acquired by habit and attention without philosophy and mind.

Why are they the happiest?

Because they may be expected to pass into some gentle social nature which is like their own, such as that of bees or ants, or even back again into the form of man, and just and moderate men spring from them.

That is not impossible.

But he who is a philosopher or lover of learning, and is entirely pure at departing, is alone permitted to reach the gods. And this is the reason, Simmias and Cebes, why the true votaries of philosophy abstain from all fleshly lusts, and endure and refuse to give themselves up to them,—not because they fear poverty or the ruin of their families, like the lovers of money, and the world in general; nor like the lovers of power and honor, because they dread the dishonor or disgrace of evil deeds.

No, Socrates, that would not become them, said Cebes.

No indeed, he replied; and therefore they who have a care of their souls, and do not merely live in the fashions of the body, say farewell to all this; they will not walk in the ways of the blind: and when Philosophy offers them purification and release from evil, they feel that they ought not to resist her influence, and to her they incline, and whither she leads they follow her.

What do you mean, Socrates?

I will tell you, he said. The lovers of knowledge are conscious that their souls, when philosophy receives them, are simply fastened and glued to their bodies: the soul is only able to view existence through the bars of a prison, and not in her own nature; she is wallowing in the mire of all ignorance; and philosophy, seeing the terrible nature of her confinement, and that the captive through desire is led to conspire in her own captivity (for the lovers of knowledge are aware that this was the original state of the soul, and that when she was in this state philosophy received and gently counseled her, and wanted to release her, pointing out to her that the eye is full of deceit, and also the ear and the other senses, and persuading her to retire from them in all but the necessary use of them, and to be gathered up and collected into herself, and to trust only to herself and her own intuitions of absolute existence, and mistrust that which comes to her through others and is subject to vicissitude) — philosophy shows her

that this is visible and tangible, but that what she sees in her own nature is intellectual and invisible. And the soul of the true philosopher thinks that she ought not to resist this deliverance, and therefore abstains from pleasures and desires and pains and fears, as far as she is able; reflecting that when a man has great joys or sorrows or fears or desires, he suffers from them, not the sort of evil which might be anticipated — as for example, the loss of his health or property which he has sacrificed to his lusts — but he has suffered an evil greater far, which is the greatest and worst of all evils, and one of which he never thinks.

And what is that, Socrates? said Cebes.

Why this: When the feeling of pleasure or pain in the soul is most intense, all of us naturally suppose that the object of this intense feeling is then plainest and truest: but this is not the case.

Very true.

And this is the state in which the soul is most enthralled by the body.

How is that?

Why, because each pleasure and pain is a sort of nail which nails and rivets the soul to the body, and engrosses her and makes her believe that to be true which the body affirms to be true; and from agreeing with the body and having the same delights she is obliged to have the same habits and ways, and is not likely ever to be pure at her departure to the world below, but is always saturated with the body; so that she soon sinks into another body and there germinates and grows, and has therefore no part in the communion of the divine and pure and simple.

That is most true, Socrates, answered Cebes.

And this, Cebes, is the reason why the true lovers of knowledge are temperate and brave; and not for the reason which the world gives.

Certainly not.

Certainly not! For not in that way does the soul of a philosopher reason; she will not ask philosophy to release her in order that when released she may deliver herself up again to the thrall of pleasures and pains, doing a work only to be undone again, weaving instead of unweaving her

Penelope's web. But she will make herself a calm of passion, and follow Reason, and dwell in her, beholding the true and divine (which is not matter of opinion), and thence derive nourishment. Thus she seeks to live while she lives, and after death she hopes to go to her own kindred and to be freed from human ills. Never fear, Simmias and Cebes, that a soul which has been thus nurtured and has had these pursuits, will at her departure from the body be scattered and blown away by the winds and be nowhere and nothing.

When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any commands for us, Socrates — anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

Nothing particular, he said: only, as I have always told you, I would have you to look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito. But in what way would you have us bury you?

In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body — and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed, — these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the

burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him — (he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison — indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the an-

nouncement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world — may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said.

I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words) — he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito; is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, the justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

CHUANG TZŪ

(400–200 B.C.)

TAOISM, the leading religion of China, was established by Tao Tzū ('The Old One') of the sixth century B.C. It is so-called from Tao's book *Tao Tê Ching* ('The Trend of Nature'). Taoism is a religion of passivism or non-resistance, and teaches, in anticipation of Christianity, the doctrine of returning good for evil. The religion of Tao was opposed by Confucius (551–479 B.C.), who taught that evil should be resisted. But Confucius was, after all, a cold ethical teacher, not an impassioned religious mystic, and while his practical doctrine of even-handed justice won the support of the hard-headed bureaucratic government of China, the idealistic creed of Tao Tzū, by its direct spiritual appeal to an essentially spiritually-minded race, commanded the faith of the great mass of the Chinese. Later Taoism encountered more serious opposition from the ever-increasing throngs of Buddhistic proselytes who from the first century A.D. invaded China from India. At first there was sharp conflict between the two faiths, but a gradual assimilation succeeded, each borrowing largely from the other. Today the native and the alien religion dwell peacefully side by side, sharing about equally the allegiance of un-official China.

The principal follower of Tao and the most powerful subsequent exponent of Taoism was the brilliant dialectician Chuang Tzū of the fourth or third century B.C., whose sententious paradoxes survive only in part. Chuang Tzū did more than any other Chinaman to preserve Taoism from the adulteration of Confucianism and to fortify it against the encroachments of the alien faith from India.

The following selections from the sayings of Chuang Tzū (as recorded by his disciples) are from the *Gems of Chinese Literature* by Herbert A. Giles, Shanghai, Kelly and Walsh, 1922, pp. 22–28.

[N. E. G.]

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY

Four men were conversing together, when the following resolution was suggested:— 'Whosoever can make Inaction the head, Life the backbone, and Death the tail, of his exist-

ence,— that man shall be admitted to friendship with us.' The four looked at each other and smiled; and tacitly accepting the conditions, became friends forthwith.

By-and-by, one of them, named Tzū-yü, fell ill, and another Tzū-ssü, went to see him. 'Verily God is great!' said the sick man. 'See how he has doubled me up. My back is so hunched that my viscera are at the top of my body. My cheeks are level with my navel. My shoulders are higher than my neck. My hair grows up towards the sky. The whole economy of my organism is deranged. Nevertheless, my mental equilibrium is not disturbed.' So saying, he dragged himself painfully to a well, where he could see himself, and continued, 'Alas, that God should have doubled me up like this!'

'Are you afraid?' asked Tzū-ssü. 'I am not,' replied Tzū-yü. 'What have I to fear? Ere long I shall be decomposed. My left shoulder may become a cock, and I shall herald the approach of morn. My right shoulder will become a cross-bow, and I shall be able to get broiled duck. My buttocks will become wheels; and with my soul for a horse, I shall be able to ride in my own chariot. I obtained life because it was my time: I am now parting with it in accordance with the same law. Content with the natural sequence of these states, joy and sorrow touch me not. I am simply, as the ancients expressed it, hanging in the air, unable to cut myself down, bound with the trammels of material existence. But man has ever given way before God; why then, should I be afraid?'

By-and-by, another of the four, named Tzū-lai, fell ill, and lay gasping for breath, while his family stood weeping around. The fourth friend, Tzū-li, went to see him. 'Chut!' cried he to the wife and children; 'begone! you balk his decomposition.' Then, leaning against the door, he said, 'Verily God is great! I wonder what he will make of you now. I wonder whither you will be sent. Do you think he will make you into a rat's liver or into the shoulders of a snake?'

'A son,' answered Tzū-lai, 'must go whithersoever his parents bid him. Nature is no other than a man's parents. If she bid me die quickly, and I demur, then I am an unfilial son.'

She can do me no wrong. She gives me form here on earth; she gives me toil in manhood; she gives me repose in old age; she gives me rest in death. And she who is so kind an arbiter of my life, is necessarily the best arbiter of my death.

'Suppose that the boiling metal in a smelting-pot were to bubble up and say, "Make of me an Excalibur"; I think the caster would reject that metal as uncanny. And if a sinner like myself were to say to God, "Make of me a man, make of me a man"; I think he too would reject me as uncanny. The universe is the smelting-pot, and God is the caster. I shall go whithersoever I am sent, to wake unconscious of the past, as a man wakes from a dreamless sleep.'

II

How do I know that love of life is not a delusion? How do I know that those who fear death are not mere lost lambs which cannot find their way back to the fold?

A daughter of the Governor of Ai, when first captured by the Chins, saturated her robe with tears; but afterwards, when she went into the prince's palace and lived with him on the fat of the land, she repented having wept. And how do I know that the dead do not now repent their former craving for life?

One man will dream of the banquet hour, but wake to lamentation and sorrow. Another will dream of lamentation and sorrow, but wake to enjoy himself in the hunting-field. While men are dreaming, they do not perceive that it is a dream. Some will even have a dream in a dream; and only when they awake do they know that it was all a dream. And so, only when the Great Awakening comes upon us, shall we know this life to be a great dream. Fools believe themselves to be awake now.

III

Chuang Tzū one day saw an empty skull, bleached, but still preserving its shape. Striking it with his riding-whip, he said, 'Wert thou once some ambitious citizen whose inordinate yearnings brought him to this pass? — some statesman who plunged his country in ruin and perhaps perished in the fray? — some wretch who left behind him a legacy of

shame? — some beggar who died in the pangs of hunger and cold? Or didst thou reach this state by the natural course of old age?’

When he had finished speaking, he took the skull, and placing it under his head as a pillow, went to sleep. In the night, he dreamt that the skull appeared to him and said, ‘You speak well, sir; but all you say has reference to the life of mortals, and to mortal troubles. In death there are none of these. Would you like to hear about death?’

Chuang Tzū having replied in the affirmative, the skull began:—‘In death, there is no sovereign above, and no subject below. The workings of the four seasons are unknown. Our existences are bounded only by eternity. The happiness of a king among men cannot exceed that which we enjoy.’

Chuang Tzū, however, was not convinced, and said, ‘Were I to prevail upon God to allow your body to be born again, and your bones and flesh to be renewed, so that you could return to your parents, to your wife, and to the friends of your youth, — would you be willing?’

At this, the skull opened its eyes wide and knitted its brow and said, ‘How should I cast aside happiness greater than that of a king, and mingle once again in the toils and troubles of mortality?’

IV

Life is a state which follows upon Death. Death is a state which precedes Life. Which of us understands the laws that govern their succession?

The life of man is the resultant of forces. The aggregation of those forces is life: their dispersion, death. If, then, Life and Death are but consecutive states of existence, what cause for sorrow have I?

And so it is that all things are but phases of unity. What men delight in is the spiritual essence of life. What they loathe is the material corruption of death. But this state of corruption gives place to that state of spirituality, and that state of spirituality gives place in turn to this state of corruption. Therefore, we may say that all in the universe is comprised in unity; and therefore the inspired among us have adopted unity as their criterion.

THE DEATH OF LAO TZŪ

When Lao Tzū died, and Ch'in Shih went to mourn, the latter uttered three yells and departed.

A disciple asked him, saying, 'Were you not our Master's friend?' 'I was,' replied Ch'in Shih. 'And if so, do you consider that was a fitting expression of grief at his loss?' added the disciple. 'I do,' said Ch'in Shih. 'I had believed him to be the man (*par excellence*), but now I know he was not. When I went in to mourn, I found old persons weeping as if for their children, young ones wailing as if for their mothers. And for him to have gained the attachment of these people in this way, he too must have uttered words which should not have been spoken, and dropped tears which should not have been shed, thus violating eternal principles, increasing the sum of human emotion, and forgetting the source from which his own life was received. Such emotions are but the trammels of mortality. The Master came, because it was his time to be born; he went, because it was his time to die. For those who accept the phenomenon of birth and death in this sense, lamentation and sorrow have no place. Death is but the severance of a thread by which a man hangs suspended in life. Fuel can be consumed; but the fire endureth for ever.'

THE DEATH OF CHUANG TZŪ'S WIFE

When Chuang Tzū's wife died, Hui Tzū went to condole. He found the widower sitting on the ground, singing, with his legs spread out at a right angle, and beating time on a bowl.

'To live with your wife,' exclaimed Hui Tzū, 'and see your eldest son grow to be a man, and then not to shed a tear over her corpse,—this would be bad enough. But to drum on a bowl, and sing; surely this is going too far.'

'Not at all,' replied Chuang Tzū. 'When she died, I could not help being affected by her death. Soon, however, I remembered that she had already existed in a previous state before birth, without form, or even substance; that while in that unconditioned condition, substance was added to spirit; that this substance then assumed form; and that the next

stage was birth. And now, by virtue of a further change, she is dead, passing from one phase to another like the sequence of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. And while she is thus lying asleep in Eternity, for me to go about weeping and wailing would be to proclaim myself ignorant of these natural laws. Therefore I refrain.'

ON HIS OWN DEATH-BED

When Chuang Tzū was about to die, his disciples expressed a wish to give him a splendid funeral. But Chuang Tzū said, 'With Heaven and Earth for my coffin and shell; with the sun, moon, and stars as my burial regalia; and with all creation to escort me to the grave,— are not my funeral paraphernalia ready to hand?'

'We fear,' argued the disciples, 'lest the carrion kite should eat the body of our Master'; to which Chuang Tzū replied, 'Above ground, I shall be food for kites; below, I shall be food for molecrickets and ants. Why rob one to feed the other?

'If you adopt, as absolute, a standard of evenness which is so only relatively, your results will not be absolutely even. If you adopt, as absolute, a criterion of right which is so only relatively, your results will not be absolutely right. Those who trust to their senses become, as it were, slaves to objective existences. Those alone who are guided by their intuitions find the true standard. So far are the senses less reliable than the intuitions. Yet fools trust to their senses to know what is good for mankind, with alas! but external results.'

BHAGAVAD-GĪTĀ

THE ‘LORD’S SONG’ (PREFACE)

(First Century B.C.?)

THE *Mahābhārata*, a long Hindu epic of over two hundred thousand lines, consists in its final form of successive enlargements of a nucleus which was composed about the fifth century B.C. A vast number of episodes have been woven into the main narrative, which does not occupy more than a sixth of the present epic. The nucleus tells the story of the struggle between two groups of cousins (the Kauravas and the Pāṇḍavas, children respectively of two brothers Dhṛitarāshṭra and Pāṇḍu) for the possession of a kingdom of which the ancient Delhi was the capital.

Duryodhana and the other ninety-nine sons of Dhṛitarāshṭra plot unsuccessfully to kill Arjuna and the other four sons of Pāṇḍu until finally Duryodhana defeats Arjuna in a crooked game of dice, and forces him to submit to banishment for thirteen years. At the end of that time the Pāṇḍavas secure allies and return to give battle to the Kauravas and their allies for the kingdom which they think rightfully belongs to them. In the eighteen days battle at Kurukṣetra the Pāṇḍavas are victorious.

The *Bhagavad-Gītā* is a brief episode inserted in the *Mahābhārata* by an unknown author, probably shortly before the beginning of our era. It is in the form of a dialogue between Arjuna and his charioteer Krishṇa as they drive out between the two armies just before the beginning of the battle. In the course of the dialogue Krishṇa reveals himself to Arjuna as an incarnation of Vishṇu, removes his scruples about fighting, and unfolds to him views about life and destiny which embrace the whole field of religion and philosophy.

In the Second Lesson Arjuna, as he sees in the opposing army many of his kinsmen, teachers, and intimate friends, becomes horror-stricken at the thought of slaying them, and weeps as he sinks down in his chariot. Krishṇa comforts him and expounds to him the whole of human duty and the way of reaching salvation. ‘A Kṣatriya (warrior) should not refuse to fight in a just fight. An act done as a duty and without any spirit of personal gain is pure and does not bind one to transmigration. One should pursue the course of one’s own particular duty. The social order is nothing but the sum total of the various duties which pertain to the various groups (castes) which make up society as a whole. To refuse to do

one's own duty and to undertake duties which belong to other groups is to disrupt the whole social order, and is a sin, since the social order is a direct function of the eternal religious order.'

In the Eighth Lesson Kṛiṣṇa explains to Arjuna the nature of Brahman and the means by which the Individual Soul may attain union with the World Soul.

The God of the *Gītā* seems to be a blend of the impersonal Brahman of the *Upanishads* with the personal God Vishṇu, a compromise between an impersonal, abstract Absolute and a Theism in which Vishṇu is a personal manifestation of this Absolute. Underlying both is the idea of the dutiful performance of works without attachment — not one duty for all men but a relativistic conception of various duties depending on the particular group in society into which one has been born. This relativistic attitude has always been characteristic of Hindu ethics.

The *Gītā* has become the favorite sacred book of the Hindus. No other single Indian religious text enjoys more widespread popularity. Its relativistic ethics is a perfect rationalization of the Indian caste system, and its blending of a Theism with an ultimate Pantheism appeals both to those in whom the tendency to devotion and to those in whom the tendency to knowledge dominates.

The following selections are from the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, translated by Lionel D. Barnett, J. M. Dent and Company, London, 1905, Second Lesson, pp. 87-92, Eighth Lesson, pp. 122-126.

[N. E. G.]

THE BHAGAVAD-GĪTĀ

“THE LORD’S SONG” (TEXT)

LESSON THE SECOND

SANJAYA SPAKE:—

So was he stricken by compassion and despair, with clouded eyes full of tears; and the Slayer of Madhu spake to him this word.

THE LORD SPAKE:—

‘Wherefore, O Arjuna, hath come upon thee in thy straits this defilement, such as is felt by the ignoble, making not for heaven, begetting dishonour?’

Fall not into unmanliness, O Pṛiṭhī’s son; it is unmeet for thee. Cease from this base faintness of heart and rise up, O affrighter of the foe!’

ARJUNA SPAKE:—

‘O Madhu’s Slayer, how shall I contend in the strife with my arrows against Bhishma and Drona, who are meet for honour, O smiter of foes?’

Verily it were more blest to eat even the food of beggary in this world, without slaughter of noble masters; were I to slay my masters, I should enjoy here but wealth and loves — delights sullied with blood.

We know not which is the better for us, whether we should overcome them or they overcome us; before us stand arrayed Dhritarashtra’s folk, whom if we slay we shall have no wish for life.

My soul stricken with the stain of unmanliness, my mind all unsure of the Law, I ask thee — tell me clearly what will be the more blest way. I am thy disciple; teach me, who am come to thee for refuge.

I behold naught that can cast out the sorrow that makes my limbs to wither, though I win to wide lordship without rival on earth and even to empire over the gods.’

So spake to the High-Haired One the Wearer of the Hair-Knot, affrighter of foes; ‘I will not war,’ he said to the Lord of the Herds, and made an end of speaking.

And as he sate despairing between the two hosts, O thou of Bharata’s race, the High-Haired One with seeming smile spake to him his word.

THE LORD SPAKE:—

‘Thou hast grieved over them for whom grief is unmeet, though thou speakest words of understanding. The learned grieve not for them whose lives are fled nor for them whose lives are not fled.

Never have I not been, never hast thou and never have these princes of men not been; and never shall time yet come when we shall not all be.

As the Body’s Tenant goes through childhood and manhood and old age in this body, so does it pass to other bodies; the wise man is not confounded therein.

It is the touchings of the senses’ instruments, O Kunti’s son, that beget cold and heat, pleasure and pain; it is they that come and go, that abide not; bear with them, O thou of Bharata’s race.

Verily the man whom these disturb not, indifferent alike to pain and to pleasure, and wise, is meet for immortality, O chief of men.

Of what is not there cannot be being; of what is there cannot be aught but being. The bounds of these twain have been beheld by them that behold the Verity.

But know that That which pervades this universe is imperishable; there is none can make to perish that changeless being.

It is these bodies of the everlasting, unperishing, incomprehensible Body-Dweller that have an end, as it is said. Therefore fight, O thou of Bharata's race.

He who deems This to be a slayer, and he who thinks This to be slain, are alike without discernment; This slays not, neither is it slain.

This never is born, and never dies, nor may it after being come again to be not; this unborn, everlasting, abiding Ancient is not slain when the body is slain.

Knowing This to be imperishable, everlasting, unborn, changeless, O son of Pṛithā, how and whom can a man make to be slain, or slay? As a man lays aside outworn garments and takes others that are new, so the Body-Dweller puts away outworn bodies and goes to others that are new.

Weapons cleave not This, fire burns not This, waters wet not This, wind dries it not.

Not to be cleft is This, not to be burned, nor to be wetted, nor likewise to be dried; everlasting is This, dwelling in all things, firm, motionless, ancient of days.

Unshown is This called, unthinkable This, unalterable This; therefore, knowing it in this wise, thou dost not well to grieve.

So though thou deemest it everlastingly to pass through births and everlastingly through deaths, nevertheless, O strong of arm, thou shouldst not grieve thus.

For to the born sure is death, to the dead sure is birth; so for an issue that may not be escaped thou dost not well to sorrow.

Born beings have for their beginning the unshown state, for their midway the shown, O thou of Bharata's race, and for their ending the unshown; what lament is there for this?

As a marvel one looks upon This; as a marvel another tells thereof; and as a marvel another hears of it; but though he hear of This none knows it.

This Body's Tenant for all time may not be wounded, O thou of Bharata's stock, in the bodies of any beings. Therefore thou dost not well to sorrow for any born beings. Looking likewise on thine own Law, thou shouldst not be dismayed; for to a knight there is no thing more blest than a lawful strife.

Happy the knights, O son of Prithā, who find such a strife coming unsought to them as an open door to Paradise.

But if thou wilt not wage this lawful battle, then wilt thou fail thine own Law and thine honour, and get sin.

Also born beings will tell of thee a tale of unchanging dishonour; and to a man of repute dishonour is more than death.

The lords of great chariots will deem thee to have held back from the strife through fear; and thou wilt come to be lightly esteemed of those by whom thou wert erstwhile deemed of much worth.

They that seek thy hurt will say many words of ill speech, crying out upon thee for thy faintness; now what is more grievous than this?

If thou be slain, thou wilt win Paradise; if thou conquer, thou wilt have the joys of the earth; therefore rise up resolute for the fray, O son of Kuntī.

Holding in indifference alike pleasure and pain, gain and loss, conquest and defeat, so make thyself ready for the fight; thus shalt thou get no sin.

This understanding has been told to thee according to the School of the Count; now hear of that understanding according to the School of the Rule, by rule of which, O son of Prithā, thou shalt cast off the bond of Works.

Herein there is no failing of enterprise, nor backsliding. Even a very little of this Law saves from the great dread.

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LESSON THE EIGHTH

ARJUNA SPAKE:—

‘What is “That Brahma,” what the “One over Self,” what

are "Works," O Male-Supreme; what is that called "One over Born Beings," what that hight "One over Gods"?

Who is the "One over Sacrifice" here in this body, and how may it be, O Madhu-Slayer; and how at the hour of their going hence mayst thou be known by men of strict spirit?"

THE LORD SPAKE:—

'Brahma is the Imperishable, the Supreme; the Nature of each is called the One over Self; the creative force that makes born beings arise into existence bears the name of Works.

The One over Born Beings is perishable existence; the One over Gods is the Male: the One over Sacrifice am I in this body, O best of men.

He who at his last hour, when he casts off the body, goes hence remembering Me, goes assuredly into My being.

Whatsoever being a man at his end in leaving the body remembers, to that same he always goes, O son of Kuntī, inspired to being therein.

Therefore at all times remember Me, and fight; if thy mind and understanding are devoted to Me, thou wilt assuredly come to Me.

With mind guided by rule of constant labour, and turning to naught else, O son of Prīthā, one goes to the heavenly Supreme Male on whom the thought dwells.

Whoso shall remember the ancient Seer, the Guide, the one subtler than an atom, creator of the All, inconceivable of form, sun-hued, beyond the dark,

at time of going hence, with steadfast understanding, guided by devotion and force of the Rule, setting the breath aright midway between the brows, he comes to the heavenly Supreme Male.

I will tell thee briefly of that abode which Veda-knowers call the Imperishable, whereinto strict men void of passion enter, and in desire whereof men observe chastity.

Closing all doors, shutting the mind within the heart, bringing the breath of Self into the head, set upon maintenance of the Rule,

uttering *Om*, the one-syllabled Brahma, and remembering Me — whoso in this wise goes hence, goes on leaving the body into the supreme way.

To the Man of the Rule everlasting under the Rule, who

always and everlastingly with undivided mind remembers Me, I am easy to win, O son of Pṛithā.

After coming to Me the great-hearted that have reached supreme adeptship light never again upon birth, the inconstant home of sorrows.

The worlds, even to the Brahman-realm, O Arjuna, come and go; but for them that have come to Me, O son of Kuntī, there is no birth again.

They that know the Day of Brahman to endure for a thousand ages and the Night thereof to endure for a thousand ages are the knowers of night and day.

At coming of the Day spring from the unshown state all shown existences, at coming of the Night they dissolve into this same unshown state, as men call it.

This same sum of born beings, rising to birth after birth, dissolves away without will of its own at the coming of the Night, O son of Pṛithā, and springs forth again at coming of the Day.

But there is another Existence beyond this, an Unshown beyond this Unshown, an ancient, which is in all born beings, but perishes not with them.

“The Imperishable” is this Unshown called; this, they tell, is the Way Supreme, which once won men return not; and this is My supreme abode.

This is the Supreme Male, O son of Pṛithā, to be won by undivided devotion, wherein born beings abide, wherewith this whole universe is filled.

I will declare the times wherein the Men of the Rule go hence, going either to return no more or to return, O prince of Bharata’s race.

Fire, light, day, the waxing half of the month, the six moons of the northern course—in these go hence the knowers of Brahma, and come to Brahma.

Smoke, night, the waning half of the month, the six moons of the southern course—in these the Man of the Rule attains to the light of the moon, and returns.

These are deemed the two everlasting ways, light and dark, of the world; by the one a man comes back never again, by the other he returns.

No Man of the Rule, O son of Pṛithā, is bewildered if he

knows these two paths; therefore be thou at all times guided by the Rule, Arjuna.

The Man of the Rule, knowing the fruits of righteousness ordained for Scriptures, offerings, mortifications, and alms-giving, passes beyond this present universe, and reaches the supreme sphere.'

Thus ends the Eighth Lesson, intituled 'The Saving Brahma-Rule,' in the Communion of the Blest Kṛishṇa and Arjuna, which is the Teaching-Book of the Rule, the Knowledge of Brahma, the Discourses of the Blest Bhagavad-Gītā.

VIRGIL

(70-19 B.C.)

IN AN age of political commotion Publius Virgilius Maro lived a retired and unruffled life under the patronage of Augustus. He spent most of his days in the country, and there, amid ‘the still quiet of delightful studies,’ acquired that exquisite felicity of expression for which he has been justly esteemed throughout the centuries.

That Virgil should have devoted an entire book of the *Aeneid* to an elaborate description of his hero’s visit to the Lower World was due to the example of Homer, who had done the same thing in the *Odyssey*. For at the time of the Roman poet the geographical details common to both descriptions were no longer believed in, as they had been when the Greek epic was written. Moreover, Virgil spent his last years in Naples, whence it was but a few miles north to Lake Avernus, the volcanic shore of which contained the fabled entrance to Hades, and but a few further miles to the cave of the Cumæan Sibyl, who guided Æneas to the world below.

The following selection is from *Virgil’s Aeneid*, translated by H. R. Fairclough, two vols., G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York, 1916-1918, Book VI, vv. 629-901, I, 549-571.

[L. H.]

THE AENEID

‘Let us hasten. I descry the ramparts reared by Cyclopean forges and the gates with fronting arch, where they bid us lay the appointed gifts.’ She ended, and advancing side by side along the dusky way, they haste over the mid-space and draw nigh the doors. Æneas wins the entrance, sprinkles his body with fresh water, and plants the bough full on the threshold.

This at length performed and the task of the goddess fulfilled, they came to a land of joy, the green pleasaunces and happy seats of the Blissful Groves. Here an ampler ether clothes the meads with roseate light, and they know their own sun, and stars of their own. Some disport their limbs on the grassy wrestling-ground, vie in sports, and grapple on the yellow sand; some trip it in the dance and chant songs.

There, too, the long-robed Thracian priest matches their measures with the seven clear notes, striking them now with his fingers, now with his ivory quill. Here is Teucer's olden line, family most fair, high-souled heroes born in happier years — Ilus and Assaracus and Dardanus, Troy's founder. From afar he marvels at their phantom arms and chariots. Their lances stand fixed in the ground, and their steeds, unyoked, browse freely over the plain. The selfsame pride in chariot and arms that was theirs in life, the selfsame care in keeping sleek steeds, attends them when hidden beneath the earth. Lo! others he sees, to right and left, feasting on the sward, and chanting in chorus a joyous pæan within a fragrant laurel grove, whence, in the world above, the full flood of the Eridanus rolls amid the forest.

Here is the band of those who suffered wounds, fighting for fatherland; those who in lifetime were priests and pure, good bards, whose songs were meet for Phœbus; or they who ennobled life by truths discovered and they who by service have won remembrance among men — the brows of all bound with snowy fillet. These, as they streamed round, the Sibyl thus addressed, Musæus before all; for he is centre of the vast throng that gazed up to him, as with shoulders high he towers aloft: ‘Say, happy souls, and thou best of bards, what land, what place holds Anchises? For his sake are we come, and have sailed across the great rivers of Erebus.’

And to her the hero thus made brief reply: ‘Fixed home hath none. We dwell in shady groves, and live on cushioned river-banks and in meadows fresh with streams. But ye, if the wish in your heart so inclines, surmount this ridge, and soon I will set you on an easy path.’ He spake and stepped on before, and from above points out the shining fields. Then they leave the mountain-tops.

But, deep in a green vale, father Anchises was surveying with earnest thought the imprisoned souls that were to pass to the light above, and, as it chanced, was telling the full tale of his people and beloved children, their fates and fortunes, their works and ways. And he, as he saw Æneas coming towards him over the sward, eagerly stretched forth both hands, while tears streamed from his eyes and a cry fell from his lips: ‘Art thou come at last, and hath the love thy father

looked for vanquished the toilsome way? Is it given me to see thy face, my son, and hear and utter familiar tones? Even so I mused and deemed the hour would come, counting the days thereto, nor has my yearning failed me. O'er what lands, what wide seas hast thou journeyed to my welcome! What dangers have tossed thee, O my son! How I feared the realm of Libya might work thee harm!'

But he: 'Thy shade, father, thy sad shade, meeting me so oft, drove me to seek these portals. My ships ride the Tuscan sea. Grant me to clasp thy hand, grant me, O father, and withdraw thee not from my embrace!'

So he spoke, his face wet with flooding tears. Thrice there he strove to throw his arms about his neck; thrice the form, vainly clasped, fled from his hands, even as light winds, and most like a winged dream.

Meanwhile, in a retired vale, Æneas sees a sequestered grove and rustling forest thickets, and the river of Lethe drifting past those peaceful homes. About it hovered peoples and tribes unnumbered; even as when, in the meadows, in cloudless summertime, bees light on many-hued blossoms and stream round lustrous lilies and all the fields murmur with the humming. Æneas is thrilled by the sudden sight and, knowing not, asks the cause — what is that river yonder, and who are the men thronging the banks in such a host? Then father Anchises: 'Spirits they are, to whom second bodies are owed by Fate, and at the water of Lethe's stream they drink the soothing draught and long forgetfulness. These in truth I have long yearned to tell and show thee to thy face, yea, to count this, my children's seed, that so thou mayest rejoice with me the more at finding Italy.'

'But, father, must we think that any souls pass aloft from here to yon sky, and return a second time to sluggish bodies? What means, alas! this their mad longing for the light?' 'I will surely tell thee, my son, nor hold thee in doubt,' replies Anchises, and reveals each truth in order.

'First, the heaven and earth, and the watery plains, the shining orb of the moon and Titan's star, a spirit within sustains, and mind, pervading its members, sways the whole mass and mingles with its mighty frame. Thence the race of man and beast, the life of winged things, and the

strange shapes ocean bears beneath his glassy floor. Fiery is the vigour and divine the source of those life-seeds, so far as harmful bodies clog them not, nor earthly limbs and mortal frames dull them. Hence their fears and desires, their griefs and joys; nor discern they the light, pent up in the gloom of their dark dungeon. Nay, when at their last day life is fled, still not all the evil, alas! not all the plagues of the body quit them utterly; and it must needs be that many a taint, long linked in growth, should in wondrous wise become deeply ingrained. Therefore are they schooled with penalties, and for olden sins pay punishment: some are hung stretched out to the empty winds; from some the stain of guilt is washed away under swirling floods or burned out in fire. Each of us suffers his own spirit; then through wide Elysium are we sent, a few of us to abide in the joyous fields; till lapse of days, when time's cycle is complete, takes out the inbred taint and leaves unsullied the ethereal sense and pure flame of spirit. All these, when they have rolled time's wheel through a thousand years, the god summons in vast throng to the river of Lethe, in sooth that, reft of memory, they may revisit the vault above and conceive desire to return again to the body.'

Anchises ceased, and drew his son and, with him, the Sibyl into the midst of the concourse and murmuring throng, then chose a mound whence, face to face, he might scan all the long array, and note their countenances as they came.

'Come now, what glory shall hereafter attend the Dardan line, what children of Italian stock await thee, souls illustrious and heirs of our name — this will I set forth, and teach thee thy destiny. Yonder youth thou seest, who leans on headless spear, holds by lot a place nearest the light, and first shall rise into the air of heaven, mingling with Italian blood — Silvius of Alban name, thy last-born child, whom late in thy old age thy wife Lavinia shall bring forth in the woodland, a king and father of kings; from him shall our race have sway in Long Alba. He next is Procas, glory of the Trojan race; and Capys and Numitor, and he who shall renew thy name, Silvius Æneas, like thee peerless in piety or in arms, if ever he win the Alban throne. What youths! What mighty strength, lo! they display, and bear brows shaded with the

civic oak! These, I tell thee, shall rear Nomentum and Gabii and Fidenæ's city; these shall crown hills with Collatia's turrets, with Pometii, and the Fort of Inuus, with Bola and Cora. These shall then be names that now are nameless lands.

'Nay more, a child of Mars shall join his grandsire, even Romulus, whom his mother Ilia shall bear of the blood of Assaracus. Seest thou how the twin plumes stand upon his crest, and how his father himself by his own token even now marks him for the world above? Lo! under his auspices, my son, that glorious Rome shall bound her empire by earth, her pride by heaven, and with a single city's wall shall enclose her seven hills, blest in her brood of men: even as the Berecyntian Mother, turret-crowned, rides in her car through the Phrygian cities, glad in her offspring of gods, and clasping a hundred of her children's children, all denizens of heaven, all tenants of the heights above. Hither now turn thy two eyes: behold this people, thine own Romans. Here is Cæsar, and all Iulus' seed, destined to pass beneath the sky's mighty vault. This, this is he, whom thou so oft heardest promised to thee, Augustus Cæsar, son of a god, who shall again set up the Golden Age amid the fields where Saturn once reigned, and shall spread his empire past Garamant and Indian, to a land that lies beyond the stars, beyond the paths of the year and the sun, where heaven-bearing Atlas turns on his shoulders the sphere, inset with gleaming stars. Against his coming even now the Caspian realms and Mæotian land shudder at Heaven's oracles, and the mouths of sevenfold Nile are in tumult of terror. Nor, in truth, did Alcides range o'er such space of earth, though he pierced the brazen-footed deer, or brought peace to the woods of Erymanthus, and made Lerna tremble at his bow; nor he who guides his car with vine-leaf reins, triumphant Liber, driving his tigers down from Nysa's lofty crest. And do we still hesitate to enlarge our prowess by deeds, or does fear forbid our settling on Ausonian land?

'But who is he apart, crowned with olive-sprays, and bearing the sacrifice? I know the locks and hoary chin of that king of Rome, who, called from the poor land of lowly Cures to sovereign might, shall base the infant city on his

laws. To him shall then succeed Tullus, who shall break his country's peace, and rouse to arms a slothful folk and ranks long unused to triumphs. Hard on him follows overboastful Ancus, even now rejoicing overmuch in the people's breath. Wilt thou see, too, the Tarquin kings, and the proud soul of avenging Brutus, and the fasces regained? He shall be first to win a consul's power and cruel axes, and when his sons stir up new war, the father, for fair freedom's sake, shall call them to their doom — unhappy he, howe'er posterity extol that deed! Yet love of country shall prevail, and boundless passion for renown.

'Nay, see apart the Decii and Drusi, and Torquatus of the cruel axe, and Camillus bringing home the standards. But they whom thou seest gleaming in equal arms, souls harmonious now, while wrapped in night, alas! if they but reach the light of life, what mutual war, what battles and carnage shall they arouse! the father coming down from Alpine ramparts, and the fortress of Monœcus, his daughter's spouse arrayed against him with the armies of the East. O my sons, make not a home within your hearts for such warfare, nor upon your country's very vitals turn her vigour and valour! And do thou first forbear, thou who drawest thy race from heaven; cast from thy hand the sword, thou blood of mine!

'Yonder is one who, triumphant over Corinth, shall drive a victor's car to the lofty Capitol, famed for the Achæans he has slain. Yon other shall uproot Argos and Agamemnon's Mycenæ, yea and even one born of Æacus, seed of Achilles the strong in battle, taking vengeance for his Trojan sires and Minerva's outraged temple. Who would leave thee in silence, great Cato, or thee, Cossus? Who the Gracchan race, or the pair of Scipio's line, two thunderbolts of war, the bane of Libya? or thee, Fabricius, poor, yet a prince? or thee, Serranus, sowing the seed in thy furrow? Whither do ye hurry my weary steps, O Fabii? Thou art he, the mightiest, who singly, by delaying, restorest our state. Others, I doubt not, shall beat out the breathing bronze with softer lines; shall from marble draw forth the features of life; shall plead their causes better; with the rod shall trace the paths of heaven and tell the rising of the stars: remember thou, O Roman, to rule the nations with thy sway — these shall be thine arts —

to crown Peace with Law, to spare the humbled, and to tame in war the proud!'

Thus father Anchises, and, as they marvel, pursues: 'Lo! how Marcellus advances, glorious in his splendid spoils, and towers triumphant over all! The Roman realm, when upheaved in utter confusion, he, a knight, shall support; he shall strike down Carthaginian and insurgent Gaul, and a third time hang up the captured arms to father Quirinus!'

And hereon Æneas, for he saw coming with him a youth of wondrous beauty and brilliant in his arms — but his face was sad and his eyes downcast: 'Who, father, is he who thus attends him on his way? A son, or one of the mighty stock of his children's children? What whispers in the encircling crowd! What noble presence in himself! But black night hovers about his head with its mournful shade.'

Then father Anchises with upwelling tears began: 'O my son, ask not of the vast sorrow of thy people. Him the fates shall but show to earth, nor longer suffer him to stay. Too mighty, O gods, ye deemed the Roman stock would be, were these gifts lasting. What wailing of men shall that famous Field waft to Mavors' mighty city! What funeral-state, O Tiber, shalt thou see, as thou glidest past the new-built tomb! No youth of Ilian stock shall exalt so greatly with his promise his Latin forefathers, nor shall the land of Romulus ever take such pride in any of her sons. Alas for goodness! alas for old-world honour, and the hand invincible in war! Against him in arms would none have advanced unscathed, whether on foot he met the foe, or dug his spurs into the flanks of his foaming horse. Ah! child of pity, if haply thou couldst burst the harsh bonds of fate, thou shalt be Marcellus! Give me lilies with full hand; let me scatter purple flowers; let me heap o'er my offspring's shade at least these gifts and fulfil an unavailing service.'

Thus, through the whole region, they freely range, in the broad, misty plains, surveying all. And when Anchises had led his son over every scene, and fired his soul with love of fame that was to be, he tells him then of the wars he must thereafter wage, and instructs him of the Laurentine peoples and the city of Latinus, and how he is to flee or face each toil.

Two gates of Sleep there are, whereof the one is said to be

of horn, and thereby an easy outlet is given to true shades; the other gleaming with the sheen of polished ivory, but false are the dreams sent by the spirits to the world above. There then with these words Anchises attends both his son and the Sibyl, and dismisses them by the ivory gate. *Æneas* speeds his way to the ships and revisits his comrades; then straight along the shore sails for Caieta's haven. The anchor is cast from the prow; the sterns rest upon the beach.

HORACE

(65-8 B.C.)

THE poetry of Quintus Horatius Flaccus reveals the indifference of the sophisticated man of the world to profound spiritual problems. As regards the immortality of the soul Horace expresses either the conventional literary interest in the traditional mythology, then no longer believed in, or the desire of the poet, also more or less conventionalized, to gain earthly immortality through the works of his pen.

Through the liberality of his father, an impecunious freedman of Southern Italy, Horace was given the education of a gentleman. He studied rhetoric at Rome and philosophy at Athens. Learning in the latter city of the assassination of Cæsar, he joined the standard of Brutus, only to suffer disastrous defeat at Philippi. Though a supporter of the republic, Horace managed, after his return to Rome, to procure a clerkship in the quæstor's office from the new imperial government of Augustus. To offset the boredom of official routine, he vagabonded as occasional poet in the less respectable purlieus of the city. Attracting public attention by his pretty skill in writing verses, he was presented by Virgil to Mæcenas and by Mæcenas to Augustus. A life pension and a Sabine farm followed. Henceforth Horace was his own master and divided his time between the quiet life of a country gentleman and occasional journeys to Rome to sharpen his wits at the dinner tables of the great. At his Sabine estate it was his delight, when winter capped with snow the summit of neighboring Soracte, to pile high the logs on his crackling fire, quaff Falernian, and exchange war reminiscences with his former fellow campaigners.

To remain content with one's earthly lot, to cultivate the quiet mind, to envy not the great, who pay dearly for their greatness, to make the most of the present, to live merrily, to abstain from excess 'less appetite sicken and so die,' not to fear death, such are the chief items in a philosophy of life in which Horace tempers Greek Epicureanism with Roman sobriety.

This Roman quality of restraint which characterizes the philosophy of Horace is also a characteristic of his poetry. Painstaking search for the *mot juste*, the inevitable word, and, in particular, a happy skill in the correct pairing of the right words, as in 'carpe diem,' 'mens æqua,' often with a strikingly paradoxical aim, as in 'splendide mendax,' 'strenua inertia,' gives to his verse a pungent saliency unique in the literature of the world.

Not a great epic poet, like Virgil, not a great philosophical poet, like Lucretius, not a great love poet, like Ovid, desultory Horace lacked the powers of concentration necessary to produce a monumental work of massive proportions. His was the humbler but no less exacting task of painting exquisitely wrought genre pictures of the various social types of his day. Scattered through his *Satires* and *Odes* are unforgettable portraits of the bore, the litigant, the spendthrift, the beauty still rapacious despite her faded charms, and many other types, none the less universal for being of the strictly Roman pattern. His genial irony, broad sympathies, and shrewd commonsense make him the most human and best beloved of Roman poets.

The following selections are from *Horace, The Odes and Epodes*, translated by C. E. Bennett, Macmillan and Company, New York, 1914, *Odes*, Book II, Ode XIV, p. 143, Book III, Ode XXX, p. 279.

[N. E. G.]

ODES

BOOK II

ODE XIV

Death is Inevitable

Alas, O Postumus, Postumus, the years glide swiftly by, nor will righteousness give pause to wrinkles, to advancing age, or Death invincible — no, not if with three hecatombs of bulls a day, my friend, thou strivest to appease relentless Pluto, who imprisons Geryon of triple frame and Tityos, by the gloomy stream that surely must be crossed by all of us who feed upon Earth's bounty, be we princes or needy husbandmen. In vain shall we escape from bloody Mars and from the breakers of the roaring Adriatic; in vain through autumn tide shall we fear the south-wind that brings our bodies harm. At last we needs must gaze on black Cocytos winding with its sluggish flow, and Danaus' daughters infamous, and Sisyphus, the son of Æolus, condemned to ceaseless toil. Earth we must leave, and home and darling wife; nor of the trees thou tendest now, will any follow thee, its short-lived master, except the hated cypress. A worthier heir shall drink thy Cæcuban now guarded by a hundred keys, and drench the pavement with glorious wine choicer than that drunk at the pontiffs' feasts.

Book III

ODE XXX

The Poet's Immortal Fame

I have finished a monument more lasting than bronze and loftier than the Pyramids' royal pile, one that no wasting rain, no furious north wind can destroy, or the countless chain of years and the ages' flight. I shall not altogether die, but a mighty part of me shall escape the death-goddess. On and on shall I grow, ever fresh with the glory of after time. So long as the Pontiff climbs the Capitol with the silent Vestal, I, risen high from low estate, where wild Aufidus thunders and where Daunus in a parched land once ruled o'er a peasant folk, shall be famed for having been the first to adapt Æolian song to Italian verse. Accept the proud honour won by thy merits, Melpomene, and graciously crown my locks with Delphic bays.

OVID

(43 B.C.-17 A.D.)

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO is the supreme poet of sensual love. A flippant wit, his works were uniformly trifles, but magnificent trifles, tours de force for the amusement of fashionable folk, but tours de force of dazzling splendor. He applied an inexhaustible native wit, sharpened to a keen edge by youthful training as rhetorician, to the pitiless exposure of romantic love. Ovid lacked the moral sense and all comprehension of the spiritual life, but he saw everything that lay on the surface of humanity and possessed amazing pictorial power. He was the most urbane and sophisticated of all Roman poets.

His poetry reveals the heartless brilliance of a society on its way to decadence. But it had not yet arrived there, and Ovid overstepped the mark. The immorality of his *Ars Amatoria* ('Art of Love'), a manual for all such as would make love *à la mode*, was the ostensible reason for his banishment by the Emperor Augustus. Henceforth the idol of the gilded youth of imperial Rome found himself a lonely exile on the frozen coast of Pontus, where, as he remarks with dismay, 'the men wore trousers.' But his many love elegies escaped the fate of their author, and lived on to become the delight of future ages. Ovid's influence upon the literature of Europe was, with the possible exception of Virgil's, greater than that of any other Roman poet. The *Art of Love* vied with the breviary in medieval popularity. Boccaccio, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Pope caught from its pages the art of treating love with cold disillusionment and cynical irony. Dryden translated it into English verse.

The *Metamorphoses*, a mythological poem, dealing with the transformation of gods and men through love or some other violent passion, is the most serious of all Ovid's works. Like all of them, it reveals vast reading.

The Fifteenth Book, from which the following selections are taken, is a playful exposition of the Pythagorean Doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls, a supreme instance of metamorphosis. It reveals the fruit of the poet's readings, but not his personal belief, which was typically Epicurean.

The selection is from the *Metamorphoses of Ovid*, translated by Henry T. Riley, George Bell & Sons, London, 1898, Book XV, Fables II and III, pp. 519-526.

[L. H.]

THE METAMORPHOSES

Pythagoras comes to the city of Crotona, and teaches the principles of his philosophy. His reputation draws Numa Pompilius to hear his discourses; on which he expounds his principles, and, more especially, enlarges on the transmigration of the soul, and the practice of eating animal food.

There was a man, a Samian by birth; but he had fled from both Samos and its rulers, and, through hatred of tyranny, he was a voluntary exile. He too, mentally, held converse with the Gods, although far distant in the region of the heavens; and what nature refused to human vision, he viewed with the eyes of his mind. And when he had examined all things with his mind, and with watchful study, he gave them to be learned by the public; and he sought the crowds of people *as they sat* in silence, and wondered at the revealed origin of the vast universe, and the cause of things, and what nature *meant*, and what was God; whence *came* the snow, what was the cause of lightning; *whether it was* Jupiter, or whether the winds that thundered when the cloud was rent asunder; what it was that shook the earth; by what laws the stars took their course; and whatever *besides* lay concealed from mortals.

He, too, was the first to forbid animals to be served up at table, and he was the first that opened his lips, learned indeed, but still not obtaining credit, in such words as these: ‘Forbear, mortals, to pollute your bodies with *such* abominable food. There is the corn; there are the apples that bear down the branches by their weight, and *there are* the grapes swelling upon the vines; there are the herbs that are pleasant; there are some that can become tender, and be softened by *the action of fire*. The flowing milk, too, is not denied you, nor honey redolent of the bloom of the thyme. The lavish Earth yields her riches, and her agreeable food, and affords dainties without slaughter and bloodshed. The beasts satisfy their hunger with flesh; and yet not all of them; for the horse, and the sheep, and the herds subsist on grass. But those whose disposition is cruel and fierce, the Armenian tigers, and the raging lions, and the bears together with the wolves, revel in their diet with blood. Alas! what a crime is it, for entrails to be buried in entrails, and for one ravening body to grow fat

on other carcases crammed *into* it; and for one living creature to exist through the death of another living creature! And does forsooth! amid so great an abundance, which the earth, that best of mothers, produces, nothing delight you but to gnaw with savage teeth the sad *produce of your* wounds, and to revive the habits of the Cyclops? And can you not appease the hunger of a voracious and ill-regulated stomach unless you first destroy another? But that age of old, to which we have given the name of 'Golden,' was blest in the produce of the trees, and in the herbs which the earth produces, and it did not pollute the mouth with blood.

'Then, both did the birds move their wings in safety in the air, and the hare without fear wander in the midst of the fields; then its own credulity had not suspended the fish from the hook; every place was without treachery, and in dread of no injury, and was full of peace. Afterwards, *some one*, no good adviser (whoever among mortals he might have been), envied this simple food, and engulphed in his greedy paunch victuals made from a carcase; 'twas he that opened the path to wickedness; and I can believe that the steel, *since* stained with blood, first grew warm from the slaughter of wild beasts. And that had been sufficient. I confess that the bodies of *animals* that seek our destruction are put to death with no breach of the sacred laws; but, although they might be put to death, yet they were not to be eaten as well. Then this wickedness proceeded still further; and the swine is believed to have deserved death as the first victim, because it grubbed up the seeds with its turned-up snout, and cut short the hopes of the year. Having gnawed the vine, the goat was led for slaughter to the altars of the avenging Bacchus. Their own faults were the ruin of the two. But why have you deserved this, ye sheep? a harmless breed, and born for the service of man; who carry the nectar in your full udders; who afford your wool as soft coverings for us, and who assist us more by your life than by your death. Why have the oxen deserved this, an animal without guile and deceit, innocent, harmless, born to endure labour? In fact, the man is ungrateful, and not worthy of the gifts of the harvest, who could, just after taking off the weight of the curving plough, slaughter the tiller of his fields; who could strike, with the

axe, that neck worn bare with labour, through which he had so oft turned up the hard ground, *and* had afforded so many a harvest.

' And it is not enough for such wickedness to be committed; they have imputed to the Gods themselves this abomination; and they believe that a Deity in the heavens can rejoice in the slaughter of the laborious ox. A victim free from a blemish, and most beauteous in form (for 'tis being slightly that brings destruction), adorned with garlands and gold, is placed upon the altars, and, in its ignorance, it hears one praying, and sees the corn, which it has helped to produce, placed on its forehead between its horns; and, felled, it stains with its blood the knives perhaps before seen by it in the limpid water. Immediately, they examine the entrails snatched from its throbbing breast, and in them they seek out the intentions of the Deities. Whence comes it that men have so great a hankering for forbidden food? Do you presume to feed *on flesh*, O race of mortals? Do it not, I beseech you; and give attention to my exhortations. And when you shall be presenting the limbs of slaughtered oxen to your palates, know and consider that you are devouring your tillers *of the ground*. And since a God impels me to speak, I will duly obey the God that *so* prompts me to speak; and I will pronounce my own Delphic *warnings*, and disclose the heavens themselves; and I will reveal the oracles of the Divine will. I will sing of wondrous things, never investigated by the intellects of the ancients, and *things* which have long lain concealed. It delights me to range among the lofty stars; it delights me, having left the earth and this sluggish spot *far behind*, to be borne amid the clouds, and to be supported on the shoulders of the mighty Atlas; and to look down from afar on minds wandering *in uncertainty*, and devoid of reason; and so to advise them alarmed and dreading extinction, and to unfold the range of things ordained by fate.

' O race! stricken by the alarms of icy death, why do you dread Styx? why the shades, why empty names, the stock subjects of the poets, and the atonements of an imaginary world? Whether the funeral pile consumes your bodies with flames, or old age with gradual dissolution, believe that they cannot suffer any injury. Souls are not subject to death; and

having left their former abode, they ever inhabit new dwellings, and, *there* received, live on.

'I, myself, for I remember it, in the days of the Trojan war, was Euphorbus, the son of Panthoüs, in whose opposing breast once was planted the heavy spear of the younger son of Atreus. I lately recognised the shield, *once* the burden of my left arm, in the temple of Juno, at Argos, the realm of Abas. All things are *ever* changing; nothing perishes. The soul wanders about and comes from that spot to this, from this to that, and takes possession of any limbs whatever; it both passes from the beasts to human bodies, and *so does our soul* into the beasts; and in no *lapse* of time does it perish. And as the pliable wax is moulded into new forms, and no *longer* abides as it was *before*, nor preserves the same shape, but yet is still the same *wax*, so I tell you that the soul is ever the same, but passes into many forms. Therefore that natural affection may not be vanquished by the craving of the appetite, cease, I warn you, to expel the souls of your kindred *from their bodies* by this dreadful slaughter; and let not blood be nourished with blood.

'And, since I am *now* borne over the wide ocean, and I have given my full sails to the wind, there is nothing in all the world that continues in the same state. All things are flowing *onward*, and every shape is assumed in a fleeting course. Even time itself glides on with a constant progress, no otherwise than a river. For neither can the river, nor the fleeting hour stop in its course; but, as wave is impelled by wave, and the one before is pressed on by that which follows, and *itself* presses on that before it; so do the moments similarly fly on, and similarly do they follow, and they are ever renewed. For the moment which was before, is past; and that which was not, *now* exists; and every minute is replaced. You see, too, the night emerge and proceed onward to the dawn, and this brilliant light of the day succeed the dark night. Nor is there the same appearance in the heavens, when all things in their weariness lie in the midst of repose, and when Lucifer is coming forth on his white steed; and, again, there is another appearance, when *Aurora*, the daughter of Pallas, preceding the days, tints the world about to be delivered to Phœbus. The disk itself of *that* God, when it is rising from

beneath the earth, is of ruddy colour in the morning, and when it is hiding beneath the earth it is of a ruddy colour. At its height it is of brilliant whiteness, because there the nature of the æther is purer, and far away, he avoids *all* infection from the earth. Nor can there ever be the same or a similar appearance of the nocturnal Diana; and always that of the present day is less than on the morrow, if she is on the increase; *but* greater if she is contracting her orb.

'And further. Do you not see the year, affording a resemblance of our life, assume four *different* appearances? for, in early Spring, it is mild, and *like* a nursling, and greatly resembling the age of youth. Then, the blade is shooting, and void of strength, it swells, and is flaccid, and delights the husbandman in his expectations. Then, all things are in blossom, and the genial meadow smiles with the tints of its flowers; and not as yet is there any vigour in the leaves. The year *now* waxing stronger, after the Spring, passes into the Summer; and in its youth it becomes robust. And indeed no season is there more vigorous, or more fruitful, or which glows with greater warmth. Autumn follows, the ardour of youth *now* removed, ripe, and placed between youth and old age, moderate in his temperature, with *a few* white hairs sprinkled over his temples. Then comes aged *Winter*, repulsive with his tremulous steps, either stript of his locks, or white with those which he has.

'Our own bodies too are changing always and without any intermission, and tomorrow we shall not be what we were or what we *now* are. The time was, when only as embryos, and the earliest hope of human beings, we lived in the womb of the mother. Nature applied her skillful hands, and willed not that our bodies should be tortured *by* being shut up within the entrails of the distended parent, and brought us forth from our dwelling into the vacant air. Brought to light, the infant lies without *any* strength; soon, *like* a quadruped, it uses its limbs after the manner of the brutes; and by degrees it stands upright, shaking, and with knees still unsteady, the sinews being supported by some assistance. Then he becomes strong and swift, and passes over the hours of youth; and the years of middle age, too, now past, he glides adown the steep path of declining age. This undermines and destroys

the robustness of former years; and Milo, now grown old, weeps when he sees the arms, which equalled those of Hercules in the massiveness of the solid muscles, hang weak and exhausted. The daughter of Tyndarus weeps, too, as she beholds in her mirror the wrinkles of old age, and enquires of herself why it is that she was twice ravished. Thou, Time, the consumer of *all* things, and thou, hateful Old Age, together destroy all things; and, by degrees ye consume each thing, decayed by the teeth of age, with a slow death.

'These things too, which we call elements, are not of unchanging duration; pay attention, and I will teach you what changes they undergo.

'The everlasting universe contains four elementary bodies. Two of these, *namely*, earth and water, are heavy, and are borne downwards by their weight; and as many are devoid of weight, and air, and fire still purer than air, nothing pressing them, seek the higher regions. Although these are separated in space, yet all things are made from them, and are resolved into them. Both the earth dissolving distils into flowing water; and water, too, evaporating, departs in the breezes and the air; its weight being removed again, the most subtle air shoots upwards into the fires of *the æther* on high. Thence do they return back again, and the same order is unravelled; for fire becoming gross, passes into dense air; this changes into water, and earth is formed of the water made dense. Nor does its own form remain to each; and nature, the renewer of *all* things, re-forms one shape from another. And, believe me, in this universe so vast, nothing perishes; but it varies and changes its appearance; and to begin to be something different from what it was before, is called being born; and to cease to be the same thing, *is to be said* to die. Whereas, perhaps, those things are transferred hither, and these things thither; yet, in the whole, all things *ever* exist.

'For my part, I cannot believe that anything lasts long under the same form. 'Twas thus, ye ages, that ye came down to the iron from the gold; 'tis thus, that thou hast so often changed the lot of *various* places. I have beheld that *as* sea, which once had been the most solid earth. I have seen land made from the sea; and far away from the ocean the sea-shells lay, and old anchors were found *there* on the tops of

the mountains. That which was a plain, a current of water has made into a valley, and by a flood the mountain has been levelled into a plain; the ground that was swampy is parched with dry sand; and places which have endured drought, are wet with standing pools. Here nature has opened fresh springs, but there she has shut them up; and rivers have burst forth, aroused by ancient earthquakes; or, vanishing, they have subsided.

SENECA

(4 B.C.-65 A.D.)

IT IS TO HIS LASTING CREDIT THAT, DESPITE PATRICIAN BIRTH, AMPLE WEALTH, AND UNUSUAL CAPACITY FOR GIVING RHETORICAL EXPRESSION TO PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHT, LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA DID NOT, FOR THE SAKE OF A LIFE OF LETTERED LEISURE, SHUN THE RISKS OF PUBLIC SERVICE IN A DESPOTIC AGE. HE SOUGHT THE TEMPEST WHEN THE WAVES ROLLED HIGH, AND DURING THE MINORITY OF NERO SAFELY GUIDED THE SHIP OF STATE THROUGH TROUBLED WATERS.

Seneca adhered to the Stoic School of philosophy, and in accordance with its stern teachings bore with fortitude the many adversities that were his lot in life. When banished to the island of Corsica by Claudius, he tempered the bitterness of exile by writing *Moral Essays*. When in disfavor with Nero he anticipated the fate that awaited him and ended his life by opening his veins and inhaling poisonous vapor.

The noble serenity of soul and firm faith in a life hereafter evident in his writings have led many to suspect that Seneca may have had presentiments of the coming dawn of Christianity. But though his elder brother Gallio acted as judge at the trial of Saint Paul (*Acts XVIII, 12-17*), there is no evidence that Seneca himself had any contact with the early Christians.

The first selection forms part of a 'consolatio,' addressed to Polybius, author of a translation of Homer into Latin and of the *Aeneid* into Greek, on the occasion of his brother's death. It is from the *Dialogi* ('Dialogues'), translated by J. M. Basore under the title 'Moral Essays,' three vols., Putnam's Sons, New York, 1928-1932, Book XI, Chapters 9-10, II, 379-387. The second selection is number CII of the *Epistolaæ Morales* ('Moral Epistles'), addressed to Lucilius, Procurator of Sicily, translated by R. M. Gummere, three vols., Putnam's Sons, New York, 1917-1925, III, 183-187.

MORAL ESSAYS

To Polybius

IT WILL ALSO SERVE AS A GREAT RELIEF, IF YOU WILL OFTEN QUESTION YOURSELF THUS: 'AM I GRIEVING ON MY OWN ACCOUNT, OR ON ACCOUNT OF HIM WHO HAS DEPARTED? IF ON MY OWN ACCOUNT, THIS PARADE OF AFFECTION IS IDLE, AND MY GRIEF, THE ONLY EXCUSE FOR WHICH IS THAT IT IS HONOURABLE, BEGINS TO SHOW DEFECTIO-

from brotherly love when it looks toward personal advantage; but nothing is less becoming to a good man than to be calculating in his grief for a brother. If I grieve on his account, I must decide that one or the other of the two following views is true. For, if the dead retain no feeling whatever, my brother has escaped from all the ills of life, and has been restored to that state in which he had been before he was born, and, exempt from every ill, he fears nothing, desires nothing, suffers nothing. What madness this is — that I should never cease to grieve for one who will never grieve any more! If, however, the dead do retain some feeling, at this moment my brother's soul, released, as it were, from its long imprisonment, exults to be at last its own lord and master, enjoys the spectacle of Nature, and from its higher place looks down upon all human things, while upon things divine, the explanation of which it had so long sought in vain, it gazes with a nearer vision. And so why should I pine away in yearning for him who either is happy or does not exist? But to weep for one who is happy is envy; for one who does not exist, madness.'

Or is it this that moves you — the thought that he has been deprived of great blessings just when they were showered upon him? But when you reflect that there are many things which he has lost, reflect also that there are more which he no longer fears. He is not racked by anger, he is not smitten with disease, he is not worried by suspicion, he is not assailed by gnawing envy that is always hostile to other men's successes, he is not disquieted by fear, he is not alarmed by the fickleness of Fortune, who quickly shifts her favours. If you count carefully, he has been spared more than he has lost. He will not enjoy wealth, nor favour at court, his own together with yours; he will not receive benefits, he will not bestow them. Do you think that he is unhappy because he has lost these things, or happy because he does not miss them? Believe me, he is happier who does not need good fortune than he for whom it is in store. All those goods which delight us by their showy, but deceptive, charm — money, standing, power, and the many other things at the sight of which the human race, in its blind greed, is filled with awe — bring trouble to their possessor, stir jealousy in

the beholder, and in the end also crush the very men that they adorn; they are more of a menace than a good. They are slippery and uncertain, and are never held happily; for though there should be no anxiety about the future, yet the mere preservation of great prosperity is full of worry. If we are to believe some who have a more profound insight into truth, all life is a torment. Plunged into this deep and restless sea, that ebbs and flows with changing tides, now uplifting us with sudden accessions of fortune, now sweeping us downward with greater losses and flinging us about incessantly, we never stay steadfast in one place, we dangle aloft, are tossed hither and thither, collide with each other, and sometimes suffer shipwreck, always fear it; for those who sail upon this sea, so stormy and exposed to every gale, there is no harbour save death. And so do not grudge your brother this — he is at rest. At last he is free. At last he is free, at last safe, at last immortal. He leaves Cæsar and all of Cæsar's offspring still surviving, he leaves you surviving in company with the brothers of you both. While Fortune was still standing near him and bestowing her gifts with generous hand, he left her before she could make any change in her favour. He delights now in the open and boundless sky, from a low and sunken region he has darted aloft to that place (whatever it be) which receives in its happy embrace souls that are freed from their chains; and he now roams there, and explores with supreme delight all the blessings of Nature. You are mistaken — your brother has not lost the light of day, but he has gained a purer light. The way thither is the same for us all. Why do we bemoan his fate? He has not left us, but has gone before. Believe me, there is great happiness in the very necessity of dying. We can be sure of nothing — not even for the whole of one day. Where the truth is so dark and involved, who can divine whether Death had a grudge against your brother or sought his welfare?

And, such is your justice in all things, this, too, must give you comfort — the thought that no wrong has been done you because you lost such a brother, but that a favour was shown you, because you were permitted to have and enjoy his affection so long. He who does not leave to the giver the power over his own gift is unfair, he who does not count whatever

he receives as gain and yet counts whatever he gives back as loss, is greedy. He who calls the ending of pleasure an injustice is an ingrate; he who thinks that there is no enjoyment from blessings unless they are present, who does not find comfort also in past blessings, and does not regard those that are gone as more certain because he need have no fear that they will cease — this man is a fool. He limits his pleasures too narrowly who thinks that he enjoys only those which he now has and sees, and counts his having had these same pleasures as nothing; for every pleasure quickly leaves us — it flows on and passes by and is gone almost before it comes. And so our thoughts must be turned towards time that has passed, and whatever has once brought us pleasure must be recalled, and we must ruminate over it by frequent thought; the remembrance of pleasures is more lasting and trustworthy than their reality. Count this, then, among your greatest blessings — the fact that you have had an excellent brother! There is no reason for you to think of how much longer you might have had him — think, rather, of how long you did have him. Nature gave him to you, just as she gives to others their brothers, not as a permanent possession, but as a loan; when it seemed best to her, then she took him back, nor was she guided by your having had your fill of him, but only by her own law. If anyone should be angry that he has had to pay back borrowed money — especially that of which he had the use without paying interest — would he not be considered an unfair man? Nature gave your brother his life, she has likewise given you yours. If she has required from him from whom she wanted it an earlier payment of her loan, she has but used her own right; the fault is not with her, for her terms were known, but with the greedy hopes of mortal minds that often forget what Nature is, and never remember their own lot except when they are reminded. Rejoice, therefore, that you have had such a good brother, and have had the use and enjoyment of him; though this was briefer than you wished, count it so much good. Reflect that to have had him is most delightful; to have lost him, the human lot. For nothing is less consistent than for a man to grieve because he did not have long enough the blessing of such a brother, and not to rejoice because, after all, such a blessing had once been his.

MORAL EPISTLES

To Lucilius

That day, which you fear as being the end of all things, is the birthday of your eternity. Lay aside your burden — why delay? — just as if you had not previously left the body which was your hiding-place! You cling to your burden, you struggle; at your birth also great effort was necessary on your mother's part to set you free. You weep and wail; and yet this very weeping happens at birth also; but then it was to be excused: for you came into the world wholly ignorant and inexperienced. When you left the warm and cherishing protection of your mother's womb, a freer air breathed into your face; then you winced at the touch of a rough hand, and you looked in amaze at unfamiliar objects, still delicate and ignorant of all things.

But now it is no new thing for you to be sundered from that of which you have previously been a part; let go your already useless limbs with resignation and dispense with that body in which you have dwelt for so long. It will be torn asunder, buried out of sight, and wasted away. Why be downcast? This is what ordinarily happens: when we are born, the afterbirth always perishes. Why love such a thing as if it were your own possession? It was merely your covering. The day will come which will tear you forth and lead you away from the company of the foul and noisome womb. Withdraw from it now too as much as you can, and withdraw from pleasure, except such as may be bound up with essential and important things; estrange yourself from it even now, and ponder on something nobler and loftier. Some day the secrets of nature shall be disclosed to you, the haze will be shaken from your eyes, and the bright light will stream in upon you from all sides.

Picture to yourself how great is the glow when all the stars mingle their fires; no shadows will disturb the clear sky. The whole expanse of heaven will shine evenly; for day and night are interchanged only in the lowest atmosphere. Then you will say that you have lived in darkness, after you have seen, in your perfect state, the perfect light — that light which now you behold darkly with vision that is cramped to

the last degree. And yet, far off as it is, you already look upon it in wonder; what do you think the heavenly light will be when you have seen it in its proper sphere?

Such thoughts permit nothing mean to settle in the soul, nothing low, nothing cruel. They maintain that the gods are witnesses of everything. They order us to meet the gods' approval, to prepare ourselves to join them at some future time, and to plan for immortality. He that has grasped this idea shrinks from no attacking army, is not terrified by the trumpet-blast, and is intimidated by no threats. How should it not be that a man feels no fear, if he looks forward to death? He also who believes that the soul abides only as long as it is fettered in the body, scatters it abroad forthwith when dissolved, so that it may be useful even after death. For though he is taken from men's sight, still

Often our thoughts run back to the hero, and often the glory
Won by his race recurs to the mind.

Consider how much we are helped by good example; you will thus understand that the presence of a noble man is of no less service than his memory. Farewell.

THE BIBLE

THE King James version of the *Holy Bible* is the most popular book of modern times. It has stood forth as the very word of God in the minds and hearts of millions of the best educated as well as of the uneducated in every generation, including our own. Against it the waves of scholarly criticism, of scientific discovery, of theological professionalism, and of materialistic standards of well-being beat in vain.

Not only the vast majority of the clergy and church members but also a great many people who never go to church still believe that most of the passages here given reveal the truth that those who die will live again and know each other in the life to come as they know each other here.

This version of the Bible was the work of the most learned scholars of England. In January, 1604, a conference between the High Church and the Low Church parties of the Church of England was convened by King James I to consider 'things pretended to be amiss in the Church.' The proposal for a revised version of the Bible was made at this conference by Dr. John Reynolds, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the leader of the Low Church party. The Book was completed in 1611. The hope expressed by the pious and learned translators in their Dedicatory Epistle was fulfilled — they 'may rest secure, supported within by the truth and innocency of a good conscience, having walked the ways of simplicity and integrity, as before the Lord.'

The Bible does not give us a consistent doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The Old Testament writers say little about it. They believed in the survival of Israel, God's chosen people, among the nations of the earth. But in the Books written after the Babylonian Captivity, such as *Daniel* and certain *Psalms*, there are the hope and vision of a life beyond death. In the *New Testament* there is a deep and abiding faith in the life everlasting.

The following selections are from the *Holy Bible*, University Press, Oxford, the *Old Testament*, pp. 696, 846, 1101–1102, the *New Testament*, pp. 76, 109–110, 241–242, 346–348.
[L. H.]

THE BOOK OF JOB

CHAPTER 19

25 For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

26 And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:

27 Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; *though* my reins be consumed within me.

ECCLESIASTES

CHAPTER 12

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

5 Also when they shall be afraid of *that which* is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL

CHAPTER 12

1 And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people: and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there

was a nation *even* to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book.

2 And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

3 And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

4 But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, *even* to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.

5 Then I Daniel looked, and, behold, there stood other two, the one on this side of the bank of the river, and the other on that side of the bank of the river.

6 And *one* said to the man clothed in linen, which *was* upon the waters of the river, How long *shall it be* to the end of these wonders?

7 And I heard the man clothed in linen, which *was* upon the waters of the river, when he held up his right hand and his left hand unto heaven, and sware by him that liveth for ever that *it shall be* for a time, times, and an half; and when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these *things* shall be finished.

8 And I heard, but I understood not: then said I, O my Lord, what *shall be* the end of these *things*?

9 And he said, Go thy way, Daniel: for the words *are* closed up and sealed till the time of the end.

10 Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand.

11 And from the time that the daily *sacrifice* shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, *there shall be* a thousand two hundred and ninety days.

12 Blessed *is* he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days.

13 But go thou thy way till the end *be*: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MARK

CHAPTER 16

And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene and Mary the *mother* of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

2 And very early in the morning the first *day* of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

3 And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

4 And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

5 And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

6 And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.

7 But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

8 And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they anything to any *man*; for they were afraid.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT LUKE

CHAPTER 16

19 There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

20 And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

21 And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

22 And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;

23 And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

24 And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

25 But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

26 And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that *would come* from thence.

I CORINTHIANS

CHAPTER 15

19 If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

20 But now is Christ risen from the *dead*, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

21 For since by man *came* death, by man *came* also the resurrection of the dead.

22 For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

23 But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.

24 Then *cometh* the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power.

25 For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

26 The last enemy *that* shall be destroyed *is* death.

27 For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under *him*, *it is* manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him.

28 And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

29 Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?

30 And why stand we in jeopardy every hour?

31 I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily.

32 If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we die.

33 Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.

34 Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak *this* to your shame.

35 But some *man* will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

36 *Thou* fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:

37 And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other *grain*:

38 But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

39 All flesh *is* not the same flesh: but *there is* one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, *and* another of birds.

40 *There are* also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial *is* one, and the *glory* of the terrestrial *is* another.

41 *There is* one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for *one* star differeth from *another* star in glory.

42 So also *is* the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

43 It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power:

44 It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

45 And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam *was made* a quickening spirit.

46 Howbeit that *was* not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

47 The first man *is of* the earth, earthly: the second man *is* the Lord from heaven.

48 As *is* the earthly, such *are* they also that are earthly: and as *is* the heavenly, such *are* they also that are heavenly.

49 And as we have borne the image of the earth, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

50 Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

51 Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

52 In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

53 For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality.

54 So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

55 O death, where *is* thy sting? O grave, where *is* thy victory?

56 The sting of death *is* sin; and the strength of sin *is* the law.

57 But thanks *be* to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

58 Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

THE REVELATION OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE

CHAPTER 21

1 And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

2 And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

3 And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold,

the tabernacle of God *is* with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, *and be* their God.

4 And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

5 And he that sat upon the throne, said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

6 And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

7 He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

8 But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

9 And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.

10 And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

11 Having the glory of God: and her light *was* like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

12 And had a wall great and high, *and* had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are *the names* of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

13 On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

14 And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

15 And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

16 And the city lieth four-square, and the length is as

large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.

17 And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred *and* forty *and* four cubits, *according to* the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

18 And the building of the wall of it was *of* jasper: and the city *was* pure gold, like unto clear glass.

19 And the foundations of the wall of the city *were* garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation *was* jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald;

20 The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

21 And the twelve gates *were* twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city *was* pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

22 And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

23 And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb *is* the light thereof.

24 And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

25 And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

26 And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

27 And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither *whatsoever* worketh abomination, or *maketh* a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

CHAPTER 22

1 And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

2 In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, *was there* the tree of life, which bare twelve *manner of*

fruits, *and* yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree *were* for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

4 And they shall see his face; and his name *shall be* in their foreheads.

5 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

6 And he said unto me, These sayings *are* faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

7 Behold, I come quickly: blessed *is* he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

8 And I John saw these things, and heard *them*. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things.

9 Then saith he unto me, See *thou do it* not: for I am thy fellowservant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.

10 And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.

11 He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

12 And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward *is* with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

13 I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

14 Blessed *are* they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

15 For without *are* dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

16 I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, *and* the bright and morning star.

17 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

18 For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book:

19 And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and *from* the things which are written in this book.

20 He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly, Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

21 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ *be* with you all. Amen.

MARCUS AURELIUS

(121-180 A.D.)

THE Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was not a philosopher who formulated an elaborate system of metaphysics; he was a practical moralist, a statesman and soldier, who in the midst of a busy and troubled career strove to achieve an inward tranquillity. Beholding his empire slowly falling into decay he, like Seneca before him, took refuge in the Stoic doctrine of fortitude, to which he gave expression in his *Meditations*, written in Greek. The following selections from them reveal the twilight quality of his thought and feeling about the life after death.

The selections are from *The Communings with Himself of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, translated by C. R. Haines, Putnam's Sons, New York, 1916, pp. 49, 79-81, 125, 229, 325-327, 339-343.

[L. H.]

MEDITATIONS

BOOK III, SECTION 3

Hippocrates, after healing many a sick man, fell sick himself and died. Many a death have Chaldaeans foretold, and then their own fate has overtaken them also. Alexander, Pompeius and Gaius Cæsar times without number utterly destroyed whole cities, and cut to pieces many myriads of horse and foot on the field of battle, yet the day came when they too departed this life. Heraclitus, after endless speculations on the destruction of the world by fire, came to be filled internally with water, and died beplastered with cow-dung. And lice caused the death of Democritus, and other vermin of Socrates.

What of this? Thou has gone aboard, thou hast set sail, thou hast touched land; go ashore; if indeed for another life, there is nothing even there void of Gods; but if to a state of non-sensation, thou shalt cease being at the mercy of pleasure and pain and lackeying the bodily vessel which is so much baser than that which ministers to it. For the one is intelligence and a divine 'genius,' the other dust and putrescence.

Book IV, SECTION 21

If souls outlive their bodies, how does the air contain them from times everlasting? How does the earth contain the bodies of those who have been buried in it for such endless ages? For just as on earth the change of these bodies, after continuance for a certain indefinite time, followed by dissolution, makes room for other dead bodies, so souls, when transferred into the air, after lasting for a certain time, suffer change and are diffused and become fire, being taken again into the Seminal Reason of the Whole, and so allow room for those that subsequently take up their abode there. This would be the answer one would give on the assumption that souls outlive their bodies.

But not only must the multitude of bodies thus constantly being buried be taken into account, but also that of the creatures devoured daily by ourselves and the other animals. How great is the number consumed and thus in a way buried in the bodies of those who feed upon them! And yet room is made for them all by their conversion into blood, by their transmutation into air or fire.

Where in this case lies the way of search for the truth?
In a separation of the Material from the Causal.

Book V, SECTION 33

But a little while and thou shalt be burnt ashes or a few dry bones, and possibly a name, possibly not a name even. And a name is but sound and a far off echo. And all that we prize so highly in our lives is empty and rotten and paltry, and we but as puppies snapping at each other, as quarrelsome children now laughing and anon in tears. But faith and modesty and justice and truth

Up from the wide-wayed earth have winged their flight to Olympus.

Book VIII, SECTION 58

Dread of death is a dread of non-sensation or new sensation. But either thou wilt feel no sensation, and so no sensation of any evil; or a different kind of sensation will be thine, and so the life of a different creature, but still a life.

Book XII, SECTION 5

How can the Gods, after disposing all things well and with good will towards men, ever have overlooked this one thing, that some of mankind, and they especially good men, who have had as it were the closest commerce with the Divine, and by devout conduct and acts of worship have been in the most intimate fellowship with it, should when once dead have no second existence but be wholly extinguished? But if indeed this be haply so, doubt not that they would have ordained it otherwise, had it needed to be otherwise. For had it been just, it would also have been feasible, and had it been in conformity with Nature, Nature would have brought it about. Therefore from its not being so, if indeed it is not so, be assured that it ought not to have been so. For even thyself canst see that in this presumptuous enquiry of thine thou art reasoning with God. But we should not thus be arguing with the Gods were they not infinitely good and just. But in that case they could not have overlooked anything being wrongly and irrationally neglected in their thorough Ordering of the Universe.

Book XII, SECTIONS 30-36

There is one Light of the Sun, even though its continuity be broken by walls, mountains, and countless other things. There is one common Substance, even though it be broken up into countless bodies individually characterized. There is one Soul, though it be broken up among countless natures and by individual limitations. There is one Intelligent Soul, though it seem to be divided. Of the things mentioned, however, all the other parts, such as Breath, are the material Substratum of things, devoid of sensation and the ties of mutual affinity — yet even they are knit together by the faculty of intelligence and the gravitation which draws them together. But the mind is peculiarly impelled towards what is akin to it, and coalesces with it, and there is no break in the feeling of social fellowship.

What dost thou ask for? Continued existence? But what of sensation? Of desire? Of growth? Of the use of speech? The exercise of thought? Which of these, thinkest thou, is a thing to long for? But if these things are each and all of no

account, address thyself to a final endeavour to follow Reason and to follow God. But it militates against this to prize such things, and to grieve if death comes to deprive us of them.

How tiny a fragment of the boundless abyss of Time has been appointed to each man! For in a moment it is lost in eternity. And how tiny a part of the Universal Substance! How tiny of the Universal Soul! And on how tiny a clod of the whole Earth dost thou crawl! Keeping all these things in mind, think nothing of moment save to do what thy nature leads thee to do, and to bear what the Universal Nature brings thee.

How does the ruling Reason treat itself? That is the gist of the whole matter. All else, be it in thy choice or not, is but as dust and smoke.

Most efficacious in instilling a contempt for death is the fact that those who count pleasure a good and pain an evil have nevertheless contemned it.

Not even death can bring terror to him who regards that alone as good which comes in due season, and to whom it is all one whether his acts in obedience to right reason are few or many, and a matter of indifference whether he look upon the world for a longer or a shorter time.

Man, thou hast been a citizen in this World-City, what matters it to thee if for five years or a hundred? For under its laws equal treatment is meted out to all. What hardship then is there in being banished from the city, not by a tyrant or an unjust judge but by Nature who settled thee in it? So might a prætor who commissions a comic actor, dismiss him from the stage. *But I have not played my five acts, but only three.* Very possibly, but in life three acts count as a full play. For he, that is responsible for thy composition originally and thy dissolution now, decides when it is complete. But thou art responsible for neither. Depart then with a good grace, for he that dismisses thee is gracious.

THE TALMŪD

(PREFACE)

(200-500)

NO NATION ever ‘walked with God’ as did Israel. The Jews are the supreme religious leaders of mankind. Through every country of the West — and many of the East — they have borne their sacred scriptures intact and observed their feasts and fasts with uncompromising and unconquerable regularity. Judaism is the most venerable and the most pervasive religion of the world. Re-enforced in recent centuries by its mighty offshoots, Mohammedanism and Christianity, it has interpenetrated the spiritual life of mankind. The gentle teachings of the Saviour gain relief from the stern background of the Mosaic Law and mercy shines with a more radiant lustre when tempering justice.

The persistent survival of Monotheistic Judaism is primarily due to its claim of direct revelation from Heaven. Jehovah himself gave the laws of the Pentateuch to Moses. Despite the fiery trials of the Babylonian captivity, the prophets, confident in so firm a foundation, heralded the coming of a Messiah who should ‘lead captivity captive’ and conduct God’s ‘Chosen People’ into a New Jerusalem to become once again a ‘mistress among the nations.’ While the man-made gods of Greeks and Romans were crumbling to dust under the unanswerable assaults of philosophic scepticism, the Jews stood fast in their abiding faith in an ever-living God.

The Canonical and Apocryphal books of the *Old Testament*, written in Hebrew, do not give us the whole of Jewish religious belief. Outside both lies a large body of oral tradition, committed to writing in 200 A.D. under the title of the *Mishnāh* (the ‘Revelation’). The *Mishnāh* is written in Hebrew. Antedating, in germ, the *Old Testament*, it is regarded by the Jews as of equal authority with it. Combined with a later Rabbinical commentary called the *Gemara* (the ‘Supplement’), written in Aramaic, it constitutes the *Talmūd* (the ‘Teaching’).

Not until we reach the books of the *Old Testament* written after the Babylonian Captivity do we find explicit reference to personal immortality. In the *Talmūd* likewise such references are rare and point to a post-exilic oral tradition. But even after the exile the belief was not universal. The Pharisees believed in the Resur-

rection of the Body, the Sadducees did not. To what extent other Jews may have sided with the one sect or the other is uncertain.

The following passage is from the *Babylonian Talmūd; Tractate B'rakōt* ('Benedictions'), translated into English by A. Cohen, University Press, Cambridge (England), 1921, Chapter IX, *Mishnāh* IV, pp. 398–399.

[N. E. G.]

THE TALMŪD

(TEXT)

Who goes in to sleep upon his bed says from 'Hear, O Israel' to 'And it shall come to pass, if ye shall hearken diligently'; then he says: 'Blessed... Who makest the bands of sleep to fall upon mine eyes, and slumber upon mine eyelids, and givest light to the apple of the eye. May it be Thy will, O Lord my God, to suffer me to lie down in peace and place my portion in Thy *Tōrāh*; and do Thou accustom me to the performance of the commandments and not to transgression; and bring me not into the power of sin, iniquity, temptation or contempt; and let the good impulse have dominion over me but not the evil impulse; and do Thou deliver me from evil occurrence and sore diseases; and let not evil dreams and lustful thoughts trouble me; and let my bed be perfect before Thee, and give light to mine eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, Who givest light to the whole world in Thy glory.'

When he awakens he says: 'O my God, the soul which Thou hast given me is pure. Thou didst create it within me, Thou didst breathe it into me, Thou preservest it within me, and Thou wilt take it from me, but wilt restore it unto me hereafter. So long as the soul is within me, I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord my God and God of my fathers, Sovereign of all worlds, Lord of all souls. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, Who restorest souls unto dead bodies.'

SAINT AUGUSTINE

(354-430)

THE life and writings of Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo (now Algeria) reflect the sunset after-glow of classical culture and the dawning glory of early Christianity. Born a pagan, thoroughly educated in the thought of Greece and Rome, he led a life full of the pleasures and lusts of the flesh, until at the age of thirty-two he became, as a result of the influence of his mother and of Bishop Ambrose, a convert to the Gospel of Christ. He founded the Augustinian order of monks and became the greatest of the Church Fathers. Saint Augustine's influence on theological thought is perhaps unmatched by any religious leader in the history of the Western world. Thomas Aquinas and Martin Luther were deeply versed in all his writings. He died in Hippo during a siege by the Vandals.

Saint Augustine's greatest work is the *City of God*. The immediate occasion for writing it was the sack of Rome by Alaric and his Goths in 410 A.D. The Eternal City which had remained free and intact for a thousand years had fallen. Thoughtful men asked if that was the result of forsaking the ancient civic gods and the ancient civic faith. If not, what philosophy of history could the new Christian church give to explain the ruin of the old civilization? These questions were the original inspiration for Saint Augustine's *City of God*. It took thirteen years to write. Gradually it became a justification of the philosophy of Christ against the philosophy of the ancient world. It was quoted by Pope Gregory the Great, read by Charlemagne, who believed that he had established the Civitas Dei upon earth, used by Dante as a source for his *De Monarchia*, and in the fervid eloquence of Jonathan Edwards, the Puritan, we feel the glow of Saint Augustine's faith and thought.

The following selection is from *The City of God* by St. Augustine, translated by John Healey, three vols., J. M. Dent, 1903, Book XVII, Chapter XXIV, III, 221-222.

[L. H.]

THE CITY OF GOD

AGAINST THOSE THAT WOULD PROVE ALL DAMNATION
FRUSTRATE BY THE PRAYERS OF THE SAINTS

This is also against those who under colour of mere pity, oppose the express word of God: and say that God's promises are true in that men are worthy of the plagues He threatens, not that they shall be laid upon them. For He will give them (say they) unto the entreaties of his saints, who will be the readier to pray for them then, in that they are more purely holy, and their prayers will be the more powerful, in that they are utterly exempt from all touch of sin and corruption. Well, and why then in this their pure holiness and powerfulness of prayer will they not entreat for the angels that are to be cast into everlasting fire, that it would please God to mitigate His sentence, and set them free from that intolerable fire? Some perhaps will pretend that the holy angels will join with the saints (as then there follows) in prayer both the angels and men also that are guilty of damnation, that God in His mercy would be pleased to pardon their wicked deserts. But there is no sound Christian that ever held this, or ever will hold it; for otherwise, there were no reason why the Church should not pray for the devil and his angels, seeing that her Lord God has willed her to pray for her enemies. But the same cause that stays the Church from praying for the damned spirits (her known enemies) at this day, the same shall hinder her from praying for the reprobate souls, at this day of judgment, notwithstanding her fulness of perfection. As now, she prays for her enemies in mankind, because this is the time of wholesome repentence, and therefore her chief petition for them is, 'that God would grant them penitence and escape from the snares of the devil, who are taken from him at his will,' as the apostle says. But if the Church had this light that she could know any of those who (though they live yet upon the earth, yet) are predestinated to go with the devil into that everlasting fire; she would offer as few prayers for them, as she does for him. But seeing that she has not this knowledge, therefore prays she for all her foes in the flesh, and yet is not heard for them all, but only for those who are predestinated to become her sons, though they be as yet

her adversaries. If any shall die her impenitent foes, and not return into her bosom at all, does she pray for them? No, because they that before death are not ingrafted into Christ, are afterward reputed as associates of the devil: and therefore the same cause that forbids her to pray for the reprobate souls as then, stops her for praying for the apostatical angels as now; and the same reason there is why we pray for all men living, and yet will not pray for the wicked, nor infidels, being dead. For the prayer either of the Church or of some godly persons is heard for some departed this life: but for them which being regenerated in Christ, have not spent their life so wickedly, that they may be judged unworthy of such mercy: or else so devoutly, that they may be found to have no need of such mercy. Even as also after the resurrection there shall be some of the dead which shall obtain mercy after the punishments, which the spirits of the dead do suffer, that they may not be cast into everlasting fire. For otherwise that should not be truly spoken concerning some, that 'they shall not be forgiven, neither in this world, nor in the world to come:' unless there were some who, although they have no remission in this, yet might have it in the world to come. But when it shall be said of the Judge of the quick and the dead: 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world;' and to others on the contrary, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels:' it were too much presumption to say, that any of them should escape everlasting punishment whom the Lord has condemned to eternal torments, and so go about by the persuasion of this presumption, either also to despair, or doubt of eternal life.

POPE GREGORY I

(540-604)

AUSTERE monk, learned lawyer, shrewd diplomat, and farseeing statesman, Pope Gregory I, surnamed 'The Great,' contributed more to the temporal power than to the spiritual influence of the Church. He was the father of the great organization known as 'the medieval papacy,' and justly deserved the proud epitaph on his tomb — 'Consul Dei.' Under his rule the bishop of Rome became the undisputed head of the Church. A zealous missionary, he spread the gospel and extended the rule of the Church into far countries. At his instance Augustine and others carried Christianity to England. Though not a profound theologian, he wrote many theological treatises. He popularized and interpreted the teachings of Saint Augustine and applied them to the practical needs of the Church. His *Cura Pastoralis* ('Pastoral Care'), a work on the duties and responsibilities of the Episcopal office, was translated into Anglo-Saxon under the supervision of King Alfred.

The following selection from the *Dialogues* gives not only a glimpse of the statesman beneath the monk's cowl but also a clear and lively analysis of Augustinian theology.

It is taken from *The Dialogues of Saint Gregory the Great*, translated by P. W. in MDCVIII, and re-edited by E. G. Gardner, Warner, London, 1911, Book IV, chapter 44, pp. 238-241.

[L. H.]

DIALOGUES

WHETHER THOSE THAT BE IN HELL SHALL BURN THERE
FOR EVER

GREGORY. Certain it is, and without all doubt most true, that as the good shall have no end of their joys, so the wicked never any release of their torments: for our Saviour himself saith: *The wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, and the just into everlasting life.* Seeing, then, true it is, that which he hath promised to his friends: out of all question false it cannot be, that which he hath threatened to his enemies.

PETER. What if it be said that he did threaten eternal pain

to wicked livers, that he might thereby restrain them from committing of sins?

GREGORY. If that which he did threaten be false, because his intent was by that means to keep men from wicked life: then likewise must we say that those things are false which he did promise: and that his mind was thereby to provoke us to virtue. But what man, though mad, dare presume so to say? For if he threatened that which he meant not to put into execution: whiles we are desirous to make him merciful, enforced we are likewise (which is horrible to speak) to affirm him to be deceitful.

PETER. Willing I am to know how that sin can justly be punished without end, which had an end when it was committed.

GREGORY. This which you say might have some reason, if the just judge did only consider the sins committed, and not the minds with which they were committed: for the reason why wicked men made an end of sinning was, because they also made an end of their life: for willingly they would, had it been in their power, have lived without end, that they might in like manner have sinned without end. For they do plainly declare that they desired always to live in sin, who never, so long as they were in this world, gave over their wicked life: and therefore it belongeth to the great justice of the supreme judge, that they should never want torments and punishment in the next world, who in this would never give over their wicked and sinful life.

PETER. But no judge that loveth justice taketh pleasure in cruelty: and the end why the just master commandeth his wicked servant to be punished is, that he may give over his lewd life. If, then, the wicked that are tormented in hell fire never come to amend themselves, to what end shall they always burn in those flames?

GREGORY. Almighty God, because he is merciful and full of pity, taketh no pleasure in the torments of wretched men: but because he is also just, therefore doth he never give over to punish the wicked. All which being condemned to perpetual pains, punished they are for their own wickedness: and yet shall they always there burn in fire for some end, and that is, that all those which be just and God's servants may in God

behold the joys which they possess, and in them see the torments which they have escaped: to the end that they may thereby always acknowledge themselves grateful to God for his grace, in that they perceive through his divine assistance, what sins they have overcome, which they behold in others to be punished everlastingily.

PETER. And how, I pray you, can they be holy and saints, if they pray not for their enemies, whom they see to lie in such torments? when it is said to them: *Pray for your enemies.*

GREGORY. They pray for their enemies at such time as their hearts may be turned to fruitful penance, and so be saved: for what purpose else do we pray for our enemies, but, as the Apostle saith, *that God may give them repentance to know the truth, and recover themselves from the devil, of whom they are held captive at his will?*

PETER. I like very well of your saying: for how shall they pray for them, who by no means can be converted from their wickedness, and brought to do the works of justice?

GREGORY. You see, then, that the reason is all one, why, in the next life, none shall pray for men condemned for ever to hell fire: that there is now of not praying for the devil and his angels, sentenced to everlasting torments: and this also is the very reason why holy men do not now pray for them that die in their infidelity and known wicked life: for seeing certain it is that they be condemned to endless pains, to what purpose should they pray for them, when they know that no petition will be admitted of God, their just judge? And therefore, if now holy men living upon earth take no compassion of those that be dead and damned for their sins, when as yet they know that themselves do some thing through the frailty of the flesh, which is also to be judged: how much more straightly and severely do they behold the torments of the damned, when they be themselves delivered from all vice of corruption, and be more nearly united to true justice itself: for the force of justice doth so possess their souls, in that they be so intrinsical with the most just judge, that they list not by any means to do that which they know is not conformable to his divine pleasure.

PETER. The reason you bring is so clear, that I cannot gainsay it.

MAHOMET

(570-632)

OUT of the mouth of an untutored son of the desert came words which have been accepted as of divine origin by one-eighth of the population of the globe. Mahomet was born at Mecca. There from time immemorial had stood the Caaba, shrine of the ancestral stone worship, of which Mahomet's kinsmen were the keepers. And so Mecca became the centre of the new faith which Mahomet founded. Thither 'the sons of the prophet' have borne the doctrine of Islam ('Renunciation') eastward to Delhi and westward to Morocco; hither from the sparkling minarets of a thousand mosques the grave faces of white-robed Musselmen turn daily in prayer.

Strange it is that one who had spent his youth as merchant's factor and had married, when twenty-five, a rich widow, fifteen years his senior, should suddenly, at the age of forty, have begun to hear voices from heaven. Still stranger is it that these angelic communications, repeated to amanuenses and committed by them to palm-leaves, skins, and the shoulder-blades of sheep, should eventually have become one of the most widely read books of the world.

The timeliness of Mahomet's advent may help to explain these anomalies. For centuries before the prophet's birth religious influence from Syria had been stirring in the deep-pondering soul of the Arab dissatisfaction with the impotent idolatries of his forefathers. Mahomet, who on his journeyings to Syria had come into contact with Christian monks and whose imagination had subsequently been kindled to fire-heat by solitary fastings and prayer, precipitated the awakening.

The *Koran* ('Reading' or 'Recitation') is a jumble of miscellaneous *sūras* ('fragments') not invariably coterminous with the several angelic revelations which they purport to record. The legendary portions are for the most part pale reflexes of Jewish tradition. Adam, Moses, Abraham, Joshua, etc., reappear. From the *Apocrypha* (Jewish and Christian) come vague representations of Heaven, Hell, and the Last Judgment. Jesus is mentioned, but only as prophet of God. For the rest we find mainly the ethical teachings of Mahomet. These inculcate self-surrender, justice, and brotherly love, but they do not scale the spiritual heights of the Sermon on the Mount.

And yet in the very weaknesses of this Moslem bible lies its strength. The precepts of Mahomet were nicely adjusted to the needs of the Oriental mind. His crisp oracular sayings were carefully attuned to the comprehension of a people not trained to prolonged constructive thinking. Above all Mahomet claimed that the *Koran* was written in heaven, that its words were uttered by God. And the daily reading of the entire volume by relays of priests throughout the Mohammedan world attests a conviction, deep-seated in the Arab breast, that Mahomet spoke the truth.

The following selections are from the *Quar'ân*, Part II, translated by E. H. Palmer, in the *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F. Max Mueller, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1880, IX, 312-314, 321-323, 329-330.

THE KORAN

THE CHAPTER OF MAN

(LXXVI. Mecca.)

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Does there not come on man a portion of time when he is nothing worth mentioning?

Verily, we created man from a mingled clot, to try him; and we gave him hearing and sight. Verily, we guided him in the way, whether he be grateful or ungrateful.

Verily, we have prepared for those who misbelieve chains and fetters and a blaze!

Verily, the righteous shall drink of a cup tempered with Kafur, a spring from which God's servants shall drink and make it gush out as they please!

They who fulfil their vows, and fear a day, the evil which shall fly abroad, and who give food for His love to the poor and the orphan and the captive. 'We only feed you for God's sake; we desire not from you either reward or thanks; we fear from our Lord a frowning, calamitous day!'

And God will guard them from the evil of that day and will cast on them brightness and joy; and their reward for their patience shall be Paradise and silk! reclining therein upon couches they shall neither see therein sun nor piercing cold; and close down upon them shall be its shadows; and lowered over them its fruits to cull; and they shall be served round with vessels of silver and goblets that are as flagons — flagons of silver which they shall mete out! and they shall

drink therein a cup tempered with Zingabil, a spring therein named Silsabil! and there shall go round about them eternal boys; when thou seest them thou wilt think them scattered pearls; and when thou seest them thou shalt see pleasure and a great estate! On them shall be garments of green embroidered satin and brocade; and they shall be adorned with bracelets of silver; and their Lord shall give them to drink pure drink! Verily, this is a reward for you, and your efforts are thanked.

Verily, we have sent down upon thee the Qur'ân. Wherefore wait patiently for the judgment of thy Lord, and obey not any sinner or misbeliever amongst them. But remember the name of thy Lord morning, and evening, and through the night, and adore Him, and celebrate His praises the whole night long.

Verily, these love the transitory life, and leave behind them a heavy day!

We created them and strengthened their joints; and if we please we can exchange for the likes of them in their stead. Verily, this is a memorial, and whoso will, let him take unto his Lord a way.

But ye will not please except God please! Verily, God is knowing, wise.

He makes whomsoever He pleases to enter into His mercy; but the unjust He has prepared for them a grievous woe!

THE CHAPTER OF THE FOLDING UP

(LXXXI. Mecca.)

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
 When the sun is folded up,
 And when the stars do fall,
 And when the mountains are moved,
 And when the she-camels ten months' gone with young shall
 be neglected,
 And when the beasts shall be crowded together,
 And when the seas shall surge up,
 And when souls shall be paired with bodies,
 And when the child who was buried alive shall be asked for
 what sin she was slain,

And when the pages shall be spread out,
 And when the heaven shall be flayed,
 And when hell shall be set ablaze,
 And when Paradise shall be brought nigh,
 The soul shall know what it has produced!
 I need not swear by the stars that slink back, moving swiftly,
 slinking into their dens!
 Nor by the night when darkness draws on!
 Nor by the morn when it first breathes up!
 Verily, it is the speech of a noble apostle, mighty, standing
 sure with the Lord of the throne, obeyed and trusty too!
 Your comrade is not mad; he saw him on the plain horizon,
 nor does he grudge to communicate the unseen.
 Nor is it the speech of a pelted devil.
 Then whither do ye go?
 It is but a reminder to the worlds, to whomsoever of you
 pleases to go straight: — but ye will not please, except
 God, the Lord of the world, should please.

THE CHAPTER OF THE CLEAVING ASUNDER

(LXXXII. Mecca.)

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
 When the heaven is cleft asunder,
 And when the stars are scattered,
 And when the seas gush together,
 And when the tombs are turned upside down,
 The soul shall know what it has sent on or kept back!

O man! what has seduced thee concerning thy generous
 Lord, who created thee, and fashioned thee, and gave thee
 symmetry, and in what form He pleased composed thee?

Nay, but ye call the judgment a lie! but over you are
 guardians set, — noble, writing down! they know what ye do!

Verily, the righteous are in pleasure, and, verily, the
 wicked are in hell; they shall broil therein upon the judg-
 ment day; nor shall they be absent therefrom!

And what shall make thee know what is the judgment day?
 Again, what shall make thee know what is the judgment
 day? a day when no soul shall control aught for another; and
 the bidding on that day belongs to God!

THE CHAPTER OF THE OVERWHELMING

(LXXXVIII. Mecca.)

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Has there come to thee the story of the overwhelming?

Faces on that day shall be humble, labouring, toiling,—
shall broil upon a burning fire; shall be given to drink from a
boiling spring! no food shall they have save from the foul
thorn, which shall not fatten nor avail against hunger!

Faces on that day shall be comfortable, content with their
past endeavours,— in a lofty garden wherein they shall hear
no foolish word; wherein is a flowing fountain; wherein are
couches raised on high, and goblets set down, and cushions
arranged, and carpets spread!

Do they not look then at the camel how she is created?

And at the heaven how it is reared?

And at the mountains how they are set up?

And at the earth how it is spread out?

But remind: thou art only one to remind; thou art not in
authority over them; except such as turns his back and mis-
believes, for him will God torment with the greatest torment.

Verily, unto us is their return, and, verily, for us is their
account!

BEDE

(673-735)

BEDE, surnamed 'The Venerable,' a learned and saintly Anglo-Saxon monk, is best known as the author of the *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum* (the 'Ecclesiastical History of the English People').

The first piece consists of the speech of an unnamed thegn, one of a group of councilors whom Edwin, king of Northumbria, had summoned to advise him as to whether he should lay aside paganism and accept the Christian Faith, brought to him by Paulinus, a bishop who had accompanied his Christian bride Æthelburgh from Kent. Edwin followed the advice of his councilors and embraced Christianity.

The speaker's comparison of human life to the flight of a sparrow through a king's hall brings into sharp relief man's universal sense of the pathetic brevity of earthly life and of the poignant contrast between the littleness of the known and the vastness of the unknown. The aptness of the simile is enhanced by the naturalness with which it springs from the actual conditions of the day. The Anglo-Saxon royal palace, like the hunting-lodge of today, consisted of little else than a single large hall and, like the old-fashioned New England barn, had two small windows under the roof on opposite walls.

The piece is translated by N. E. Griffin from King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon version of Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum*, Book II, Chapter 13. The Anglo-Saxon occurs in Grein-Wuelke's *Bibliothek der angelsächsischen Prosa*, edited by Schipper, Wigand, Leipsic, 1899, IV, 165-166, and the Latin, accompanied by a translation, in J. E. King's *Bædæ Opera Historica*, Putnam's Sons, New York, 1930, I, 282-284.

The second piece is contained in a Latin letter written by Cuthbert, a pupil of Bede, to a fellow-pupil Cuthwin, describing their beloved master's last hours. It was written by Cuthbert first in Anglo-Saxon verse and afterwards in Latin prose. Bede is said by Cuthbert to have recited the Anglo-Saxon verse just before his death.

The piece is translated by N. E. Griffin from the Anglo-Saxon, which occurs in King, *op. cit.*, I, XXVIII.

[N. E. G.]

CONVERSION OF EDWIN

This present life of men on earth seemeth to me, thou king, in comparison to the time that is unknown to us, as though thou art sitting at the banquet with thine aldermen and thegns in the wintertime, and the fire is kindled and thy hall is warm, and it raineth and snoweth and stormeth without. A sparrow cometh and quickly flieth through the house, cometh in by one door, goeth out by another. Lo during the time that he is within, he is smitten by the winter's storm. But it is a twinkling of an eye and the least space of time and he at once passeth from the winter into the winter. So this life of men appeareth for a short span; what went before it or what followeth thereafter we know not. Therefore if this teaching may make anything plainer and more suitable, it is worth following.

DEATH SONG

Before the need-faring no man becometh wiser in thought than it behoveth him to be to consider ere his hence-going what of good or of evil shall be doomed to his soul after death.

BERNARD OF CLUNY

(Twelfth century)

Jerusalem the Golden forms part of a partial translation of the *De Contemptu Mundi* (the 'Contempt of the World') of Bernard of Cluny by John M. Neale. The *De Contemptu Mundi* is a long Latin poem describing in rapturous language the bliss of Paradise. Neale published his partial translation under the title *The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country*, London, 1859.

The hymn, accompanied by the familiar music composed by Alexander Ewing, is printed in *Laudes Domini*, The Century Company, New York, 1884, No. 1138.

[N. E. G.]

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:

2 I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

3 They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:

4 The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

5 There is the Throne of David —
And there, from care released,

THE FARTHER SHORE

The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

6 And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

MAIMONIDES

(1135-1204)

MOSES MAIMONIDES (Moses ben Maimon or Moses, the son of Maimon), the most influential of Rabbinical scholars, was driven from his native city of Cordova, Spain, by an invasion of the Almohades, fanatic Arabs from Africa. After spending five years in Fez, Morocco, he was again driven forth by home-dwelling Almohades, and, after two years in the Holy Land, found permanent asylum in Cairo, Egypt, where he soon became an influential member both of the Jewish and Arabic colonies. Soon afterwards the ruin of the family fortune by the shipwreck of a brother's gem-laden cargo in the Indian Ocean forced him to turn to medicine, in which he had been trained as a boy by his father. He became personal physician to Alfadhel, the vizier of Saladin, King of Egypt.

Maimonides was equally versed in the Hebrew and Arabic tongues. He began his scholarly career by composing in Arabic the *Kitab al Siraj* (the 'Book of Light'), an exposition of the Jewish law as codified in the *Mishnāh*. Twelve years later appeared his *Mishneh Torah* ('Restatement'), or *Yad ha-Hazaka* ('Strong Arm'), a digest of Biblical and Rabbinical law, written in Hebrew. But best known of all his works — and they were many — is the *Dalalat al-Ha-irin* (the 'Guide for the Perplexed'), written in Arabic and afterwards translated into Hebrew under the title *Moreh Nebuchim*.

The main purpose of the *Guide for the Perplexed* was to reconcile Jewish theology with Aristotelian philosophy. This reconciliation Maimonides attempted to effect partly by rejecting Aristotelian teachings at variance with his own philosophical beliefs and partly by imposing an allegorical interpretation upon the words of Scripture. But philosophy and religion are incompatibles. To attempt to reconcile them is like trying to mix oil and water. Maimonides twisted the *Bible* and distorted its meaning in the misguided attempt to make it fit into a system for which it was never intended.

The following selection is from the *Book of Light* in which Maimonides comments upon the *Mishnāh Tractate Sanhedrin* ('Court of Justice'), Chapter X, translated by the Rev. J. Abelson in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, Macmillan and Company, London, October, 1906, XIX, 28 ff.

[N. E. G.]

THE BOOK OF LIGHT

MAIMONIDES ON THE JEWISH CREED

All Israel have a portion in the world to come, as it is said (*Isa. lx. 21*), ‘And thy people shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land for ever.’ The following have no portion in the world to come:—

- (a) He who denies the resurrection of the dead.
- (b) He who denies the divine origin of the Torah.
- (c) The unbeliever.

Rabbi Akiba would include among these the following two:—

- (a) He who reads heretical books.
- (b) He who whispers a charm over a wound.

As it is said, ‘I will put none of those diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee’ (*Exod. xv. 26*).

Abba Saul would include also:

- (a) He who utters the letters of the Tetragrammaton.

I have thought fit to speak here concerning many principles belonging to fundamental articles of faith which are of very great importance. Know that the theologians are divided in opinion as to the good which man reaps from the performance of those precepts which God enjoined upon us by the hand of Moses our teacher; and that they also differ among themselves with regard to the evil which will overtake us if we transgress them. Their differences on these questions are very great and in proportion to the differences between their respective intellects. As a consequence, people’s opinions have fallen into such great confusion that you can scarcely in any way find any one possessing clear and certain ideas on this subject; neither can you alight upon any portion of it which has been transmitted to any person without abundant error.

One class of thinkers holds that the hoped-for good will be the Garden of Eden, a place where people eat and drink without bodily toil or faintness. Houses of costly stones are there, couches of silk and rivers flowing with wine and perfumed oils, and many other things of this kind. But the evil, they think, will be Gehinnom, a place flaming with fire where

bodies are burned, and where human beings suffer varied tortures which it would take too long to describe. This set of thinkers on this principle of faith bring their proofs from many statements of the Sages (peace to them) whose literal interpretation forsooth accords with their contention, or with the greater part of it.

The second class of thinkers firmly believes and imagines that the hoped-for good will be the Days of the Messiah (may he soon appear!). They think that when that time comes all men will be kings for ever. Their bodily frames will be mighty and they will inhabit the whole earth unto eternity. According to their imagination that Messiah will live as long as the Creator (greatly be he praised!), and at that epoch the earth will bring forth garments ready woven, and bread ready baked, and many other impossible things like these. But the evil will consist in the fact that mankind will not exist at that epoch and will be unworthy to witness it. They also bring proofs for their statements from many remarks of the Sages, and from scriptural texts which in their outward interpretation agree with their claim, or a portion of it.

The third class is of opinion that the desired good will consist in the resurrection of the dead. This implies that man will live after his death; that in the company of his family and relatives he will once again eat and drink, and never more die. But the evil will mean that he will not again come to life. These thinkers also point for proof to the remarks of the Sages, and to certain verses of the Bible, whose literal sense tallies with their view.

The fourth class is of opinion that the good which we shall reap from obedience to the Law will consist in the repose of the body and the attainment in this world of all worldly wishes, as, for example, the fertility of lands, abundant wealth, abundance of children, long life, bodily health and security, enjoying the sway of a king, and prevailing over the oppressor. The evil which will overtake us when we act in opposition [to the Torah] will mean the reversal of the aforementioned conditions, a state of things such as we now have in this the time of our exile. The holders of this view point for proof to all the texts of Scripture which speak of blessings and curses and other matters, and to the whole body of narratives existing in Holy Writ.

The fifth set of thinkers is the largest. Its members combine all the afore-gone opinions, and declare the objects hoped for are the coming of the Messiah, the resurrection of the dead, their entry into the Garden of Eden, their eating and drinking and living in health there so long as heaven and earth endure.

But with regard to this strange point — I mean the world to come — you will find very few who will in any way take the matter to heart, or meditate on it, or adopt this or that principle, or ask to what these names (the world to come) refer, whether the last-mentioned view constitutes the object to be aimed after, or whether one of the preceding opinions rightly expresses it. And you will rarely come across any one who will distinguish between the end desired and the means which lead to it. You will not by any means find any one to ask about this, or speak of it. What, however, all people ask, both the common folk and the educated classes in this: — In what condition will the dead rise to life, naked or clothed? Will they stand up in those very garments in which they were buried, in their embroideries and brocades, and beautiful needlework, or in a robe that will merely cover the body? And when the Messiah comes will rich and poor be alike, or will the distinctions between weak and strong still exist — and many similar questions from time to time.

Now, O reader, understand the following simile of mine, and then you will make it your aim to grasp my meaning throughout. Figure to yourself a child young in years brought to a teacher to be instructed by him in the Torah. This is the greatest good he can derive in respect of his attainment of perfection. But the child, on account of the fewness of his years and the weakness of his intellect, does not grasp the measure of that benefit, or the extent to which it leads him towards the attainment of perfection. The teacher (who is nearer perfection than the pupil) must therefore necessarily stimulate him to learning by means of things in which he delights by reason of his youth. Thus he says to him, 'Read, and I shall give you nuts or figs, or a bit of sugar.' The child yields to this. He learns diligently, not indeed for the sake of the knowledge itself, as he does not know the importance of it, but merely to obtain that particular dainty (the eating

of that dainty being more relished by him than study, and regarded as an unquestionably greater boon). And consequently he considers learning as a labour and a weariness to which he gives himself up in order by its means to gain his desired object, which consists of a nut, or a piece of sugar. When he grows older and his intelligence strengthens, he thinks lightly of the trifle in which he formerly found joy and begins to desire something new. He longs for this newly-chosen object of his, and his teacher now says to him, 'Read, and I shall buy you pretty shoes, or a coat of this kind!' Accordingly he again exerts himself to learn, not for the sake of the knowledge, but to acquire that coat; for the garment ranks higher in his estimation than the learning and constitutes the final aim of his studies. When, however, he reaches a higher stage of mental perfection, this prize also ranks little with him, and he sets his heart upon something of greater moment. So that when his teacher bids him 'learn this... 'section,' or that... 'chapter,' and I shall give you a dinar or two,' he learns with zest in order to obtain that money which to him is of more value than the learning, seeing that it constitutes the final aims of his studies. When, further, he reaches the age of greater discretion, this prize also loses its worth for him. He recognizes its paltry nature and sets his heart upon something more desirable. His teacher then says to him, 'Learn, in order that you may become a Rabbi, or a Judge; the people will honour you, and rise before you; they will be obedient to your authority, and your name will be great, both in life and after death, as in the case of so and so.' The pupil throws himself into ardent study, striving all the time to reach this stage of eminence. His aim is that of obtaining the honour of men, their esteem and commendation.

But all these methods are blameworthy. For in truth it is incumbent upon man, considering the weakness of the human mind, to make his aim in his acquisition of learning something which is extraneous to learning. And he should say of anything which is studied for the sake of gaining reward, 'Of a truth this is a silly business.' This is what the Sages meant when they used the expression... 'not for its own sake.' They meant to tell us that men obey the laws of

the Torah, perform its precepts, and study and strive, not to obtain the thing itself, but for a further object. The Sages prohibited this to us in their remark, 'Make not of the Torah a crown wherewith to aggrandize thyself, nor a spade wherewith to dig.' They allude to that which I have made clear to you, viz. not to make the be-all and end-all of learning either the glorification of men or the acquisition of wealth. Also not to adopt the Law of God as the means of a livelihood, but to make the goal of one's study the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake. Similarly, the aim of one's study of truth ought to be the knowing of truth. The laws of the Torah are truth, and the purport of their study is obedience to them. The perfect man must not say, 'If I perform these virtues and refrain from these vices which God forbade, what reward shall I receive?' For this would resemble the case of the lad who says, 'If I read, what present will be given me?' and he receives the reply that he will get such and such a thing. This is only because when we notice the poverty of his intelligence, which fails to grasp this stage of things and aims at getting something other than what ought to be its real aim, we answer him according to his folly. 'Answer a fool according to his folly.' The Sages warned us against this also, viz. against a man making the attainment of some worldly object the end of his service to God, and his obedience to his precepts. And this is the meaning of the dictum of that distinguished and perfect man who understood the fundamental truth of things — Antigonus of Socho — 'Be not like servants who minister to their master upon the condition of receiving a reward; but be like servants who minister to their master without the condition of receiving a reward.' They really meant to tell us by this that a man should believe in truth for truth's sake.

I shall now begin to treat of the subject which I originally intended. Know that just as a blind man can form no idea of colours, nor a deaf man comprehend sounds, nor a eunuch feel the desire for sexual intercourse, so the bodies cannot comprehend the delights of the soul. And even as fish do not know the element fire because they exist ever in its opposite, so are the delights of the world of spirit unknown to this world

of flesh. Indeed, we have no pleasure in any way except what is bodily, and what the senses can comprehend of eating, drinking, and sexual intercourse. Whatever is outside these is non-existent to us. We do not discern it, neither do we grasp it at first thought, but only after deep penetration. And truly this must necessarily be the case. For we live in a material world and the only pleasure we can comprehend must be material. But the delights of the spirit are everlasting and uninterrupted, and there is no resemblance in any possible way between spiritual and bodily enjoyments. We are not sanctioned either by the Torah or by the divine philosophers to assert that the angels, the stars, and the spheres enjoy no delights. In truth they have exceeding great delight in respect of what they comprehend of the Creator (glorified be he!). This to them is an everlasting felicity without a break. They have no bodily pleasures, neither do they comprehend them, because they have no senses like ours, enabling them to have our sense experiences. And likewise will it be with us too. When after death the worthy from among us will reach that exalted stage he will experience no bodily pleasures, neither will he have any wish for them, any more than would a king of sovereign power wish to divest himself of his imperial sway and return to his boyhood's games with a ball in the street, although at one time he would without doubt have set a higher worth upon a game with a ball than on kingly dominion, such being the case only when his years were few and he was totally ignorant of the real significance of either pursuit, just as we today rank the delights of the body above those of the soul.

And when you will give your consideration to the subject of these two pleasures, you will discover the meanness of the one and the high worth of the other. And this applies even to this world. For we find in the case of the majority of men that they all burden their souls and bodies with the greatest possible labour and fatigue in order to attain distinction or a great position in men's esteem. This pleasure is not that of eating or drinking. Similarly, many a man prefers the obtaining of revenge over his enemies to many of the pleasures of the body. And many a man, again, shuns the greatest among all physical delights out of fear that it should bring

him shame and the reproach of men, or because he seeks a good reputation. If such then is our condition in this world of matter, how much more will it be our case in the world of the spirit, viz. the world to come, where our souls will attain to a knowledge of the Creator as do the higher bodies, or more. This pleasure cannot be divided into parts. It cannot be described, neither can anything be found to compare with it. It is as the prophet exclaimed, when admiring its great glories: 'How great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the children of men.' And in a similar sense the Sages remarked: 'In the world to come there will be no eating and no drinking, no washing and no anointing and no marriage; but only the righteous sitting with crowns on their heads enjoying the splendour of the Shechinah.' By their remark, 'their crowns on their heads,' is meant the preservation of the soul in the intellectual sphere, and the merging of the two into one as has been described by the illustrious philosophers in ways whose exposition would take too long here. By their remark, 'enjoying the splendour of the Shechinah,' is meant that those souls will reap bliss in what they comprehend of the Creator, just as the Holy Chayoth and the other ranks of angels enjoy felicity in what they understand of his existence. And so the felicity and the final goal consist in reaching to this exalted company and attaining to this high pitch. The continuation of the soul, as we have stated, is endless, like the continuation of the Creator (praised be he!) who is the cause of its continuation in that it comprehends him, as is explained in elementary philosophy. This is the great bliss with which no bliss is comparable and to which no pleasure can be likened. For how can the enduring and infinite be likened to a thing which has a break and an end? This is the meaning of the scriptural phrase... 'In order that it may be well with thee and that thou mayest prolong thy days'; for which we possess the traditional interpretation, which is:... 'In order that it may be well with thee in the world which is all good';... 'and that thou mayest prolong thy days in a world which is of unending length.'

STURLESON

(1179-1241)

IN 1876 Richard Wagner produced at Bayreuth his operatic tetralogy the *Ring of the Nibelung*. Wagner's choice of the old Germanic mythology as the theme of these operas involved an experiment, unique in the modern world, of reverting to primitivism for artistic inspiration. The difficulties which he had to surmount were greater than those which confronted the authors of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Not only did he stand further in time than the Homeric poets from the primitive age in which all mythology originates, but the German myths with which he dealt, being less graceful than the myths of the Greeks, were less easily subdued than they to the demands of artistic beauty. Nevertheless, what these old legends of the Rhineland lacked in grace they made up for in strength. To bring out this strength, crude and undisciplined as it was, more suggestive of the primordial convulsions of nature than of the orderly universe of today, the resources of language were inadequate; only Wagner's tumultuous operas with their strident discords and jarring cacophonies would suffice.

The mythology of ancient Germany was early transported northward to Scandinavia and thence westward to Iceland. The chief repositories of Icelandic mythology were the *Elder or Poetical Edda* of unknown authorship and the *Younger or Prose Edda* by Snorri Sturluson. Though not compiled until the Middle Ages, these two *Eddas* contain myths of a more primitive complexion than those found in the much earlier heroic poetry of the other Germanic tribes. *The Gylfaginning* ('The Fooling of Gylfi'), which forms the first part of the *Younger Edda*, contains much of the best of this mythology.

The Old Norse conception of the life after death finds expression in Valhalla, the home of Odin, and in the Valkyries, maidens appointed by Odin to select the heroes who are to be slain in battle, and to transport them to residence in Valhalla against the fatal day of Ragnarok, when all are doomed to perish in the last struggle against the victorious forces of destruction, led by Loki. In the following poem the Valkyries conduct Hacon, king of Norway, to Valhalla, since he has been mortally wounded in battle against the Danes. The poem was composed by Eyvindur, cousin of the King, and taken over into the *Heimskringla* (the '*Chronicles of the Kings of Norway*') by its compiler Snorri Sturleson.

The translation here given was made from Latin and French versions by Thomas Percy in his *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry*, printed by R. and J. Dodsley, London, 1763, pp. 63-70, the original Icelandic being appended (pp. 95-97) from Peringskiold's edition of Snorri, Stockholm, 1697, pp. 163-67.

[N. E. G.]

THE FUNERAL SONG OF HACON

Gondul and Scogul, the goddesses of destiny, were sent by Odin to chuse, among the kings, one of the race of Yngvion, who should go dwell with him in the palace of the gods.

They found the brother of Biorno putting on his coat of mail: that excellent king stood ready under the banner: the enemies fell; the sword was brandished; the conflict was begun.

The slayer of princes had conjured the inhabitants of Haleyg: he had conjured the inhabitants of the isles: he went to the battle. The renowned chief had a gallant retinue of northern men. The depopulator of the Danish islands stood under his helmet.

The leader of the people had just before cast aside his armour; he had put off his coat of mail: he had thrown them down in the field a little before the beginning of the battle. He was playing with the sons of renowned men, when he was called forth to defend his kingdom. The gallant king now stood under his golden helmet.

Then the sword in the king's hand cut the coverings of brass, as easily as if it had been brandished in water. The javelins clashed together: the shields were broken: the arms resounded on the sculls of men.

The arms of Tyr, the arms of Bauga were broke to pieces; so hard were the helmets of the northern warriors. They joined battle in the island Storda. The kings broke through the shining fences of shields: they stained them with human blood.

The swords waxed hot in the wounds distilling blood. The long shields inclined themselves over the lives of men. The deluge from the spears ran down the shore of Storda: there on that promontory fell the wounded bodies.

Wounds suffused with gore were received among the

shields; while they played in the battle contending for spoil. The blood rapidly flowed in the storm of Odin. Many men perished thro' the flowings from the sword.

Then sate the chiefs with their blunted swords; with broken and shattered shields; with their coats of mail pierced thro' with arrows. The host no longer thought of visiting the habitation of the gods.

When lo! Gondul leaned on her lance and thus bespake them, The assembly of the gods is going to be increased, for they invite Hacon with a mighty host to their banquet.

The king heard what the beautiful nymphs of war, sitting on their horses, spake. The nymphs seemed full of thought: they were covered with their helmets: they had their shields before them.

Hacon said, Why hast thou, O goddess, thus disposed of the battle? Were we not worthy to have obtained a more perfect victory? — Thou owest to us, retorted Scogul, that thou hast carried the field: that thy enemies have betaken themselves to flight.

Scogul the wealthy spake thus; Now we must ride through the green worlds of the gods, to tell Odin that the all-powerful king is coming to his hall; that he is coming to visit him.

The father of the gods said, Hermode and Brago, my sons, go to meet the king: for now Hacon, the admired warrior, approacheth to our hall.

The king was now arrived from the battle, he stood all besprinkled with blood and said; Odin appeareth very severe and terrible: he smileth not upon my soul.

Brago said, Thou shall have peace here with all the heroes: drink Ale therefore with the gods. Thou destroyer of princes hast here within eight brethren.

The good king answered; We will retain our arms: the mail and helmet are carefully to be retained: it is good to have the sword in readiness.

Then was seen how religiously the king had performed all sacred duties; since the great council of the gods, and all the lesser divinities received Hacon among them with acclamations of welcome.

That king is born on a fortunate day, who gains to himself such favour from the gods. The age in which he hath lived shall ever be held in high remembrance.

The wolf Fenris, freed from his chains, shall range through the world among the sons of men, before so renowned and so good a king shall again tread the desolate path of his kingdom.

Riches perish: relations die: kingdoms are laid waste. Let Hacon dwell with the magnificent gods: While many nations are plunged in grief.

THOMAS OF CELANO

(Thirteenth century)

THE famous Latin Hymn *Dies iræ* (the ‘Day of Wrath’) was probably written by Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan friar of the thirteenth century, friend and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi. Though in all probability originally written as an Advent hymn, it afterwards entered the *Roman Missal* as the sequence on All Souls’ Day. It was translated thence by Dean A. P. Stanley in a nine-stanza version published in 1864, to which a tenth was added in a version published in 1869.

The ten stanzas are here reprinted from *Laudes Domini*, The Century Company, New York, 1884, No. 1108.

[N. E. G.]

THE DAY OF WRATH

Day of wrath, oh, dreadful day,
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shriv’ling like a parchéd scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David’s harp, and Sibyl’s page.

- 2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come;
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the Archangel’s trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

- 3 Then shall nature stand aghast,
Death himself be overcast;
Then, at her Creator’s call,
Near and distant, great and small,
Shall the whole creation rise
Waiting for the great Assize.

THOMAS OF CELANO

4 Then the writing shall be read,
 Which shall judge the quick and dead;
 Then the Lord of all our race
 Shall appoint to each his place;
 Every wrong shall be set right,
 Every secret brought to light.

PART II

When, in that tremendous day,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What shall I the sinner say?
 What shall be the sinner's stay?
 When the righteous shrinks for fear,
 How shall my frail soul appear?

2 King of kings, enthroned on high,
 In thine awful majesty,
 Thou who of thy mercy free
 Savest those who saved shall be:
 In thy boundless charity,
 Fount of pity, save thou me.

3 Oh, remember, Saviour dear,
 What the cause that brought thee here;
 All thy long and toilsome way
 Was for me who went astray:
 When that day at last is come,
 Call, oh, call, the wanderer home.

4 Thou in search of me didst sit
 Weary with the noonday heat;
 Thou to save my soul hast borne
 Cross and grief, and hate and scorn:
 Oh, may all that toil and pain
 Not be wholly spent in vain!

PART III

O just Judge, to whom belongs
 Vengeance for all earthly wrongs:
 Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,

Ere the dread account be past.
Lo! my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for thine own great name.

2 Thou who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace;
Thou who to the dying thief
Speakest pardon and relief;
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
Ev'n to me, the hope of heaven!

THOMAS AQUINAS

(1225-1274)

THOMAS AQUINAS, surnamed 'the Angelic Doctor,' was the most famous of the scholastic philosophers, a succession of medieval teachers who from the ninth to the fourteenth centuries undertook to interpret theology in accordance with the principles of Aristotelian logic. Observe how closely reasoned the following selection is, how logically the author divides and subdivides his subject. Note also that, in common with all other scholastic philosophers, Aquinas reasons from the general to the particular. He starts with the Christian articles of faith as his premises and then proceeds to draw out what he believes to be implicitly contained in them. However imperfectly he and his fellow 'schoolmen' may have succeeded in interpreting Scripture and however idle and fantastic the extreme subtleties of their reasoning may appear to us of today, for centuries they subjected their pupils to a rigorous logical discipline which was not without its beneficial effects upon the habits of thought of succeeding generations when reasoning deductively upon other than theological subjects.

The following selection is from the greatest of Aquinas' works, the *Summa Theologica* (the 'Summary of Theology'), translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province, Benziger Bros., New York, 1922, Third Part, Supplement, Question XIX, articles I and II, pp. 1-7.

[N. E. G.]

SUMMA THEOLOGICA

OF MATTERS CONCERNING THE RESURRECTION, AND FIRST
OF THE PLACE WHERE SOULS ARE AFTER DEATH

(In Seven Articles)

In sequence to the foregoing we must treat of matters concerning the state of resurrection: for after speaking of the sacraments whereby man is delivered from the death of sin, we must next speak of the resurrection whereby man is delivered from the death of punishment. The treatise on the resurrection offers a threefold consideration, namely the things that precede, those that accompany, and those that follow the resurrection. Consequently we must speak (1) of

those things which partly, though not wholly, precede the resurrection; (2) of the resurrection itself and its circumstances; (3) of the things which follow it.

Among the things which precede the resurrection we must consider (1) the places appointed for the reception of bodies after death; (2) the quality of separated souls, and the punishment inflicted on them by fire; (3) the suffrages whereby the souls of the departed are assisted by the living; (4) the prayers of the saints in heaven; (5) the signs preceding the general judgment; (6) the fire of the world's final conflagration which will precede the appearance of the Judge.

Under the first head there are seven points of inquiry: (1) Whether any places are appointed to receive souls after death? (2) Whether souls are conveyed thither immediately after death? (3) Whether they are able to leave those places? (4) Whether the limbo of hell is the same as Abraham's bosom? (5) Whether limbo is the same as the hell of the damned? (6) Whether the limbo of the patriarchs is the same as the limbo of children? (7) Whether so many places should be distinguished?

FIRST ARTICLE

WHETHER PLACES ARE APPOINTED TO RECEIVE SOULS AFTER DEATH?

We proceed thus to the First Article:—

Objection 1. It would seem that places are not appointed to receive souls after death. For as Boëthius says (*De Hebdom.*): *Wise men are agreed that incorporeal things are not in a place*, and this agrees with the words of Augustine (*Gen. ad Lit. xii.*): *We can answer without hesitation that the soul is not conveyed to corporeal places, except with a body, or that it is not conveyed locally*. Now the soul separated from the body is without a body, as Augustine also says (*ibid.*). Therefore it is absurd to assign any places for the reception of souls.

Obj. 2. Further, Whatever has a definite place has more in common with that place than with any other. Now separated souls, like certain other spiritual substances, are indifferent to all places; for it cannot be said that they agree with certain bodies, and differ from others, since they are

utterly removed from all corporeal conditions. Therefore places should not be assigned for their reception.

Obj. 3. Further, Nothing is assigned to separated souls after death, except what conduces to their punishment or to their reward. But a corporeal place cannot conduce to their punishment or reward, since they receive nothing from bodies. Therefore definite places should not be assigned to receive them.

On the contrary, The empyrean heaven is a corporeal place, and yet as soon as it was made it was filled with the holy angels, as Strabus says. Since then angels even as separated souls are incorporeal, it would seem that some place should also be assigned to receive separated souls.

Further, this appears from Gregory's statement (*Dial. iv.*) that souls after death are conveyed to various corporeal places, as in the case of Paschasius whom Germanus, Bishop of Capua, found at the baths, and of the soul of King Theodoric, which he asserts to have been conveyed to hell. Therefore after death souls have certain places for their reception.

I answer that, Although spiritual substances do not depend on a body in respect of their being, nevertheless the corporeal world is governed by God by means of the spiritual world, as asserted by Augustine (*De trin. iii.*) and Gregory (*Dial. iv.*). Hence it is that there is a certain fittingness by way of congruity of spiritual substances to corporeal substances, in that the more noble bodies are adapted to the more noble substances: wherefore also the philosophers held that the order of separate substances is according to the order of movables. And though after death souls have no bodies assigned to them whereof they be the forms or determinate motors, nevertheless certain corporeal places are appointed to them by way of congruity in reference to their degree of nobility (wherein they are as though in a place, after the manner in which incorporeal things can be in a place), according as they more or less approach to the first substance (to which the highest place is fittingly assigned), namely God, whose throne the Scriptures proclaim heaven to be (Ps. cii, 19, Isa. lxvi. 1). Wherefore we hold that those souls that have a perfect share of the Godhead are in heaven, and that those souls that are deprived of that share are assigned to a contrary place.

Reply Obj. 1. Incorporeal things are not in place after a manner known and familiar to us, in which way we say that bodies are properly in place; but they are in place after a manner befitting spiritual substances, a manner that cannot be fully manifest to us.

Reply Obj. 2. Things have something in common with or a likeness to one another in two ways. First, by sharing a same quality: thus hot things have something in common, and incorporeal things can have nothing in common with corporeal things in this way. Secondly, by a kind of proportionateness, by reason of which the Scriptures apply the corporeal world to the spiritual metaphorically. Thus the Scriptures speak of God as the sun, because He is the principle of spiritual life, as the sun is of corporeal life. In this way certain souls have more in common with certain places: for instance, souls that are spiritually enlightened, with luminous bodies, and souls that are plunged in darkness by sin, with dark places.

Reply Obj. 3. The separated soul receives nothing directly from corporeal places in the same way as bodies which are maintained by their respective places: yet these same souls, through knowing themselves to be appointed to such places, gather joy or sorrow therefrom; and thus their place conduces to their punishment or reward.

SECOND ARTICLE

WHETHER SOULS ARE CONVEYED TO HEAVEN OR HELL IMMEDIATELY AFTER DEATH?

We proceed thus to the Second Article:—

Objection 1. It would seem that no souls are conveyed to heaven or hell immediately after death. For a gloss on Ps. xxxvi. 10, *Yet a little while and the wicked shall not be*, says that *the saints are delivered at the end of life; yet after this life they will not yet be where the saints will be when it is said to them: Come ye blessed of My Father*. Now those saints will be in heaven. Therefore after this life the saints do not go immediately up to heaven.

Obj. 2. Further, Augustine says (*Enchir. cix.*) that *the*

time which lies between man's death and the final resurrection holds the souls in secret receptacles according as each one is worthy of rest or of suffering. Now these secret abodes cannot denote heaven and hell, since also after the final resurrection the souls will be there together with their bodies: so that he would have no reason to distinguish between the time before and the time after the resurrection. Therefore they will be neither in hell nor in heaven until the day of judgment.

Obj. 3. Further, the glory of the soul is greater than that of bodies. Now the glory of the body is awarded to all at the same time, so that each one may have the greater joy in the common rejoicing of all, as appears from a gloss on Heb. xi. 40, *God providing some better thing for us — that the common joy may make each one rejoice the more.* Much more, therefore, ought the glory of souls to be deferred until the end, so as to be awarded to all at the same time.

Obj. 4. Further, Punishment and reward, being pronounced by the sentence of the judge, should not precede the judgment. Now hell fire and the joys of heaven will be awarded to all by the sentence of Christ judging them, namely at the last judgment, according to Matth. xxv. Therefore no one will go up to heaven or down to hell before the day of judgment.

On the contrary, It is written (2 Cor. v. 1): *If our earthly house of this habitation be dissolved, that we have... a house not made with hands, but reserved in heaven.* Therefore, after the body's dissolution, the soul has an abode, which had been reserved for it in heaven.

Further, the Apostle says (Philip. i, 23): *I desire* (Vulg., — *Having a desire*) *to be dissolved and to be with Christ.* From these words Gregory argues as follows (*Dial. iv.*): *If there is no doubt that Christ is in heaven, it cannot be denied that Paul's soul is in heaven likewise.* Now it cannot be gainsaid that Christ is in heaven, since this is an article of faith. Therefore neither is it to be denied that the souls of the saints are borne to heaven. That also some souls go down to hell immediately after death is evident from Luke xvi, 22, *And the rich man died, and he was buried in hell.*

I answer that, Even as in bodies there is gravity or levity whereby they are borne to their own place which is the end

of their movement, so in souls there is merit or demerit whereby they reach their reward or punishment, which are the ends of their deeds. Wherefore just as a body is conveyed at once to its place, by its gravity or levity, unless there be an obstacle, so too the soul, the bonds of the flesh being broken, whereby it was detained in the state of the way, receives at once its reward or punishment, unless there be an obstacle. Thus sometimes venial sin, though needing first of all to be cleansed, is an obstacle to the receiving of the reward; the result being that the reward is delayed. And since a place is assigned to souls in keeping with their reward or punishment, as soon as the soul is set free from the body it is either plunged into hell or soars to heaven, unless it be held back by some debt, for which its flight must needs be delayed until the soul is first of all cleansed. This truth is attested by the manifest authority of the canonical Scriptures and the doctrine of the holy Fathers: wherefore the contrary must be judged heretical as stated in *Dial.* iv and in *De Eccl. Dogm.* lxxxviii.

Reply Obj. 1. The gloss explains itself: for it expounds the words, *They will not yet be where the saints will be*, etc., by saying immediately afterwards: *That is to say, they will not have the double stole which the saints will have at the resurrection.*

Reply Obj. 2. Among the secret abodes of which Augustine speaks, we must also reckon hell and heaven, where some souls are detained before the resurrection. The reason why a distinction is drawn between the time before and the time after the resurrection is because before the resurrection they are there without the body whereas afterwards they are with the body, and because in certain places there are souls now which will not be there after the resurrection.

Reply Obj. 3. There is a kind of continuity among men as regards the body, because in respect thereof is verified the saying of Acts xvii 24, 26 *God... hath made of one all mankind:* whereas He has fashioned souls independently of one another. Consequently it is not so fitting that all men should be glorified together in the soul as that they should be glorified together in the body. Moreover the glory of the body is not so essential as the glory of the soul; wherefore it would be

more derogatory to the saints if the glory of the soul were delayed, than that the glory of the body be deferred: nor could this detriment to their glory be compensated on account of the joy of each one being increased by the common joy.

Reply Obj. 4. Gregory proposes and solves this very difficulty (*Dial. iv.*): *If then, he says, the souls of the just are in heaven now, what will they receive in reward for their justice on the judgment day?* And he answers: *Surely it will be a gain to them at the judgment, that whereas now they enjoy only the happiness of the soul, afterwards they will enjoy also that of the body, so as to rejoice also in the flesh wherein they bore sorrow and torments for the Lord.* The same is to be said in reference to the damned.

DANTE

(1265-1321)

DANTE ALIGHIERI, the consummate poet of the supernatural, was very much a man of the world. As a youth he enjoyed a thorough education and a brilliant society of friends. He was familiar with the works of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. The philosophy of Aristotle and its theological application by Aquinas he knew thoroughly. Among his intimate friends were Giotto the painter and Casella the musician. His youth was filled with the delicious and disillusioning ecstasies of intemperate pleasures. Yet he later 'settled down' as a married man with two children. And from the age of nine he loved one woman idealistically and never ceased to do so — possibly because she married another.

In public affairs Dante played an important part as one of the six Priori who governed Florence. While he was away from the city on a diplomatic mission his enemies succeeded in condemning him to a death by fire on a trumped-up charge of corrupt jobbery and peculation. Thereafter he lived in exile, separated from his family, until his death in Ravenna. He tells us: 'Ever since it was the pleasure of the citizens of Florence, that most beautiful and most famous daughter of Rome, to cast me out of her sweetest bosom, wherein I was born and bred, and where, with their good leave, I long with all my heart to rest my weary mind and end my allotted time — ever since then I have wandered as a stranger, almost as a beggar, over nearly all regions where our language extends, displaying against my will the wound of fortune, for which oftentimes the wounded one is wont unjustly to be blamed. Truly have I been a boat without sail or helm, carried to divers harbors and inlets and shores by the dry wind that breaths from painful poverty.'

In the midst of these wanderings Dante wrote the *Divine Comedy*. In it was fused the Hebrew tradition of a great earthly task and the Greek tradition of immortality. Combined they had made Christian theology. He classified sins and defined virtues in true Aristotelian fashion but in his essential conception of man's nature he was spiritually akin to Plato. In a letter to his protector, Can Grande della Scala, Lord of Verona and Vicenza, Dante wrote of the *Divine Comedy*: 'The subject of the whole work, taken merely in its literal sense, is the state of souls after death, considered simply as a fact. But if the work is understood in its alle-

gorical intention, the subject of it is man, according as by his deserts and demerits in the use of his free will he is justly open to rewards and punishments.'

The Church Fathers had defined the Limbus as an underground place near Hell and Purgatory where dwelt those who had 'original sin' — unbaptized children and the virtuous Hebrew Patriarchs. Dante was more lenient than the Church Fathers and made an exception in favor of the Hebrew Patriarchs, and has placed there the souls of virtuous pagans, including his guide, the poet Virgil, who long before had described the journey of Æneas to the Lower World.

The following selection is from the *Divine Comedy* of Dante Alighieri, translated by Charles Eliot Norton, three vols., Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1902, *Hell*, Canto, IV, I, 22-28.

[L. H.]

THE DIVINE COMEDY HELL CANTO IV

The further side of Acheron. — Virgil leads Dante into Limbo, the First Circle of Hell, containing the spirits of those who lived virtuously but without faith in Christ. — Greeting of Virgil by his fellow poets. — They enter a castle, where are the shades of ancient worthies. — After seeing them Virgil and Dante depart.

A heavy thunder broke the deep sleep in my head, so that I started up like a person who is waked by force, and, risen erect, I moved my rested eye round about, and looked fixedly to distinguish the place where I was. True it is, that I found myself on the brink of the woeful valley of the abyss which collects a thunder of infinite wailings. It was so dark, deep, and cloudy that, though I fixed my sight on the depth, I did not discern anything there.

'Now let us descend here below into the blind world,' began the Poet all deadly pale, 'I will be first, and thou shalt be second.'

And I, who had observed his color, said: 'How shall I come, if thou fearest, who art wont to be the comfort to my doubting?' And he to me: 'The anguish of the folk who are here below paints on my face that pity which thou takest for fear. Let us go on, for the long way urges us.'

Thus he placed himself, and thus he made me enter into

the first circle that girds the abyss. Here, as one listened, there was no lamentation but that of sighs which made the eternal air to tremble; this came of the woe without torments felt by the crowds, which were many and great, of infants and of women and of men.

The good Master to me: 'Thou dost not ask what spirits are these that thou seest. Now I would have thee know, before thou goest farther, that these did not sin; and though they have merits it suffices not, because they did not have baptism, which is part of the faith that thou believest; and if they were before Christianity, they did not duly worship God: and of such as these am I myself. For such defects, and not for other guilt, are we lost, and only so far harmed that without hope we live in desire.'

Great woe seized me at my heart when I heard him, because I knew that people of much worth were suspended in that limbo. 'Tell me, my Master, tell me, Lord,' I began, with wish to be assured of that faith which vanquishes every error, 'did ever any one who afterwards was blessed go forth from here, either by his own or by another's merit?' And he, who understood my covert speech, answered: 'I was new in this state when I saw a Mighty One come hither crowned with sign of victory. He drew out hence the shade of the first parent, of Abel his son, and that of Noah, of Moses the law-giver and obedient, Abraham the patriarch, and David the King, Israel with his father and with his offspring, and with Rachel, for whom he did so much, and many others; and He made them blessed: and I would have thee know that before these, human spirits were not saved.'

We ceased not going on because he spoke, but all the while were passing through the wood, the wood, I mean, of crowded spirits; nor yet had our way been long from the place of my slumber, when I saw a fire, which overcame a hemisphere of darkness. We were still a little distant from it, yet not so far but that I could in part discern that honorable folk possessed that place. 'O thou who honorest both science and art, who are these, who have such honor that it separates them from the manner of the others?' And he to me: 'The honorable renown of them which sounds above in thy life wins grace in heaven which thus advances them.' At this

a voice was heard by me: 'Honor the loftiest Poet! his shade returns which had departed.' When the voice had stopped and was quiet, I saw four great shades coming to us; they had a semblance neither sad nor glad. The good Master began to say: 'Look at him with that sword in hand who comes before the three, even as lord; he is Homer, the sovereign poet; the next who comes is Horace, the satirist; Ovid is the third, and the last is Lucan. Since each shares with me the name which the single voice sounded, they do me honor, and in that do well.'

Thus I saw assembled the fair school of that Lord of the loftiest song who soars above the others like an eagle. After they had discoursed somewhat together, they turned to me with sign of salutation; and my Master smiled thereat. And far more of honor yet they did me, for they made me of their band, so that I was the sixth amid so much wisdom. Thus we went on as far as the light, speaking things concerning which silence is becoming, even as was speech there where I was.

We came to the foot of a noble castle, seven times circled by high walls, defended round about by a fair streamlet. This we passed as if hard ground; through seven gates I entered with these sages; we came to a meadow of fresh verdure. People were there with slow and grave eyes, of great authority in their looks; they spoke seldom, and with soft voices. Thereon we withdrew ourselves upon one side, into an open, luminous, and high place, so that they all could be seen. There before me upon the green enamel were shown to me the great spirits, whom for having seen I inwardly exalt myself.

I saw Electra with many companions, among whom I recognized Hector and Aeneas, Caesar in armor, with his gerfalcon eyes; I saw Camilla and Penthesilea, on the other side I saw the King Latinus, who was sitting with Lavinia his daughter. I saw that Brutus who drove out Tarquin, Lucretia, Julia, Marcia, and Cornelia; and alone, apart, I saw the Saladin. When I raised my brows a little more, I saw the Master of those who know, seated amid the philosophic family; all regard him, all do him honor. Here I saw Socrates and Plato, who in front of the others stand nearest to him; Democritus, who ascribes the world to chance; Diogenes, Anaxagoras, and Thales, Empedocles, Heraclitus,

and Zeno; and I saw the good collector of the qualities, Dioscorides, I mean; and I saw Orpheus, Tully, and Linus, and moral Seneca, Euclid the geometer, and Ptolemy, Hippocrates, Avicenna, and Galen, and Averrhoës, who made the great comment. I cannot report of all in full, because the long theme so drives me that many times the speech comes short of the fact.

The company of six is reduced to two. By another way the wise guide leads me out from the quiet into the air that trembles, and I come into a region where is nothing that can give light.

SHAKESPEARE

(1564-1616)

IN THE three sonnets printed below, Shakespeare expresses three different conceptions of immortality. In sonnet number 1 he urges a certain (unidentified) young man, to whom many of the first 126 sonnets are addressed, to marry and beget offspring, that after death he may leave an image of himself to posterity. This survival of one's self in one's descendants many present day scientists regard as the only immortality possible for man. Sonnet number 18 turns also upon the idea of a purely earthly immortality but of a sort distinct from that contemplated in the preceding sonnet. In it the author promises to preserve his friend from oblivion by commemorating his mortal virtues in his own immortal verse. This literary immortality is, of course, identical with that which Horace promises himself in his 'monument more lasting than bronze,' save that Shakespeare more generously promises it to his friend and not to himself. Sonnet number 146 has to do with immortality in its usual sense of a survival of the individual after death. In it the poet reverts to the traditional medieval conception of a debate between body and soul as they part at death.

The first of the subjoined passages from *Hamlet* combines traces of three distinct folk beliefs — two of them religious and having to do with the life after death and one of them legal and having to do with the avenging of a murder. The ancient Greeks believed that until the death of a murdered man had been avenged, his soul could not enter Elysium but must wander uneasily on this side Acheron. This notion underlies Shakespeare's representation of the ghost of the elder Hamlet as:

‘Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night.’

But all good Catholics of Shakespeare's time, as now, believed that all ordinary sinners must expiate the sins done in the flesh by undergoing Purgatorial fires. This notion underlies the lines:

‘And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away.’

In order to combine these two religious notions — the Greek and the Christian — Shakespeare — or perhaps the dramatist Thomas Kyd from whose lost *Hamlet* Shakespeare borrowed the plot of

his own — arbitrarily assigned the former penance of wandering to the nighttime and the latter penance of undergoing Purgatorial fires to the daytime. Furthermore, Shakespeare represents the ghost of the elder Hamlet not only as wandering but as revisiting earth in his wanderings, in order that he may confide the duty of vengeance to his son, the younger Hamlet. This non-religious representation was evidently prompted by the old pagan idea, current among the Anglo-Saxons, that the death of a murdered man must be avenged by his nearest of kin.

When roused by some powerful external stimulus, as when confronted by the ghost and on other occasions, Hamlet is eager for revenge. But he lapses into intervals of hopeless sluggishness and irresolution. In the second passage we find him in this state. He contemplates suicide, but fears to do so. For the church taught, and still teaches, that a suicide was a man who tried to enter heaven before God was ready to receive him.

The selections are from the *Complete Dramatic and Poetic Works of William Shakespeare*, edited by W. A. Neilson, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, New York, 1906, *Sonnets*, pp. 1171, 1173, 1191, *Hamlet*, pp. 902, 911.
[N. E. G.]

SONNETS

I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the riper should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory;
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 (Thrall to) these powers that thee array,
 Why doth thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

HAMLET

Act I, Sc. V, vv. 9-28

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, Hamlet, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love —

HAM. O God!

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAM. Murder!

GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Act III, Sc. I, vv. 56-88

HAM. To be, or not to be: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die; to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep; —
To sleep? Perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

DONNE

(1573-1631)

JOHN DONNE, Dean of Saint Paul's, was founder of a school of English poetry which because of its intellectual subtlety Dr. Samuel Johnson styled the 'Metaphysical School.' Though often obscure, Donne's poetry at times reaches high flights of imaginative grandeur and verbal splendor. Like many poets of his School, Donne, after reaching maturity, experienced a conversion and passed from a life of carnal sin to one of extreme saintliness. In this later period his mind dwelt constantly on death, for which at times he eagerly yearned, so much so that on one occasion he had himself painted in his burial shroud. His contemporary, Isaak Walton, thus concludes his *Life of Donne*:

'He was earnest and unweared in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body, that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust.'

'But I shall see it reanimated.'

The ensuing poem is memorable as expressing the author's conviction as to the reality of personal immortality; it is a veritable challenge to Death to do his worst.

The selection is from the *Poems of John Donne*, edited by E. K. Chambers, Routledge and Sons, London, *Holy Sonnets*, X, I, 162.

[N. E. G.]

HOLY SONNETS

X

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

RENÉ DESCARTES

(1596-1650)

DESCARTES, the father of modern mathematical philosophy, was throughout his life a faithful member of the Catholic Church. This advocate of the scientific method, this mathematician who revolted against the philosophic traditions of Scholasticism, this clear-thinking man of the world who 'read little' and spent his early years as a soldier to learn about practical affairs, believed in God as the prime condition for his own existence as a self-conscious being, and while vastly enlarging the domain of reason he carefully avoided trespassing upon the religious doctrines of the Church in which he was born and nurtured and from which he received the final Benediction. He submitted his intellect to God's without enthusiasm but without apology. When he was dying he said, 'My soul, thou hast long been held captive; the hour has now come for thee to quit thy prison, to leave the trammels of this body; suffer, then, this separation with joy and courage.'

His most famous works are the *Discourse of Method*, largely autobiographical, and the *Meditations*. The first selection is from the *Synopsis of the Six Meditations*. The second selection is from the *Reply to the Second Set of Objections*. The objections were made by certain theologians and philosophers to whom Descartes had submitted his *Meditations* for discussion.

The selections are taken from the *Philosophical Works of Descartes*, translated by Elizabeth S. Haldane and G. R. Ross, two vols., Cambridge, University Press, 1911-1912, *Meditations on First Philosophy*, I, 140-141; *Objections urged against the Meditations*, II, 47.

[L. H.]

MEDITATIONS ON FIRST PHILOSOPHY

SYNOPSIS OF THE SIX FOLLOWING MEDITATIONS

But because it may be that some expect from me in this place a statement of the reasons establishing the immortality of the soul, I feel that I should here make known to them that having aimed at writing nothing in all this Treatise of which I do not possess very exact demonstrations, I am obliged to follow a similar order to that made use of by the geometers,

which is to begin by putting forward as premises all those things upon which the proposition that we seek depends, before coming to any conclusion regarding it. Now the first and principal matter which is requisite for thoroughly understanding the immortality of the soul is to form the clearest possible conception of it, and one which will be entirely distinct from all the conceptions which we may have of body; and in this Meditation this has been done. In addition to this it is requisite that we may be assured that all the things which we conceive clearly and distinctly are true in the very way in which we think them; and this could not be proved previously to the Fourth Meditation. Further we must have a distinct conception of corporeal nature, which is given partly in this Second, and partly in the Fifth and Sixth Meditations. And finally we should conclude from all this, that those things which we conceive clearly and distinctly as being diverse substances, as we regard mind and body to be, are really substances essentially distinct one from the other; and this is the conclusion of the Sixth Meditation. This is further confirmed in this same Meditation by the fact that we cannot conceive of body excepting in so far as it is divisible, while the mind cannot be conceived of excepting as indivisible. For we are not able to conceive of the half of a mind as we can do of the smallest of all bodies; so that we see that not only are their natures different but even in some respects contrary to one another. I have not however dealt further with this matter in this treatise, both because what I have said is sufficient to show clearly enough that the extinction of the mind does not follow from the corruption of the body, and also to give men the hope of another life after death, as also because the premises from which the immortality of the soul may be deduced depend on an elucidation of a complete system of Physics. This would mean to establish in the first place that all substances generally — that is to say all things which cannot exist without being created by God — are in their nature incorruptible, and that they can never cease to exist unless God, in denying to them his concurrence, reduce them to nought; and secondly that body, regarded generally, is a substance, which is the reason why it also cannot perish, but that the human body, inasmuch as it differs from other

bodies, is composed only of a certain configuration of members and of other similar accidents, while the human mind is not similarly composed of any accidents, but is a pure substance. For although all the accidents of mind be changed, although, for instance, it think certain things, will others, perceive others, etc., despite all this it does not emerge from these changes another mind: the human body on the other hand becomes a different thing from the sole fact that the figure or form of any of its portions is found to be changed. From this it follows that the human body may indeed easily enough perish, but the mind [or soul of man (I make no distinction between them)] is owing to its nature immortal.

OBJECTIONS URGED AGAINST THE MEDITATIONS

REPLY TO OBJECTIONS II

Seventhly, in the synopsis of my Meditations I stated the reason why I have said nothing about the immortality of the soul. That I have sufficiently proved its distinctness from any body, I have shown above. But I admit that I cannot refute your further contention, viz. that *the immortality of the soul does not follow from its distinctness from the body, because that does not prevent its being said that God in creating it has given the soul a nature such that its period of existence must terminate simultaneously with that of the corporeal life.* For I do not presume so far as to attempt to settle by the power of human reason any of the questions that depend upon the free-will of God. Natural knowledge shows that the mind is different from the body, and that it is likewise a substance; but that the human body, in so far as it differs from other bodies, is constituted entirely by the configuration of its parts and other similar accidents, and finally that the death of the body depends wholly on some division or change of figure. But we know no argument or example such as to convince us that the death or the annihilation of a substance such as the mind is, should follow from so light a cause as is a change in figure, which is no more than a mode, and indeed not a mode of mind, but of body that is really distinct.

from mind. Nor indeed is there any argument or example calculated to convince us that any substance can perish. But this is sufficient to let us conclude that the mind, so far as it can be known by aid of a natural philosophy, is immortal.

But if the question, which asks whether human souls cease to exist at the same time as the bodies which God has united to them are destroyed, is one affecting the Divine power, it is for God alone to reply. And since He has revealed to us that this will not happen, there should be not even the slightest doubt remaining.

THOMAS BROWNE

(1605-1682)

SIR THOMAS BROWNE lived throughout the period of the Civil Wars. A Royalist in sentiment, he refused to contribute to the Parliamentary Party, but since he showed no disposition to convert his sentiments into action, he was left unmolested by the Cromwellian Government to pursue a tranquil life in the quiet village of Norwich, where he divided his time between the practice of medicine and the expenditure of a not inconsiderable fortune in the collection of books and of antiques of the most varied sort.

Through his intimate acquaintance with ‘*divina pagina*’ Browne went far to redeem the medical profession from the reproach visited upon it by Chaucer in his portrait of the Doctor of Phisique, whose study was ‘but litul on the Bibul.’ No ordinary considerations of expediency led Browne to ‘search the Scriptures.’ The good physician of Norwich had to an extraordinary degree a spirit of intellectual curiosity which impelled him to search everything and in particular to search everything that contained a mystery. For the inscrutable he cherished indeed a veritable passion. He loved ‘to pursue (his) Reason to an *O altitudo!*’, ‘to pose (his) apprehension with those insolved Ænigmas and riddles of the Trinity, with Incarnation, and Resurrection.’ Particularly did he delight in seeking to discover all manner of occult resemblances between natural objects apparently the most unlike. The accidental discovery of some skulls in the neighborhood of Norwich prompted his *Hydriotaphia* (‘Urn-Burial’), in which he takes occasion not merely to comment upon the various burial customs of antiquity but also to derive therefrom intimations of immortality.

Though Browne was not a divine, his style marks the climax of the Golden Age of Pulpit Oratory. In the stately grandeur of his swelling periods he surpasses his clerical contemporaries Jeremy Taylor and Thomas Fuller. To be sure his diction is not always chaste. He is fond of interspersing Greek or Latin hybrids of his own coinage. This he does, however, not from ostentation but for the sake of some subtle adumbration of sound or sense. The verbal splendor of his advancing crescendos furnishes perhaps the best example in world literature of how far language can go in the direction of pure musical effects.

The following selection is from the *Hydriotaphia* (the 'Urn-Burial'), Chapter V, published in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici and Urn-Burial*, J. M. Dent, London, 1906, pp. 175-180.

[N. E. G.]

THE HYDRIOTAPHIA

('URN-BURIAL')

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopic inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be

known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetick, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration; — diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,— a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto

their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth; — durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end (all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction); which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

VAUGHAN

(1622-1695)

HENRY VAUGHAN was a poetical disciple of John Donne and shows, like his master, a disposition to use ingenious but far-fetched imagery. But Vaughan was a mystic as well, and in moments of ecstasy burst the bounds of a playful intellectualism to give direct and impassioned expression to the burning thoughts that were within him.

In the *Retreat* he expresses what he fancies to be a child's sense of nearness to the divine. The fancy is, of course, akin to Plato's conception of a pre-natal state. But the result which Plato reached by reasoning Vaughan attained by direct intuitive experience. In this respect the *Retreat* foreshadows Wordsworth's *Ode to Immortality*. Indeed Vaughan's line:

'Bright shoots of everlastingness'

may have suggested Wordsworth's lines:

'But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.'

The selection is from *The Poems of Henry Vaughan*, edited by E. K. Chambers, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896, I, 59-60.

[N. E. G.]

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back — at that short space —
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flower,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,

THE FARTHER SHORE

And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of palm trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

JOHN BUNYAN

(1628-1688)

THE *Pilgrim's Progress* forms with the *Bible* and the works of Shakespeare the supreme triumvirate of English literature. It was written by a religious zealot, a poor, uneducated, uncouth man while in jail as a result of his activities as a dissenter during the reign of Charles II. The 'common people' read and loved it, but fashionable intellectual society, the Worldly-Wisemen of letters and learning, for more than a century after its publication scorned its lack of 'sophistication' and its homely sincerity. The poet Cowper wrote of Bunyan:

'I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame.'

Gradually, however, the book captured the literary world. That somewhat pedantic but ruggedly honest old Tory, Samuel Johnson, said that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was one of the three books he wished longer, the other two being *Don Quixote* and *Robinson Crusoe*. Lord Macaulay wrote of it: 'There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language.'

Within recent years the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been regarded as a somewhat curious literary antiquity with no application to the everyday life of a vast Vanity Fair. Perhaps today with men and women everywhere struggling in the Slough of Despond, weary and disillusioned with Mr. By-ends, Mr. Facing-both-ways, and My Lord Time-Server and yearning for a Mr. Great-Heart and a Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, this work will be read again with renewed appreciation of its enduring and dramatic universality.

John Bunyan knew Heaven and Hell thoroughly when he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He reached the Celestial City within his spirit only after a grievous and fearsome pilgrimage. We can understand the peculiar power of the *Pilgrim's Progress* after reading *Grace Abounding*, Bunyan's spiritual autobiography. One of his moments of deepest despair he describes as follows:

'I walked to a neighboring town; and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and after long musing, I lifted up my head; but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light; and as if the very stones

in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour. Oh! how happy now was every creature over I! for they stood fast and kept their station. But I was gone and lost.'

In the first selection Christian visits the Interpreter's House soon after setting forth from the City of Destruction. In the second selection Christian and his later companion Hopeful cross the River of Death and enter the Celestial City. In the third selection Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, who has heretofore acted as guide to Christian, is summoned by the same post as Mr. Honest.

The selections are from the *Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan, J. M. Dent Company, London, 1901, Part I, pp. 29-31, 182-191, Part II, 375-376.

[L. H.]

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

PASSION AND PATIENCE

I saw moreover in my Dream, that the *Interpreter* took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little Children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was *Passion*, and the name of the other *Patience*. *Passion* seemed to be much discontent; but *Patience* was very quiet. Then *Christian* asked, What is the reason of the discontent of *Passion*? The *Interpreter* answered, The Governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year; but he will have all now; but *Patience* is willing to wait.

Then I saw that one came to *Passion*, and brought him a bag of Treasure, and poured it down at his feet, the which he took up and rejoiced therein; and withal, laughed *Patience* to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but Rags.

Chr. Then said *Christian* to the *Interpreter*, Expound this matter more fully to me.

Inter. So he said, These two Lads are figures: *Passion*, of the men of *this* world; and *Patience*, of the men of *that* which is to come; for as here thou seest, *Passion* will have all now this year, that is to say, in this world; so are the men of this

world: they must have all their good things now, they cannot stay till next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, *A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*, is of more authority with them than are all the Divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but Rags; so will it be with all such men at the end of this world.

Chr. Then said *Christian*, Now I see that *Patience* has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts. 1. Because he stays for the best things. 2. And also because he will have the Glory of his, when the other has nothing but Rags.

Inter. Nay, you may add another; to wit, The glory of the next world will never wear out; but *these* are suddenly gone. Therefore *Passion* had not so much reason to laugh at *Patience*, because he had his good things first, as *Patience* will have to laugh at *Passion*, because he had his best things last; for *first* must give place to *last*, because *last* must have his time to come: but *last* gives place to nothing; for there is not another to succeed. He therefore that hath his portion *first*, must needs have a time to spend it; but he that hath his portion *last*, must have it lastingly. Therefore it is said of *Dives*, *In thy lifetime thou receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.*

Chr. Then I perceive 'tis not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

Inter. You say truth: *For the things that are seen are Temporal; but the things that are not seen are Eternal.* But though this be so, yet since things present and our fleshly appetite are such near neighbours one to another; and, again, because things to come and carnal sense are such strangers one to another: therefore it is, that the first of these so suddenly fall into *amity*, and that *distance* is so continued between the second.

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CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL ENTER THE CELESTIAL CITY

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the City. But, as I said, the reflection of the Sun

upon the City (for the City was pure Gold) was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an *Instrument* made for that purpose. So I saw that as they went on, there met them two men, in Raiment that shone like Gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the Pilgrims whence they came? and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way? and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the City.

Christian then and his Companion asked the men to go along with them, so they told them they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own Faith. So I saw in my Dream that they went on together till they came within sight of the Gate.

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the Gate was a River, but there was no Bridge to go over, the River was very deep: at the sight therefore of this River the Pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the Gate.

The Pilgrims then began to enquire if there was no other way to the Gate; to which they answered, Yes, but there hath not any, save two, to wit, *Enoch* and *Elijah*, been permitted to tread that path, since the foundation of the World, nor shall, until the last Trumpet shall sound. The Pilgrims then, especially *Christian*, began to dispond in his mind, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the River. Then they asked the men if the Waters were all of a depth? They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case, for said they, *you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.*

Then they addressed themselves to the Water, and entering, *Christian* began to sink, and crying out to his good friend *Hopeful*, he said, I sink in deep Waters; the Billows go over my head, all his Waves go over me, *Selah*.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer my Brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said *Christian*, Ah my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I

shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon *Christian*, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his Pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and hearty fears that he should die in that River, and never obtain entrance in at the Gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a Pilgrim. 'Twas also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of Hobgoblins and evil Spirits, for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. *Hopeful* therefore here had much ado to keep his Brother's head above water; yea sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then ere a while he would rise up again half dead. *Hopeful* also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the Gate, and men standing by it to receive us. But *Christian* would answer, 'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for, you have been *hopeful* ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to *Christian*. Ah Brother, said he, surely if I was right, he would now arise to help me; but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me. Then said *Hopeful*, my Brother, you have quite forgot the Text, where it is said of the wicked, *There is no band in their death, but their strength is firm, they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.* These troubles and distresses that you go through in these Waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you, but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my Dream, that *Christian* was as in a muse a while. To whom also *Hopeful* added this word, *Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole:* and with that *Christian* brake out with a loud voice, Oh I see him again, and he tells me, *When thou passest through the Waters, I will be with thee; and through the Rivers, they shall not overflow thee.* Then they both took courage, and the Enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. *Christian* therefore

presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the River was but shallow. Thus they got over. Now upon the bank of the River on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore being come out of the River, they saluted them saying, *We are ministring Spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.* Thus they went along towards the Gate. Now you must note that the City stood upon a mighty Hill, but the Pilgrims went up that Hill with ease because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their *mortal Garments* behind them in the River, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed was higher than the Clouds. They therefore went up through the Regions of the Air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the River, and had such glorious Companions to attend them.

Now, now, look how the holy Pilgrims ride,
Clouds are their Chariots, Angels are their Guide:
Who would not here for him all hazards run,
That thus provides for his when this World's done?

The talk that they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place, who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is the Mount *Sion*, the heavenly *Jerusalem*, the innumerable company of Angels, and the Spirits of just men made perfect. You are going now, said they, to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white Robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of Eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower Region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, *for the former things are passed away.* You are now going to *Abraham*, to *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, and to the Prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness. The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered,

You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your Prayers and Tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear Crowns of Gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One, *for there you shall see him as he is.* There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the World, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are got thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with Glory and Majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of Trumpet in the Clouds, as upon the wings of the Wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the Throne of Judgement, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be Angels or Men, you also shall have a voice in that Judgement, because they were his and your Enemies. Also when he shall again return to the City, you shall go too, with sound of Trumpet, and be ever with him.

Now while they were thus drawing towards the Gate, behold a company of the Heavenly Host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the World, and that have left all for his holy Name, and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired Journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the Heavenly Host gave a great shout, saying, *Blessed are they that are called to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.*

There came out also at this time to meet them, several of the King's Trumpeters, clothed in white and shining Raiment, who with melodious noises and loud, made even the Heavens to echo with their sound. These Trumpeters saluted *Christian* and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes

from the World, and this they did with shouting and sound of Trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left, (as 'twere to guard them through the upper Regions) continually sounding as they went with melodious noise, in notes on high: so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if Heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus therefore they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these Trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their Musick with looks and gestures, still signify to *Christian* and his Brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men as 'twere in Heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of Angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the City itself in view, and they thought they heard all the Bells therein ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the Gate.

Now when they were come up to the Gate, there was written over it in Letters of Gold, *Blessed are they that do his Commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the Gates into the City.*

Then I saw in my Dream, that the Shining Men bid them call at the Gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the Gate, to wit, *Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, etc.*, to whom it was said, These Pilgrims are come from the City of *Destruction* for the love that they bear to the King of this place: and then the Pilgrims gave in unto them each man his Certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those therefore were carried in to the King, who when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the Gate. The King then commanded to open the Gate, *That the righteous nation, said he, that keepeth Truth may enter in.*

Now I saw in my Dream that these two men went in at

the Gate: and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had Raiment put on that shone like Gold. There was also that met them with Harps and Crowns, and gave them to them, the Harps to praise withal, and the Crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my Dream that all the Bells in the City rang for joy, and that it was said unto them, *Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.* I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, *Blessing, Honour, Glory, and Power, be to him that sitteth upon the Throne and to the Lamb for ever and ever.*

Now just as the Gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the Sun; the Streets also were paved with Gold, and in them walked many men, with Crowns on their heads, Palms in their hands, and golden Harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, *Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord.* And after that they shut up the Gates. Which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw *Ignorance* come up to the River-side; but he soon got over, and that without half that difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one *Vain-hope* a Ferry-man, that with his Boat helped him over; so he, as the other I saw, did ascend the Hill to come up to the Gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the Gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the Gate, Whence came you? and what would you have? He answered, I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our Streets. Then they asked him for his Certificate, that they might go in and shew it to the King. So he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, Have you none? But the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two Shining Ones that conducted *Christian* and *Hopeful* to the City, to

go out and take *Ignorance*, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the Hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to Hell even from the Gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of *Destruction*. So I awoke, and behold it was a Dream.

MR VALIANT-FOR-TRUTH IS SUMMONED

After this it was noised abroad that Mr *Valiant-for-truth* was taken with a Summons by the same Post as the other, and had this for a Token that the Summons was true, *That his Pitcher was broken at the Fountain*. When he understood it, he called for his Friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Fathers, and tho' with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My Sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it. My Marks and Scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his Battles who now will be my Rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the River-side, into which as he went he said, *Death, where is thy Sting?* And as he went down deeper he said, *Grave, where is thy Victory?* So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

BENEDICT DE SPINOZA

(1632-1677)

THREE hundred years ago in Amsterdam a boy was born of Jewish parents who had fled to Holland as a refuge from religious persecution in Spain. As the boy grew older he seemed destined to become a rabbinical scholar, but it soon became apparent to him that he could not sincerely subscribe to the theological tenets of the Jewish religion. He said that angels were hallucinations and that the soul is not immortal, as taught by the Bible. For these views he was excommunicated by the synagogue in Amsterdam in 1656. Henceforth he earned his living as a lens grinder. His education had been thorough, and he was deeply impressed by the Scholastics, especially St. Thomas Aquinas, and by the great Jewish medieval philosophers. During his lifetime he was bitterly denounced as a materialist and atheist but Novalis has called him 'a God-intoxicated man,' and his teachings have given to an increasing number of thoughtful men who have taken the pains to understand them a faith based on reason whereby they can live in harmony with themselves and the universe they experience.

Spinoza believed that there was nothing but Substance, of which Mind and Matter, Thought and Extension, are two parallel attributes. To the extent that man comes to see them as merged into the complete unity of Substance and in so far as man's reason achieves an understanding of the whole of Substance, including the relation of his temporal existence to the eternal essence of the universe, he will 'know God' and love Him. In the contemplation of that union and that relation, 'under the form of eternity,' man knows himself to be, as part of God, immortal.

The following selection is taken from the *Chief Works of Benedict De Spinoza*, translated by R. H. M. Elwes, George Bell & Sons, London, 1899, *The Ethics*, II, 259-271.

[L. H.]

ETHICS

PART V. OF HUMAN FREEDOM

Prop. XXI. *The mind can only imagine anything, or remember what is past, while the body endures.*

Proof.—The mind does not express the actual existence

of its body, nor does it imagine the modifications of the body as actual, except while the body endures (II. viii. Coroll.); and, consequently (II. xxvi.), it does not imagine any body as actually existing, except while its own body endures. Thus it cannot imagine anything (for definition of Imagination, see II. xvii. note), or remember things past, except while the body endures (see definition of Memory, II. xviii. note). *Q.E.D.*

Prop. XXII. *Nevertheless in God there is necessarily an idea, which expresses the essence of this or that human body under the form of eternity.*

Proof. — God is the cause, not only of the existence of this or that human body, but also of its essence (I. xxx.). This essence, therefore, must necessarily be conceived through the very essence of God (I. Ax. iv.), and be thus conceived by a certain eternal necessity (I. xvi.); and this conception must necessarily exist in God (II. iii.). *Q.E.D.*

Prop. XXIII. *The human mind cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body, but there remains of it something which is eternal.*

Proof. — There is necessarily in God a concept or idea, which expresses the essence of the human body (last Prop.), which, therefore, is necessarily something appertaining to the essence of the human mind (II. xiii.). But we have not assigned to the human mind any duration, definable by time, except in so far as it expresses the actual existence of the body, which is explained through duration, and may be defined by time — that is (II. viii. Coroll.), we do not assign to it duration, except while the body endures. Yet, as there is something, notwithstanding, which is conceived by a certain eternal necessity through the very essence of God (last Prop.); this something, which appertains to the essence of the mind, will necessarily be eternal. *Q.E.D.*

Note. — This idea, which expresses the essence of the body under the form of eternity, is, as we have said, a certain mode of thinking, which belongs to the essence of the mind, and is necessarily eternal. Yet it is not possible that we should remember that we existed before our body, for our body can bear no trace of such existence, neither can eternity be defined in terms of time, or have any relation to time. But,

notwithstanding, we feel and know that we are eternal. For the mind feels those things that it conceives by understanding, no less than those things that it remembers. For the eyes of the mind, whereby it sees and observes things, are none other than proofs. Thus, although we do not remember that we existed before the body, yet we feel that our mind, in so far as it involves the essence of the body, under the form of eternity, is eternal, and that thus its existence cannot be defined in terms of time, or explained through duration. Thus our mind can only be said to endure, and its existence can only be defined by a fixed time, in so far as it involves the actual existence of the body. Thus far only has it the power of determining the existence of things by time, and conceiving them under the category of duration.

Prop. XXIV. *The more we understand particular things, the more do we understand God.*

Proof. — This is evident from I. xxv. Coroll.

Prop. XXV. *The highest endeavour of the mind, and the highest virtue is to understand things by the third kind of knowledge.*

Proof. — The third kind of knowledge proceeds from an adequate idea of certain attributes of God to an adequate knowledge of the essence of things (see its definition II. xl. note ii.); and, in proportion as we understand things more in this way, we better understand God (by the last Prop.); therefore (IV. xxviii.) the highest virtue of the mind, that is (IV. Def. viii.) the power, or nature, or highest endeavour of the mind, is to understand things by the third kind of knowledge. *Q.E.D.*

Prop. XXVI. *In proportion as the mind is more capable of understanding things by the third kind of knowledge, it desires more to understand things by that kind.*

Proof. — This is evident. For, in so far as we conceive the mind to be capable of conceiving things by this kind of knowledge, we, to that extent, conceive it as determined thus to conceive things; and consequently (Def. of the Emotions, i.), the mind desires so to do, in proportion as it is more capable thereof. *Q.E.D.*

Prop. XXVII. *From this third kind of knowledge arises the highest possible mental acquiescence.*

Proof. — The highest virtue of the mind is to know God (IV. xxviii.), or to understand things by the third kind of knowledge (V. xxv.), and this virtue is greater in proportion as the mind knows things more by the said kind of knowledge (V. xxiv.): consequently, he who knows things by this kind of knowledge passes to the summit of human perfection, and is therefore (Def. of the Emotions, ii.) affected by the highest pleasure, such pleasure being accompanied by the idea of himself and his own virtue; thus, from this kind of knowledge arises the highest possible acquiescence. *Q.E.D.*

Prop. XXVIII. *The endeavour or desire to know things by the third kind of knowledge cannot arise from the first, but from the second kind of knowledge.*

Proof. — This proposition is self-evident. For whatsoever we understand clearly and distinctly, we understand either through itself, or through that which is conceived through itself; that is, ideas which are clear and distinct in us, or which are referred to the third kind of knowledge (II. xl. note ii.) cannot follow from ideas that are fragmentary and confused, and are referred to knowledge of the first kind, but must follow from adequate ideas, or ideas of the second and third kind of knowledge; therefore (Def. of the Emotions, i.), the desire of knowing things by the third kind of knowledge cannot arise from the first, but from the second kind. *Q.E.D.*

Prop. XXIX. *Whatsoever the mind understands under the form of eternity, it does not understand by virtue of conceiving the present actual existence of the body, but by virtue of conceiving the essence of the body under the form of eternity.*

Proof. — In so far as the mind conceives the present existence of its body, it to that extent conceives duration which can be determined by time, and to that extent only has it the power of conceiving things in relation to time (V. xxi. II. xxvi.). But eternity cannot be explained in terms of duration (I. Def. viii. and explanation). Therefore to this extent the mind has not the power of conceiving things under the form of eternity, but it possesses such power, because it is of the nature of reason to conceive things under the form of eternity (II. xliv. Coroll. ii.), and also because it is of the nature of the mind to conceive the essence of the body under the form of eternity (V. xxiii.), for besides these two there is nothing

which belongs to the essence of mind (II. xiii.). Therefore this power of conceiving things under the form of eternity only belongs to the mind in virtue of the mind's conceiving the essence of the body under the form of eternity. *Q.E.D.*

Note. — Things are conceived by us as actual in two ways; either as existing in relation to a given time and place, or as contained in God and following from the necessity of the divine nature. Whatsoever we conceive in this second way as true or real, we conceive under the form of eternity, and their ideas involve the eternal and infinite essence of God, as we showed in II. xlv. and note, which see.

Prop. XXX. *Our mind, in so far as it knows itself and the body under the form of eternity, has to that extent necessarily a knowledge of God, and knows that it is in God, and is conceived through God.*

Proof. — Eternity is the very essence of God, in so far as this involves necessary existence (I. Def. viii.). Therefore to conceive things under the form of eternity, is to conceive things in so far as they are conceived through the essence of God as real entities, or in so far as they involve existence through the essence of God; wherefore our mind, in so far as it conceives itself and the body under the form of eternity, has to that extent necessarily a knowledge of God, and knows, &c. *Q.E.D.*

Prop. XXXI. *The third kind of knowledge depends on the mind, as its formal cause, in so far as the mind itself is eternal.*

Proof. — The mind does not conceive anything under the form of eternity, except in so far as it conceives its own body under the form of eternity (V. xxix.); that is, except in so far as it is eternal (V. xxi. xxiii.); therefore (by the last Prop.), in so far as it is eternal, it possesses the knowledge of God, which knowledge is necessarily adequate (II. xlvi.); hence the mind, in so far as it is eternal, is capable of knowing everything which can follow from this given knowledge of God (II. xl.), in other words, of knowing things by the third kind of knowledge (see Def. in II. xl. note ii.), whereof accordingly the mind (III. Def. i.), in so far as it is eternal, is the adequate or formal cause of such knowledge. *Q.E.D.*

Note. — In proportion, therefore, as a man is more potent in this kind of knowledge, he will be more completely con-

scious of himself and of God; in other words, he will be more perfect and blessed, as will appear more clearly in the sequel. But we must here observe that, although we are already certain that the mind is eternal, in so far as it conceives things under the form of eternity, yet, in order that what we wish to show may be more readily explained and better understood, we will consider the mind itself, as though it had just begun to exist and to understand things under the form of eternity, as indeed we have done hitherto; this we may do without any danger of error, so long as we are careful not to draw any conclusion, unless our premises are plain.

Prop. XXXII. Whatsoever we understand by the third kind of knowledge, we take delight in, and our delight is accompanied by the idea of God as cause.

Proof. — From this kind of knowledge arises the highest possible mental acquiescence, that is (Def. of the Emotions, xxv.), pleasure, and this acquiescence is accompanied by the idea of the mind itself (V. xxvii.), and consequently (V. xxx.) the idea also of God as cause. *Q.E.D.*

Corollary. — From the third kind of knowledge necessarily arises the intellectual love of God. From this kind of knowledge arises pleasure accompanied by the idea of God as cause, that is (Def. of the Emotions, vi.), the love of God; not in so far as we imagine him as present (V. xxix.), but in so far as we understand him to be eternal; this is what I call the intellectual love of God.

Prop. XXXIII. The intellectual love of God, which arises from the third kind of knowledge, is eternal.

Proof. — The third kind of knowledge is eternal (V. xxxi. I. Ax. iii.); therefore (by the same Axiom) the love which arises therefrom is also necessarily eternal. *Q.E.D.*

Note. — Although this love towards God has (by the foregoing Prop.) no beginning, it yet possesses all the perfections of love, just as though it had arisen as we feigned in the Coroll. of the last Prop. Nor is there here any difference, except that the mind possesses as eternal those same perfections which we feigned to accrue to it, and they are accompanied by the idea of God as eternal cause. If pleasure consists in the transition to a greater perfection, assuredly blessedness must consist in the mind being endowed with perfection itself.

Prop. XXXIV. The mind is, only while the body endures, subject to those emotions which are attributable to passions.

Proof. — Imagination is the idea wherewith the mind contemplates a thing as present (II. xvii, note); yet this idea indicates rather the present disposition of the human body than the nature of the external thing (II. xvi. Coroll. ii.). Therefore emotion (see general Def. of Emotions) is imagination, in so far as it indicates the present disposition of the body; therefore (V. xxi.) the mind is, only while the body endures, subject to emotions which are attributable to passions. *Q.E.D.*

Corollary. — Hence it follows that no love save intellectual love is eternal.

Note. — If we look to men's general opinion, we shall see that they are indeed conscious of the eternity of their mind, but that they confuse eternity with duration, and ascribe it to the imagination or the memory which they believe to remain after death.

Prop. XXXV. God loves himself with an infinite intellectual love.

Proof. — God is absolutely infinite (I. Def. vi.), that is (II. Def. vi.), the nature of God rejoices in infinite perfection; and such rejoicing is (II. iii.) accompanied by the idea of himself, that is (I. xi, and Def. i.), the idea of his own cause: now this is what we have (in V. xxxii. Coroll.) described as intellectual love.

Prop. XXXVI. The intellectual love of the mind towards God is that very love of God whereby God loves himself, not in so far as he is infinite, but in so far as he can be explained through the essence of the human mind regarded under the form of eternity; in other words, the intellectual love of the mind towards God is part of the infinite love wherewith God loves himself.

Proof. — This love of the mind must be referred to the activities of the mind (V. xxxii. Coroll. and III. iii.); it is itself, indeed, an activity whereby the mind regards itself accompanied by the idea of God as cause (V. xxxii. and Coroll.); that is (I. xxv. Coroll. and II. xi. Coroll.) an activity whereby God, in so far as he can be explained through the human mind, regards himself accompanied by the idea of himself; therefore (by the last Prop.), this love of the

mind is part of the infinite love wherewith God loves himself. *Q.E.D.*

Corollary. — Hence it follows that God, in so far as he loves himself, loves man, and, consequently, that the love of God towards men, and the intellectual love of the mind towards God are identical.

Note. — From what has been said we clearly understand, wherein our salvation, or blessedness, or freedom, consists: namely, in the constant and eternal love towards God, or in God's love towards men. This love or blessedness is, in the Bible, called Glory, and not undeservedly. For whether this love be referred to God or to the mind, it may rightly be called acquiescence of spirit, which (*Def. of the Emotions*, xxv. xxx.) is not really distinguished from glory. In so far as it is referred to God, it is (*V. xxxv.*) pleasure, if we may still use that term, accompanied by the idea of itself, and, in so far as it is referred to the mind, it is the same (*V. xxvii.*).

Again, since the essence of our mind consists solely in knowledge, whereof the beginning and the foundation is God, (*I. xv.* and *II. xlviij.* note) it becomes clear to us, in what manner and way our mind, as to its essence and existence, follows from the divine nature and constantly depends on God. I have thought it worth while here to call attention to this, in order to show by this example how the knowledge of particular things, which I have called intuitive or of the third kind (*II. xl.* note *ii.*), is potent, and more powerful than the universal knowledge, which I have styled knowledge of the second kind. For, although in *Part I.* I showed in general terms, that all things (and consequently, also, the human mind) depend as to their essence and existence on God, yet that demonstration, though legitimate and placed beyond the chances of doubt, does not affect our mind so much, as when the same conclusion is derived from the actual essence of some particular thing, which we say depends on God.

Prop. XXXVII. *There is nothing in nature, which is contrary to this intellectual love, or which can take it away.*

Proof. — This intellectual love follows necessarily from the nature of the mind, in so far as the latter is regarded through the nature of God as an eternal truth (*V. xxxiii.* and *xxix.*). If, therefore, there should be anything which would be

contrary to this love, that thing would be contrary to that which is true; consequently, that, which should be able to take away this love, would cause that which is true to be false; an obvious absurdity. Therefore there is nothing in nature which, &c. *Q.E.D.*

Note.—The Axiom of Part IV. has reference to particular things, in so far as they are regarded in relation to a particular time and place: of this, I think, there can be no doubt.

Prop. XXXVIII. *In proportion as the mind understands more things by the second and third kind of knowledge, it is less subject to those emotions which are evil, and stands in less fear of death.*

Proof.—The mind's essence consists in knowledge (II. xi.); therefore, in proportion as the mind understands more things by the second and third kinds of knowledge, the greater will be the part of it that endures (V. xxix. and xxiii.) and, consequently (by the last Prop.), the greater will be the part that is not touched by the emotions, which are contrary to our nature, or in other words, evil (IV. xxx.). Thus, in proportion as the mind understands more things by the second and third kinds of knowledge, the greater will be the part of it, that remains unimpaired, and, consequently, less subject to emotions, &c. *Q.E.D.*

Note.—Hence we understand that point which I touched on in IV. xxxix. note, and which I promised to explain in this Part; namely, that death becomes less hurtful, in proportion as the mind's clear and distinct knowledge is greater, and, consequently, in proportion as the mind loves God more. Again, since from the third kind of knowledge arises the highest possible acquiescence (V. xxvii.), it follows that the human mind can attain to being of such a nature, that the part thereof which we have shown to perish with the body (V. xxi.) should be of little importance when compared with the part which endures. But I will soon treat of the subject at greater length.

Prop. XXXIX. *He, who possesses a body capable of the greatest number of activities, possesses a mind whereof the greatest part is eternal.*

Proof.—He, who possesses a body capable of the greatest number of activities, is least agitated by those emotions

which are evil (IV. xxxviii.) — that is (IV. xxx.), by those emotions which are contrary to our nature; therefore (V. x.), he possesses the power of arranging and associating the modifications of the body according to the intellectual order, and, consequently, of bringing it about, that all the modifications of the body should be referred to the idea of God; whence it will come to pass that (V. xv.) he will be affected with love towards God, which (V. xvi) must occupy or constitute the chief part of the mind; therefore (V. xxxiii.), such a man will possess a mind whereof the chief part is eternal.
Q.E.D.

Note. — Since human bodies are capable of the greatest number of activities, there is no doubt but that they may be of such a nature, that they may be referred to minds possessing a great knowledge of themselves and of God, and whereof the greatest or chief part is eternal, and, therefore, that they should scarcely fear death. But, in order that this may be understood more clearly, we must here call to mind, that we live in a state of perpetual variation, and, according as we are changed for the better or the worse, we are called happy or unhappy.

For he, who, from being an infant or a child, becomes a corpse, is called unhappy; whereas it is set down to happiness, if we have been able to live through the whole period of life with a sound mind in a sound body. And, in reality, he, who, as in the case of an infant or a child, has a body capable of very few activities, and depending, for the most part, on external causes, has a mind which, considered in itself alone, is scarcely conscious of itself, or of God, or of things; whereas, he, who has a body capable of very many activities, has a mind which, considered in itself alone, is highly conscious of itself, of God, and of things. In this life, therefore, we primarily endeavour to bring it about, that the body of a child, in so far as its nature allows and conduces thereto, may be changed into something else capable of very many activities, and referable to a mind which is highly conscious of itself, of God, and of things; and we desire so to change it, that what is referred to its imagination and memory may become insignificant, in comparison with its intellect, as I have already said in the note to the last Proposition.

Prop. XL. *In proportion as each thing possesses more of perfection, so is it more active, and less passive; and, vice versa, in proportion as it is more active, so is it more perfect.*

Proof. — In proportion as each thing is more perfect, it possesses more of reality (II. Def. vi.), and, consequently (III. iii. and note), it is to that extent more active and less passive. This demonstration may be reversed, and thus prove that, in proportion as a thing is more active, so is it more perfect. *Q.E.D.*

Corollary. — Hence it follows that the part of the mind which endures, be it great or small, is more perfect than the rest. For the eternal part of the mind (V. xxiii. xxix.) is the understanding, through which alone we are said to act (III. iii.); the part which we have shown to perish is the imaginative (V. xxi.), through which only we are said to be passive (III. iii. and Def. of the Emotions); therefore, the former, be it great or small, is more perfect than the latter. *Q.E.D.*

Note. — Such are the doctrines which I had purposed to set forth concerning the mind, in so far as it is regarded without relation to the body; whence, as also from I. xxi. and other places, it is plain that our mind, in so far as it understands, is an eternal mode of thinking, which is determined by another eternal mode of thinking, and this other by a third, and so on to infinity; so that all taken together at once constitute the eternal and infinite intellect of God.

Prop. XLI. *Even if we did not know that our mind is eternal, we should still consider as of primary importance piety and religion, and generally all things which, in Part IV., we showed to be attributable to courage and high-mindedness.*

Proof. — The first and only foundation of virtue, or the rule of right living is (IV. xxii. Coroll. and xxiv.) seeking one's own true interest. Now, while we determined what reason prescribes as useful, we took no account of the mind's eternity, which has only become known to us in this Fifth Part. Although we were ignorant at that time that the mind is eternal, we nevertheless stated that the qualities attributable to courage and high-mindedness are of primary importance. Therefore, even if we were still ignorant of this doctrine, we should yet put the aforesaid precepts of reason in the first place. *Q.E.D.*

Note. — The general belief of the multitude seems to be different. Most people seem to believe that they are free, in so far as they may obey their lusts, and that they cede their rights, in so far as they are bound to live according to the commandments of the divine law. They therefore believe that piety, religion, and, generally, all things attributable to firmness of mind, are burdens, which, after death, they hope to lay aside, and to receive the reward for their bondage, that is, for their piety and religion; it is not only by this hope, but also, and chiefly, by the fear of being horribly punished after death, that they are induced to live according to the divine commandments, so far as their feeble and infirm spirit will carry them.

If men had not this hope and this fear, but believed that the mind perishes with the body, and that no hope of prolonged life remains for the wretches who are broken down with the burden of piety, they would return to their own inclinations, controlling everything in accordance with their lusts, and desiring to obey fortune rather than themselves. Such a course appears to me not less absurd than if a man, because he does not believe that he can by wholesome food sustain his body for ever, should wish to cram himself with poisons and deadly fare; or if, because he sees that the mind is not eternal or immortal, he should prefer to be out of his mind altogether, and to live without the use of reason; these ideas are so absurd as to be scarcely worth refuting.

Prop. XLII. Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself; neither do we rejoice therein, because we control our lusts, but, contrariwise, because we rejoice therein, we are able to control our lusts.

Proof. — Blessedness consists in love towards God (V. xxxvi. and note), which love springs from the third kind of knowledge (V. xxxii.; Coroll.); therefore this love (III. iii. lix.) must be referred to the mind, in so far as the latter is active; therefore (IV. Def. viii.) it is virtue itself. This was our first point. Again, in proportion as the mind rejoices more in this divine love or blessedness, so does it the more understand (V. xxxii.); that is (V. iii. Coroll.), so much the more power has it over the emotions, and (V. xxxviii.) so much the less is it subject to those emotions which are evil; therefore, in proportion as

the mind rejoices in this divine love or blessedness, so has it the power of controlling lusts. And, since human power in controlling the emotions consists solely in the understanding, it follows that no one rejoices in blessedness, because he has controlled his lusts, but, contrariwise, his power of controlling his lusts arises from this blessedness itself. *Q.E.D.*

Note. — I have thus completed all I wished to set forth touching the mind's power over the emotions and the mind's freedom. Whence it appears, how potent is the wise man, and how much he surpasses the ignorant man, who is driven only by his lusts. For the ignorant man is not only distracted in various ways by external causes without ever gaining the true acquiescence of his spirit, but moreover lives, as it were unwitting of himself, and of God, and of things, and as soon as he ceases to suffer, ceases also to be.

Whereas the wise man, in so far as he is regarded as such, is scarcely at all disturbed in spirit, but, being conscious of himself, and of God, and of things, by a certain eternal necessity, never ceases to be, but always possesses true acquiescence of his spirit.

If the way which I have pointed out as leading to this result seems exceedingly hard, it may nevertheless be discovered. Needs must it be hard, since it is so seldom found. How would it be possible, if salvation were ready to our hand, and could without great labour be found, that it should be by almost all men neglected? But all things excellent are as difficult as they are rare.

FÉNELON

(1651-1715)

FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE-FÉNELON was to Saint-Simon, his keen and caustic contemporary, ‘une magnifique créature et infiniment séduisante.’ The elements were well mixed in him. He was a grand seigneur and a great Catholic churchman, a man of affairs and a mystic, an ancient and a modern. In his *Treatise on the Existence of God* he interpreted Descartes in the spirit of St. Augustine. As the tutor of the duke of Burgundy, eldest son of the dauphin, he wrote *Telemaque*, a political novel, to teach his royal pupil ‘the great and holy maxim that kings exist for the sake of their subjects, not subjects for the sake of kings.’ A lover of the classics, he advocated and practised an informal, modern style of writing. He was disliked by Louis XIV, bitterly opposed by his one-time sponsor, the Bishop Boussuet, condemned by Pope Innocent XII, but ‘his priests, to whom he made himself both father and brother, bore him in their hearts.’

The following selection Fénelon wrote in answer to certain queries propounded by the Duc d’Orléans, the future regent, regarding the *Treatise on the Existence of God*. In it he displays the characteristic warmth and graceful informality of his style, a high disdain of self-love, and a mystic love of God.

The selection is from *De l’Existence de Dieu, Lettres sur la Religion*, Garnier Frères, Paris, 1871, pp. 213-222. It is translated by Lawrence Hunt.
[L. H.]

LETTERS ON RELIGION

THE SOUL OF MAN IS IMMORTAL

This question will not be difficult to explain if one is willing to keep it within its limits and to separate it from that which goes beyond.

I. It is true that the soul of man is not a constant being in itself and which has a necessary existence: there is only One Being who has existence because of Himself, who can never lose it, and who bestows it, as it pleases Him, to all others. God would not need any action to destroy the soul of man; he would only have to let cease for an instant the action by

which He continues His creation each moment in order to plunge it back into the abyss of nothingness whence he drew it, as a man has only to loosen his hand to let fall a stone, which he holds aloft in the air; it falls primarily of its own weight.

The question we can reasonably raise is not of knowing whether the soul of man can be annihilated, if God willed it; it is clear that it can be — that is simply a question of God's will.

II. It is a question of knowing if the soul has in itself natural causes of destruction which can end its existence after a certain time, and if we can prove philosophically that the soul has not such causes within itself. Here is the negative proof. As soon as we took for granted the absolute distinction of the body and the soul, we were astounded at their union and it is only by God's power that we conceive how He was able to unite and make possible the operation of this union of two natures which are so diametrically opposed. Bodies do not think; souls are neither divisible, extended, shaped, nor clothed with corporeal proprieties. Ask any intelligent person if the thought which they have within them is round or square, white or yellow, hot or cold, divisible into six or twelve pieces. That person instead of replying seriously will laugh. Ask him or her if the atoms with which his or her body is composed are wise or foolish, if they are self-conscious, if they are virtuous, if they are friendly with each other, if the round atoms are more intelligent and virtuous than the square ones, the person will laugh again and will not believe that you are talking seriously. Let us go farther; take for example the atoms of any form whatsoever; ask him to make them as subtle as he wants, and then ask him if the time will ever come when the atoms after having existed without any knowledge will suddenly become aware of themselves and of all that surrounds them, and will say to themselves, 'I believe this but I do not believe that, I like such and such a thing and I hate the other.' This person will think you are asking childish questions; he will laugh as he does at *Metamorphoses* or similar wild stories. The ridiculousness of these questions shows perfectly that none of the properties of the body enter into our concept of the mind, and that none of

the properties of the mind or of the world of thought enter into the idea which we have of the body or of extended being.

The real distinction and the total and absolute difference in the nature of these two beings having been ascertained, one should not be astonished at their union, which exists only in a kind of mutual harmony and accord between the thoughts of one and the movements of the other which can cease without one of the two beings ceasing to exist; one should rather be amazed how two beings so diametrically opposed in nature are able to live together for a while in this harmony of operation. Why then should we conclude that one of these two beings would be destroyed as soon as their union, which is so unnatural for them, should cease? Let us take for example two bodies which are exactly the same; separate them, you neither destroy one nor the other. Even further, the existence of the one can never prove the existence of the other, and the destruction of the one can never prove the destruction of the other. Even though we assume that they are alike in everything, still their actual distinction suffices to show that one is never the cause of the existence or of the death of the other; by the mere reason that one is not the other, a being can exist or be destroyed without the other body. Their differentiation makes their independence mutual. If we reason thus with two bodies which are separate and exactly alike, how much more strongly should we reason in the same manner about a spirit and body whose union is not natural and whose natures differ in everything! On the one hand the cessation of a union so accidental to these two natures can be for neither one a reason for destruction; on the other hand, the destruction even of one of these two natures or beings would in no way be a reason for the death of the other. A being which is in no way responsible for the existence of the other cannot possibly be the cause of its destruction. It is then clear as the day that the separation of the body and soul can not cause the death of the body or of the soul, and that the destruction of the body would have nothing to do with causing the soul's existence to cease.

III. The union of the body and of the soul consisting only in a mutual harmony or concord between the thoughts of one and the movements of the other, it is easy to understand that

the cessation of this concord must take place. This harmony is not natural to these two beings which are so different and so independent of each other. It was only God who was able by a purely arbitrary and all-powerful will to cast together two beings, so opposed in nature and function, into this union to work together.

Cause this purely arbitrary and all powerful will of God to cease, and this union, thus forced as it were, is immediately like a stone, which falls by its own weight as soon as the hand ceases to hold it in the air; each of these beings re-enters into its natural independence of operation with respect to the other. From that point it must come to pass that the soul, far from being destroyed by this separation, which only serves to place it in its natural state, is then free to think independently of all these movements of the body, in the same way that I am free to walk alone as I please as soon as I am freed from another man to whom a superior power held me bound. The end of this union is only a freeing and a liberty, as if this union were only a constraint and a torture; so the soul must think independently of all the actions of the body, as we imagine in the Christian religion that the angels who have never been joined to any bodies think of heaven. Why then should we fear the death of the soul in this separation, which can only bring about the complete freedom of its thoughts.

IV. On its own side the body is not destroyed. Not a single atom ceases to exist. In what we call death only a simple rearrangement of organs takes place, the most subtle corpuscles are exhaled; the machine is loosened and disconnected; but on whatever spot this dismemberment or fate abandons the remains, not a single speck ceases to live, and all philosophers are in agreement in maintaining that the destruction of the most despicable or imperceptible atom never takes place in the universe. Why should we ever believe in the death of that other substance which is so noble, so alive with thought, which we call the soul? How could one ever imagine that the body which does not cause its own destruction should cause that of the soul which is more noble than itself, which is a stranger to it and completely independent of it? The separation of these two beings can

not bring about the death of one more than that of the other. We assume without trouble that not a single atom of the body dies in this moment of the separation of these two parties. Why then should we so zealously seek pretexts to believe that the soul, which is incomparably more perfect, is destroyed? It is true that the Lord is all-powerful at all times to kill it if he so wishes; but there is no reason to believe that he wants to bring this about at the time of the separation of the body rather than at that of the time of the joining together. That state of existence which we call death being only a simple derangement of corpuscles which make up the various organs, we can certainly say that this derangement does not take place in the soul as in the body. The soul, as a reasoning being, has none of the corporeal qualities: it has neither parts, nor face, nor situation of parts between them. Thus no derangement can take place for the soul. The soul, which to me is thinking and desiring, is a simple being, one and indivisible. There are never two selves in the same man nor two parts to the same self. The objects all arrive at the soul by different organs which cause different sensations; but all these different channels meet at a common center, where all things meet. It is the self which is so much a unit that it is only through itself that man has real unity and is not several men. One can no longer speak of this self, which thinks and wants itself to have different parts joined together, as the *body* and is composed of members joined between themselves. This soul has neither face nor definite place, nor local movement, nor color, nor heat, nor any other sensible quality. One cannot hear it, one cannot see it, one cannot touch it; one only is aware that it thinks and lives as the nature of the body is tangible, divisible, and definite. As soon as we speculate about the real distinction of the soul and body, we must conclude without hesitation that the soul has not composition, nor is it divisible, nor definite in arrangement of parts or of organs. As for the body, which has organs, it is able to lose this arrangement of parts, change its form and be foiled; but as for the soul it will never be able to lose this arrangement which it does not possess and which is not compatible with its nature. ... Those who wish to believe in the possibility of death for

the soul against all obvious truth, must prove to us that the Lord has spoken to assure us of it. It is not our place to prove to them that God does not wish to bring about this amelioration. It is enough for us to suppose that the soul which is the most perfect of beings that we know except God, is certainly much less likely to lose its state of being than the other lowly forms of life which surround us. Now the death of a single atom is unexampled in the whole universe since the beginning of creation; so it is sufficient for us to suppose that the soul of man is, like the least atom, beyond all danger of being destroyed. Here is certainly the most reasonable, unshaken and decisive presumption. It remains for our adversaries to come and rob us of this presumption by clear and decisive proof. Now they can never prove their point except by a positive declaration from God himself. Since a man must obviously have thought in behalf of his intimate friend what he always thinks in behalf of the least of all men, to whom he is absolutely indifferent, then everyone has a perfect right to believe that he thinks in the same way about this intimate friend, although he insists to the contrary.... It is then perfectly clear that our opponents should prove to us by some declaration of God himself that he has made in the case of the soul of man an exception opposed to his general law by which he destroys nothing and by which he preserves the existence of the least atom. Let them either hold their peace or show us a declaration of God for this exception to his universal law.

VII. We produce the book which contains all the signs of Godhead, since it is that which taught us to know and to love the real God as Lord and Master. It is in this book that God speaks in such God-like fashion when he says, 'I am that which is!' No other book has portrayed God in a way worthy of him. The Gods of Homer are the disgrace and derision of divinity.... There is only one book on earth which consists of a religion of loving God more than self and of renouncing self for him. The others which repeat this great truth took it from this one. All truth is assigned to us in this fundamental truth. The book which thus introduced to the world the great power of God and the humbleness of man, with the cult of love, can only be divine. Either there is no

religion or this is the only truthful one. Moreover this book so divine in its doctrine is full of prophecies the fulfillments of which leap before the eyes of the whole world, as the rebuke of the Jews and the calling of the idolatrous people to the creed of the real God by the Messiah. Moreover, this book is authorized by countless miracles performed in broad daylight, at various times, before the eyes of the bitterest enemies of religion. Finally, this book accomplished everything it stood for; it changed the face of the earth; it populated the desert with people who were angels in human form; it caused to flourish, even in the most irreligious and corrupt parts of the world, those virtues which are the most difficult and lovable. It persuaded the man who worshipped only himself to think of himself as nothing and to love only the invisible being. Such a book ought to be read as though it had come down from heaven to earth. It is in this book that God shows us a truth which is already so believable in itself. The same all-loving and all-powerful God who could take from us life eternal promises it to us; it is by the expectation of this eternal life that He taught so many martyrs to despise the short life — fragile and miserable — of their bodies.

VIII. Is it not natural that God, who puts each man in this short life to a test for vice and for virtue, and who often allows sinful people to finish their days in prosperity while the righteous live and die in contempt and in anguish, should reserve in another life the torture of some and the reward of others? That is what the divine book teaches us. Marvelous and consoling conformity between the oracles of the Scripture and the truth which we carry imbedded in the depths of ourselves. Everything is in agreement — philosophy, the supreme authority of the promises, and the intimate feeling for the truth in our hearts. Why then should men be so rebellious and so incredulous as to the happy news of their immortality? Irreligious people tell them they are absolutely without hope and that they are going to be soon swallowed up forever in an abyss of nothingness; they rejoice, they are overjoyed in their near extinction — these people who love themselves so blindly; they are charmed with this teaching so full of horror; they have a taste for despair. Others tell them that they have the resource of life eternal

and they are irritated with this assurance; it annoys them; they are afraid of being convinced. They employ all their subtlety to quibble against decisive proofs. They prefer to perish in delivering themselves up to their mad pride and brutal passions rather than to live eternally and bring themselves to embrace virtue. Oh, monstrous frenzy! Oh foolish self-love which turns against itself! Oh thou man who hast become enemy of thyself through loving thyself without measure!

VOLTAIRE

(1694-1778)

VOLTAIRE, said Goethe, was 'the first outstanding writer in France, the one who corresponds best to the nation.' He was French in his extraordinary ability to pierce the superficialities of life and in his incapacity to penetrate to its depths. A practical moralist, he scorned the great metaphysical philosophers as 'romancers of the soul.' An intense worshipper of reason, he furiously attacked the symbols and ceremonies of religious worship. Though the friend of kings, he fought relentlessly the cause of the oppressed and persecuted. It is not surprising that Benjamin Franklin, a less violent and wiser practical moralist, brought his grandson to Voltaire for his blessing. But it is difficult for an American or English mind to agree with the tribute paid him, a century after his death, by Victor Hugo: 'Jesus wept. Voltaire smiled. From that divine tear and human smile sprang the mildness of existing civilization.'

His religious belief, such as it was, reflected the critical skepticism of the English Deists, whose writings he brilliantly plagiarized, but, with all his faults and verbal ferocities, his actions reveal as diligent and effective adherence to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount as can be found in any man of his time. Near the end of his life, when he thought he was dying, Voltaire addressed to the church a 'recantation' to insure himself a decent burial. The Archbishop of Paris, who lacked the sense and the humanity of a Fénelon, declared it insufficient, but it is a creed the good and the wise will approve: 'I am dying in the worship of God, loving my friends, without hatred of my enemies and with contempt of superstition.'

The following selection is a typical example of Voltairean skepticism. It is translated by N. E. Griffin from *Traité de Métaphysique*, chapitre VI, in *Oeuvres Complètes de Voltaire*, La Société littéraire-typographique, Paris, 1784, XXXII, 51-54.

[L. H.]

TREATISE ON METAPHYSICS

WHETHER THAT WHICH IS CALLED THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL

This is not the place to examine whether indeed God has revealed the immortality of the soul. I am putting myself

all along in the position of a philosopher of another world than this, in the position of a philosopher who has only my reason to judge by. This reason of mine has taught me that all the ideas of men and of animals come through the senses, and I admit that I cannot help laughing when I am told that men will still have ideas when they no longer have senses. When a man has lost his nose, this nose is no more a part of him than the polar star. When he loses all his parts and is no longer a man, is it not a bit strange to say that there still remains to him the result of all that has perished? I might as well say that he eats and drinks after his death as that there remains to him ideas after his death. One is no more inconsequent than the other, and certainly many centuries must have elapsed before one would dare to make so astonishing a supposition. Besides, I know well that God, having attached to a part of the brain the faculty of having ideas, can preserve this small part of the brain with its faculty; for to preserve this faculty without the part is as impossible as to preserve the laugh of a man or the song of a bird after the death of the bird and of the man. God might also have given to men and to animals a simple, immaterial soul, and might have preserved it independently of their body. This is as possible as to create a million more worlds than he has created, to give men two noses and four hands, wings, and claws. But in order to believe that he has in reality done all these possible things, it seems to me necessary to see them.

So long as I have no tangible evidence that the mind and sensation of man is immortal, who will prove to me that it is so? Shall I, who do not know what the nature of this thing is, affirm that it is eternal? Shall I, who know that man did not exist yesterday, affirm that there is in man a part that is eternal by nature, and while I refuse immortality to that which animates a dog, a parrot, a thrush, grant it to man for the reason that man desires it?

It would indeed be a fine thing to survive one's self, to preserve eternally the most excellent part of one's being after the other has been destroyed, to live for ever with one's friends, etc. This delusion (to regard it in this sole sense) would be consoling in real miseries. This is perhaps why the

doctrine of metempsychosis was invented. But has this system any more probability than *The Thousand and One Nights*? Is it not a product of the lively and absurd imagination of most oriental philosophers? But suppose, in spite of all likelihood, that after the death of a man God preserves that which is called his soul, and that he abandons the soul of the brute to the process of destruction that ordinarily overtakes all things, I don't see what man gains thereby; I don't see what the spirit of John has in common with John when he is dead.

That which constitutes the person of John, that which brings it about that John is himself and the same man in his own eyes that he was yesterday is that he remembers the ideas that he had yesterday, and that he mentally unites his yesterday's existence with that of today. For if he had entirely lost his memory, his past existence would be as strange as that of another man; he would no longer be the John of yesterday, the same person, any more than he would be Socrates or Cæsar. Now suppose that in his last illness John has lost his memory absolutely, and as a result dies without being the same John who has been through life, will God give his soul back the memory that it has lost? Will he create anew these ideas which no longer exist? In this case will he not be an entirely new man, as different from the first as an East Indian is from a European?

But it may be said that since John has entirely lost his memory before he died, his soul will recover it, just as a man recovers it after a fainting-spell or after an attack of vertigo. For a man who has entirely lost his memory in a serious illness does not cease to be the same man when he has recovered his memory. The soul of John, if he has one, and if it be immortal by the Creator's will, as is supposed, will recover memory after death just as it recovers it after a fainting-spell during life, John being still the same man.

These difficulties are well worth the trouble of being proposed, and he who will find a sure means of resolving the equation of this unknown quantity will, I think, be a clever man.

I will not advance any further into these shadows: I will stop where the light of my torch fails. It is enough for me

that I see as far as I can go. I do not maintain that I can disprove spirituality and the immortality of the soul; but all probabilities are against them, and it is equally unjust and unreasonable to expect proof in a matter that is susceptible only of conjecture.

Only it is necessary to forestall the zeal of those who choose to believe that the mortality of the soul is contrary to the good of society, and to remind them that the ancient Jews, whose laws they admire, believed the soul material and mortal, not to mention great philosophical sects among highly respectable peoples, whose opinion is quite as much entitled to consideration as that of the Jews.

EDWARDS

(1703-1758)

BORN of a family of ministers and magistrates, Jonathan Edwards exerted upon the religious thought of Colonial America an influence comparable to that exerted by Benjamin Franklin upon its secular thought. An austere exponent of Calvinistic theology, Edwards fought throughout life a stout but losing battle against the liberalizing tendencies of eighteenth-century utilitarianism. Despite his undoubted superiority to all other Puritan theologians of America, Edwards' fame rests chiefly upon his success, while pastor of the Church of Christ at Northampton, Mass., in making headway against the back-slidings of his day by preaching sermons of the old-fashioned fire-and-brimstone variety. Though frail of body and without any of the sensational tricks of the revivalist, Edwards drove home the doctrine of eternal damnation by a most terrifying use of the realistic imagery of everyday life. Driven finally from his pulpit by reason of the strictness with which he sought, among other things, to discipline certain moral laxities among the young people of his congregation, Edwards became, after a few years of writing at the Indian Mission at Stockbridge, Mass., successor to his son-in-law Aaron Burr as President of Princeton College.

The present selection is from the most noted of his 'hell-fire' sermons, *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*, delivered at Enfield, Connecticut, July 8, 1741. The text is that of the third edition, reprinted and sold by J. Kneeland, Boston, 1772, pp. 17-18, 23-24.

[N. E. G.]

SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY GOD

Deut. XXXII, 35.—Their foot shall slide in due time.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect, over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else, but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times so

abominable in his eyes as the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince: And yet 'tis nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment: 'Tis to be ascribed to nothing else, that you did not go to hell the last night; that you was suffer'd to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep: And there is no other reason to be given why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up: There is no other reason to be given why you han't gone to hell since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful wicked manner of attending his solemn worship: Yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you don't this very moment drop down into hell.

O Sinner! Consider the fearful danger you are in: 'Tis a great furnace of wrath, a wide bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you as against many of the damned in hell: You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it, and burn it asunder; and you have no interest in any mediator, and nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you ever have done, nothing that you can do, to induce God to spare you one moment.

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It would be dreadful to suffer this fierceness and wrath of almighty God one moment; but you must suffer it to all eternity: There will be no end to this exquisite horrible misery: When you look forward, you shall see a long forever, a boundless duration before you, which will swallow up your thoughts, and amaze your soul; and you will absolutely despair of ever having any deliverance, any end, any mitigation, any rest at all; you will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions of millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with this almighty merciless vengeance; and then when you have so done, when so many ages have actually been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is

but a point to what remains. So that your punishment will indeed be infinite. Oh who can express what the state of a soul in such circumstances is! All that we can possibly say about it, gives but a very feeble faint representation of it; 'tis inexpressible and inconceivable; for *who knows the power of God's anger?*

How dreadful is the state of those that are daily and hourly in danger of this great wrath, and infinite misery! But this is the dismal case of every soul in this congregation, that has not been born again, however moral and strict, sober and religious they may otherwise be. Oh that you would consider it, whether you be young or old. There is reason to think, that there are many in this congregation now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now have: It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturbance, and are now flattering themselves that they are not the persons, promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing would it be to think of! If we knew who it was, what an awful sight would it be to see such a person! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him! But alas! instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell? And it would be no wonder if some that are now present, should be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out. And it would be no wonder if some person that now sits here in some seat of the meeting-house in health, and quiet and secure, should be there before to-morrow morning.

JOHNSON

(1703-1784)

'THE characteristic peculiarity of Johnson's genius,' says Macaulay, 'was the union of great powers with low prejudices.' The truth of this remark is nowhere better exemplified than in the great lexicographer's habits in debate. Here Johnson's 'low prejudices' not infrequently led him to espouse the weaker side of the question. But the 'great powers' of his intellect always bore him to final victory. Not that he was a skilled dialectician; he is constantly being driven into a corner from which there seems no escape. But it is just at this critical juncture that the true force of his intellect comes into play. When hard-pressed he abandons the issue and discomforts his antagonist by a devastating counter-attack from an unexpected quarter. As Cibber said, 'If his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it.'

So well acquainted was Boswell with his master's inveterate prejudices and with his habitual strategy in defending them that he took the utmost delight in driving him into a corner for the thrill of observing with what dexterity he would make his escape. Hence Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is not merely a record of how disastrously Johnson brow-beat Boswell; it is also a record of how successfully Boswell baited Johnson. Had it not been for Boswell's persistent interrogations, the world would have lacked Johnson's crushing rejoinders.

Strangely at variance with the massive frame and the still more massive intellect of Johnson was his lifelong fear of death. Fearless of man, as proved by his withering rebuke to Lord Chesterfield for his tardy offer of patronage, Johnson feared his God and the eternal damnation which a Creator, mindful rather of justice than of mercy, might visit upon him for his sins. This is the foible upon which Boswell plays in the ensuing passages.

The selections are from James Boswell, the *Life of Johnson*, edited by Percy Fitzgerald, Thomas Whittaker, New York, 1897, pp. 151, 304, 344-345, 472-473, 502.

[N. E. G.]

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and endeavoured to maintain that the fear of it might be got

over. I told him that David Hume said to me, he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after his life, than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. JOHNSON: 'Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has.' BOSWELL: 'Foote, Sir, told me, that when he was very ill he was not afraid to die.' JOHNSON: 'It is not true, Sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave.' BOSWELL: 'But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?' — Here I am sensible I was in the wrong, to bring before his view what he ever looked upon with horror; for although when in a celestial frame of mind in his 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' he has supposed death to be 'kind Nature's signal for retreat,' from this state of being to 'a happier seat,' his thoughts upon this awful change were in general full of dismal apprehensions. His mind resembled the vast amphitheatre, the Coliseum at Rome. In the centre stood his judgment, which, like a mighty gladiator, combatted those apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the *Arena*, were all around in cells, ready to be let out upon him. After a conflict, he drives them back into their dens; but not killing them, they were still assailing him. To my question, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered, in a passion, 'No, Sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time.' He added (with an earnest look), 'A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine.'

I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked that he said: 'Give us no more of this': and was thrown into such a state of agitation, that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, 'Don't let us meet to-morrow.'

I mentioned to Dr. Johnson, that David Hume's persisting in his infidelity, when he was dying, shocked me much.

JOHNSON: 'Why should it shock you, Sir? Hume owned he had never read the Testament with attention. Here then was a man who had been at no pains to inquire into the truth of religion, and had continually turned his mind the other way. It was not to be expected that the prospect of death would alter his way of thinking, unless GOD should send an angel to set him right.' I said I had reason to believe that the thought of annihilation gave Hume no pain. JOHNSON: 'It was not so, Sir. He had a vanity in being thought easy. It is more probable that he should assume an appearance of ease, than so very improbable a thing should be, as a man not afraid of going (as, in spite of his delusive theory, he cannot be sure but he may go) into an unknown state, and not being uneasy at leaving all he knew. And you are to consider that, upon his own principle of annihilation, he had a motive to speak the truth.' The horror of death, which I had always observed in Dr. Johnson, appeared strong to-night. I ventured to tell him that I had been for moments in my life not afraid of death; therefore I could suppose another man in that state of mind for a considerable space of time. He said, 'He never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him.' He added, that it had been observed, that scarce any man dies in public but with apparent resolution; from that desire of praise which never quits us. I said, Dr. Dodd seemed willing to die, and full of hopes of happiness. 'Sir,' said he, 'Dr. Dodd would have given both his hands and both his legs to have lived. The better a man is, the more he is afraid of death, having a clearer view of infinite purity.' He owned, that our being in an unhappy uncertainty as to our salvation was mysterious; and said, 'Ah! we must wait till we are in another state of being to have many things explained to us.' Even the powerful mind of Johnson seemed foiled by futurity. But I thought that the gloom of uncertainty in solemn religious speculation, being mingled with hope, was yet more consolatory than the emptiness of infidelity. A man can live in thick air, but perishes in an exhausted receiver.

Dr. Johnson was much pleased with a remark which I told him was made to me by General Paoli:—'That it is impossible not to be afraid of death; and that those who at the

time of dying are not afraid, are not thinking of death, but of applause, or something else, which keeps death out of their sight; so that all men are equally afraid of death when they see it; only some have a power of turning their sight away from it better than others.'

I expressed a horror at the thought of death. MRS. KNOWLES: 'Nay, thou should'st not have a horror for what is the gate of life.' JOHNSON (standing upon the hearth rolling about, with a serious, solemn, and somewhat gloomy air): 'No rational man can die without uneasy apprehension.' MRS. KNOWLES: 'The Scriptures tell us, "The righteous shall have *hope* in his death.'" JOHNSON: 'Yes, Madam, that is, he shall not have despair. But, consider his hope of salvation must be founded on the terms on which it is promised that the mediation of our SAVIOUR shall be applied to us,—namely, obedience; and where obedience has failed, then, as suppletory to it, repentance. But what man can say that his obedience has been such as he would approve of in another, or even in himself upon close examination, or that his repentance has not been such as to require being repented of? No man can be sure that his obedience and repentance will obtain salvation.' MRS. KNOWLES: 'But divine intimation of acceptance may be made to the soul.' JOHNSON: 'Madam, it may; but I should not think the better of a man who should tell me, on his death-bed, he was sure of salvation. A man cannot be sure himself that he has divine intimation of acceptance; much less can he make others sure that he has it.' BOSWELL: 'Then, Sir, we must be contented to acknowledge that death is a terrible thing.' JOHNSON: 'Yes, Sir. I have made no approaches to a state which can look on it as not terrible.' MRS. KNOWLES (seeming to enjoy a pleasing serenity in the persuasion of benignant divine light): 'Does not St. Paul say, "I have fought the good fight of faith, I have finished my course; henceforth is laid up for me a crown of life"?' JOHNSON: 'Yes, Madam: but here was a man inspired, a man who had been converted by supernatural interposition.' BOSWELL: 'In prospect death is dreadful; but in fact we find that people die easy.' JOHNSON: 'Why, Sir, most people have not *thought* much of the

matter, so cannot *say* much, and it is supposed they die easy. Few believe it certain they are then to die; and those who do, set themselves to behave with resolution, as a man does who is going to be hanged:— he is not the less unwilling to be hanged.' MISS SEWARD: 'There is one mode of the fear of death, which is certainly absurd: and that is the dread of annihilation, which is only a pleasing sleep without a dream.' JOHNSON: 'It is neither pleasing nor sleep; it is nothing. Now mere existence is so much better than nothing, that one would rather exist even in pain, than not exist.' BOSWELL: 'If annihilation be nothing, then existing in pain is not a comparative state, but is a positive evil, which I cannot think we should choose. I must be allowed to differ here; and it would lessen the hope of a future state founded on the argument, that the Supreme Being, who is good as he is great, will hereafter compensate for our present sufferings in this life. For if existence, such as we have it here, be comparatively a good, we have no reason to complain, though no more of it should be given to us. But if our only state of existence were in this world, then we might with some reason complain that we are so dissatisfied with our enjoyments compared with our desires.' JOHNSON: 'The lady confounds annihilation, which is nothing, with the apprehension of it, which is dreadful. It is in the apprehension of it that the horror of annihilation consists.'

Mr. Henderson, with whom I had sauntered in the venerable walks of Merton College, and found him a very learned and pious man, supped with us. Dr. Johnson surprised him not a little, by acknowledging, with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. The amiable Dr. Adams suggested that GOD was infinitely good. JOHNSON: 'That he is infinitely good, as far as the perfection of his nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary for good upon the whole, that individuals should be punished. As to an *individual*, therefore, he is not infinitely good; and as I cannot be *sure* that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned.' (Looking dismally.) DR. ADAMS: 'What do you mean by *damned*?' JOHNSON (passionately and

loudly): 'Sent to hell, Sir, and punished everlastinglly.' DR. ADAMS: 'I don't believe that doctrine.' JOHNSON: 'Hold, Sir; do you believe that some will be punished at all?' DR. ADAMS: 'Being excluded from heaven will be a punishment; yet there may be no great positive suffering.' JOHNSON: 'Well, Sir, but if you admit any degree of punishment, there is an end of your argument for infinite goodness simply considered; for infinite goodness would inflict no punishment whatever. There is no infinite goodness physically considered; morally there is.' BOSWELL: 'But may not a man attain to such a degree of hope as not to be uneasy from the fear of death?' JOHNSON: 'A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet, from the vehemence with which I talk; but I do not despair.' MRS. ADAMS: 'You seem, Sir, to forget the merits of our Redeemer.' JOHNSON: 'Madam I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said that he will set some on his right hand and some on his left.' — He was in gloomy agitation, and said, 'I'll have no more on't.' — If what has now been stated should be urged by the enemies of Christianity, as if its influence on the mind were not benignant, let it be remembered, that Johnson's temperament was melancholy, of which such directful apprehensions of futurity are often a common effect. We shall presently see, that when he approached nearer to his awful change, his mind became tranquil, and he exhibited as much fortitude as becomes a thinking man in that situation.

My readers are now, at last, to behold SAMUEL JOHNSON preparing himself for that doom, from which the most exalted powers afford no exemption to man. Death had always been to him an object of terror; so that, though by no means happy, he still clung to life with an eagerness at which many have wondered. At any time when he was ill, he was very much pleased to be told that he looked better. An ingenious member of the *Eumelian Club* informs me, that upon one occasion, when he said to him that he saw health returning to his cheek, Johnson seized him by the hand and exclaimed, 'Sir, you are one of the kindest friends I ever had.'

His own state of his views of futurity will appear truly

rational; and may, perhaps, impress the unthinking with seriousness.

'You know,' says he, 'I never thought confidence with respect to futurity, any part of the character of a brave, a wise, or a good man. Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing; wisdom impresses strongly the consciousness of those faults, of which it is, perhaps, itself, an aggravation; and goodness, always wishing to be better, and imputing every deficiency to criminal negligence, and every fault to voluntary corruption, never dares to suppose the condition of forgiveness fulfilled, nor what is wanting in the crime supplied by penitence.'

'This is the state of the best; but what must be the condition of him whose heart will not suffer him to rank himself among the best, or among the good? — Such must be his dread of the approaching trial, as will leave him little attention to the opinion of those whom he is leaving for ever; and the serenity that is not felt, it can be no virtue to feign.'

IMMANUEL KANT

(1724-1804)

THE outcome of Kant's philosophy is the rationality of man and the universe he experiences. An essential corollary of man's rationality is his recognition of the moral law. The goal of each human being is to make his will accord with the moral law. To the extent that he succeeds he achieves a certain measure of 'holiness.' Kant did not define 'moral' in terms of what man does for reward or for happiness but what he does from a sense of duty — in obedience to the inward 'ought' which is the individual expression of the universal moral law. In the following selections Kant argues that immortality is necessary for an ever-continuing approximation to the ideal of the moral law and for the eternal progress of the individual toward holiness.

Kant's personal life fulfilled the rather stern demands upon the human spirit of his philosophy of duty. Loyal to his many friends, forgiving to the few who wronged him, understanding and inspiring to his students, he could say in all truth near the end of his life when he realized that his mental and bodily powers were failing: 'Gentlemen, I do not fear to die. I assure you, as in the presence of God, that if on this very night, suddenly, the summons to death were to reach me, I should bear it with calmness, should raise my hands to heaven, and say, "Blessed be God!" Were it indeed possible that such a whisper as this could reach my ear — "Fourscore years thou hast lived, in which time thou hast inflicted much evil upon thy fellow-men," the case would be otherwise.'

The first selection is from Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason*, translated by Thomas Kingsmill Abbott, Longmans, Green Company, London, Sixth Edition, pp. 218-220, 1923; the second selection from Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, translated by J. M. D. Meiklejohn, Bell, London, 1884, pp. 473-474.

[L. H.]

CRITIQUE OF PRACTICAL REASON

DIALECTIC OF PURE PRACTICAL REASON

IV.— THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL AS A POSTULATE OF PURE PRACTICAL REASON

The realization of the *summum bonum* in the world is the necessary object of a will determinable by the moral

law. But in this will the *perfect accordance* of the mind with the moral law is the supreme condition of the *summum bonum*. This then must be possible, as well as its object, since it is contained in the command to promote the latter. Now, the perfect accordance of the will with the moral law is *holiness*, a perfection of which no rational being of the sensible world is capable at any moment of his existence. Since, nevertheless, it is required as practically necessary, it can only be found in a *progress in infinitum* towards that perfect accordance, and on the principles of pure practical reason it is necessary to assume such a practical progress as the real object of our will.

Now, this endless progress is only possible on the supposition of an *endless* duration of the *existence* and personality of the same rational being (which is called the immortality of the soul). The *summum bonum*, then, practically is only possible on the supposition of the immortality of the soul; consequently this immortality, being inseparably connected with the moral law, is a postulate of pure practical reason (by which I mean a *theoretical* proposition, not demonstrable as such, but which is an inseparable result of an unconditional *a priori practical* law).

This principle of the moral destination of our nature, namely, that it is only in an endless progress that we can attain perfect accordance with the moral law, is of the greatest use, not merely for the present purpose of supplementing the impotence of speculative reason, but also with respect to religion. In default of it, either the moral law is quite degraded from its *holiness*, being made out to be *indulgent*, and conformable to our convenience, or else men strain their notions of their vocation and their expectation to an unattainable goal, hoping to acquire complete holiness of will, and so they lose themselves in fantastical *theosophic* dreams, which wholly contradict self-knowledge. In both cases the unceasing *effort* to obey punctually and thoroughly a strict and inflexible command of reason, which yet is not ideal but real, is only hindered. For a rational but finite being, the only thing possible is an endless progress from the lower to higher degrees of moral perfection. The *Infinite* Being, to whom the condition of time is nothing, sees in this to us endless suc-

sion a whole of accordance with the moral law; and the holiness which His command inexorably requires, in order to be true to His justice in the share which He assigns to each in the *summum bonum*, is to be found in a single intellectual intuition of the whole existence of rational beings. All that can be expected of the creature in respect of the hope of this participation would be the consciousness of his tried character, by which, from the progress he has hitherto made from the worse to the morally better, and the immutability of purpose which has thus become known to him, he may hope for a further unbroken continuance of the same, however long his existence may last, even beyond this life, and thus he may hope, not indeed here, nor in any imaginable point of his future existence, but only in the endlessness of his duration (which God alone can survey) to be perfectly adequate to his will (without indulgence or excuse, which do not harmonize with justice). It seems, nevertheless, impossible for a creature to have the *conviction* of his unwavering firmness of mind in the progress towards goodness. On this account the Christian religion makes it come only from the same Spirit that works sanctification, that is, this firm purpose, and with it the consciousness of steadfastness in the moral progress. But naturally one who is conscious that he has persevered through a long portion of his life up to the end in the progress to the better, and this from genuine moral motives, may well have the comforting hope, though not the certainty, that even in an existence prolonged beyond this life he will continue steadfast in these principles; and although he is never justified here in his own eyes, nor can ever hope to be so in the increased perfection of his nature, to which he looks forward, together with an increase of duties, nevertheless in this progress which, though it is directed to a goal infinitely remote, yet is in God's sight regarded as equivalent to possession, he may have a prospect of a *blessed* future; for this is the word that reason employs to designate perfect *well-being* independent on all contingent causes of the world, and which, like *holiness*, is an idea that can be contained only in an endless progress and its totality, and consequently is never fully attained by a creature.

CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON

TRANSCENDENTAL DOCTRINE OF METHOD

THE DISCIPLINE OF PURE REASON IN HYPOTHESIS

The thinker requires, to be fully equipped, the hypotheses of pure reason, which, although but leaden weapons, (for they have not been steeled in the armoury of experience), are as useful as any that can be employed by his opponents. If, accordingly, we have assumed, from a non-speculative point of view, the immaterial nature of the soul, and are met by the objection that experience seems to prove that the growth and decay of our mental faculties are mere modifications of the sensuous organism, — we can weaken the force of this objection, by the assumption that the body is nothing but the fundamental phænomenon, to which, as a necessary condition, all sensibility, and consequently all thought, relates in the present state of our existence; and that the separation of soul and body forms the conclusion of the sensuous exercise of our power of cognition, and the beginning of the intellectual. The body would, in this view of the question, be regarded, not as the cause of thought, but merely as its restrictive condition, as promotive of the sensuous and animal, but as a hindrance to the pure and spiritual life; and the dependence of the animal life on the constitution of the body, would not prove that the *whole* life of man was also dependent on the state of the organism. We might go still farther, and discover new objections, or carry out to their extreme consequences those which have already been adduced.

Generation, in the human race as well as among the irrational animals, depends on so many accidents — of occasion, or proper sustenance, of the laws enacted by the government of a country, of vice even, that it is difficult to believe in the eternal existence of a being, whose life has begun under circumstances so mean and trivial, and so entirely dependent upon our own control. As regards the continuance of the existence of the whole race, we need have no difficulties, for accident in single cases is subject to general laws; but, in the case of each individual, it would seem as if we could hardly expect so wonderful an effect from causes so insignifi-

cant. But, in answer to these objections, we may adduce the transcendental hypothesis, that all life is properly intelligible, and not subject to changes of time, and that it neither began in birth, nor will end in death. We may assume that this life is nothing more than a sensuous representation of pure spiritual life; that the whole world of sense is but an image, hovering before the faculty of cognition which we exercise in this sphere, and with no more objective reality than a dream; and that if we could intuit ourselves and other things as they really are, we should see ourselves in a world of spiritual natures, our connection with which did not begin at our birth, and will not cease with the destruction of the body.

GOETHE

(1749-1832)

NO ONE unless perhaps Aristotle has surpassed Johannes Wolfgang Goethe in breadth of intellectual attainment. In an age of increasing specialization Goethe took 'all knowledge to be his province.' Widely read in ancient and modern literature, he was likewise well versed in mineralogy and the theory of color, and made important discoveries in animal and plant morphology. To an extensive knowledge of ancient sculpture he added a wide acquaintance with alchemy and the occult and cabalistic pseudo-sciences of the Middle Ages.

But Goethe's supreme strength lay beyond the compass of Aristotle, in the field of artistic achievement. He was a conspicuous dramatist and a consummate poet. Moreover, as a young man, he dabbled largely in painting, which he even had thoughts of pursuing as a profession.

Ever eager to bend his abundant knowledge and varied artistic gifts to 'the relief of man's estate,' Goethe served for many years as Privy Councilor in Karl August's Duchy of Weimar, combining therewith the Commissionership of Miners and the Directorship of the Theatre, in order that he might turn his geological knowledge to account in the former office and his dramaturgical talents in the latter.

Goethe's idea of the hereafter was a philosophical idea of his own, not the traditional idea of the church. It was not an idea of a passive state of spiritual bliss but of an active process of spiritual evolution. It was an extension to the next world of his philosophy of life in this world. Goethe's philosophy of life in this world was based upon the idea of ever maintaining an attitude of 'noble discontent' with all that earth has to offer and of a ceaseless striving after the spiritually unattainable. To this idea of endless aspiration, rooted in contemporaneous romanticism but given spiritual application by the poet himself, Goethe gives fullest expression in *Faust*. Goethe's Faust is saved from the damnation that overtook the traditional Doctor Faust of the old German folk-tale, not because he refuses to expose himself to the temptations of the devil, nor yet because he emerges therefrom unscathed, but because, in spite of temporary lapses, he refuses to rest content with the satisfactions they bring. At the end of the play angels bear Faust's soul to heaven, exclaiming:

'The noble Spirit now is free,
And saved from evil scheming:
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.
And if he feels the grace of Love
That from on High is given,
The Blessed Hosts, that wait above,
Shall welcome him to Heaven!'

The following passages are taken, (1) and (3) from Goethe's *Unterhaltungen mit dem Kanzler Friedrich von Mueller*, edited by C. A. H. Burkhardt, Stuttgart, 1870, pp. 70, 99, (2), (5), and (6) from *Goethe's Gespraeche mit Eckermann*, translated by S. M. Fuller, James Munroe, Boston, 1852, pp. 86, 270, 320-321, and (4) from *Goethe's Briefwechsel mit Zelter*, Wolkenwinderer-Verlag, Leipsic, 1924, p. 372. (1), (3), and (4) are translated by N. E. Griffin, and (2), (5), and (6) are taken, with occasional slight revisions, from Fuller's translation.

[N. E. G.]

(1) GOETHE TO CHANCELLOR FRIEDRICH VON MUELLER
(Oct. 19, 1823)

It is entirely impossible for a thinking being to conceive for himself an annihilation, a cessation of thought and life; in so far everyone carries the proof of immortality in himself and quite involuntarily. But so soon as one tries to step out of one's self objectively, so soon as one tries to prove, to comprehend personal survival dogmatically, so soon as one decks out in Philistine fashion that inward perception, one loses one's self in contradictions.

(2) GOETHE TO ECKERMANN (Feb. 25, 1824)

I could in no wise dispense with the happiness of believing in our future existence, and indeed could say, with Lorenzo di Medici, that those are dead for this life even who have no hope for another. But such incomprehensible subjects lie too far off, and only disturb our thoughts if made the theme of daily meditation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, without giving himself airs about it.

(3) GOETHE TO CHANCELLOR FRIEDRICH VON MUELLER
(Jan. 26, 1825)

I must confess I would not at all know what to do with everlasting bliss, if it did not offer me new tasks and diffi-

culties to overcome. But this is well provided for; we need only look at the planets and suns to know that there will be plenty of nuts to crack.

(4) GOETHE TO ZELTER (March 19, 1827)

Let us go on working until, summoned by the World-Spirit, we return, before or after one another, to the ether! And may He who lives eternally not deny us pure activities like those in which we have already proved ourselves! Should He, fatherlike, add to these the remembrance and after-feeling of the rectitude and virtue which we desired and achieved while yet in this life, we would assuredly catch all the more quickly in the cogs of cosmic activity.

(5) GOETHE TO ECKERMAN (Feb. 4, 1829)

Man should believe in immortality; this belief corresponds with the wants of his nature. But if the philosopher tries to prove the immortality of his soul from a legend, that is very weak, and says little to us. To me the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my need of activity. If I work incessantly till my death, nature is pledged to give me another form of being when the present can no longer sustain my spirit.

(6) GOETHE TO ECKERMAN (Sept. 1, 1829)

I doubt not of our immortality, for nature cannot dispense with our continued activity. But we are not all in like manner immortal; and he who would manifest himself as a great Entelechia to future ages, must begin now.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770-1850)

PLATO was one of the most poetical of philosophers and Wordsworth was one of the most philosophical of poets. No English poet has treated the argument for immortality derived from the Platonic doctrine of reminiscence at such length and so thoughtfully as did Wordsworth in the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*. But Plato was an intellectualist and reached his conclusions through pure abstractions of thought whereas Wordsworth 'saw visions and dreamed dreams' and felt the truth springing from experiences of acute sense perception.

Although Plato was the ultimate, Coleridge was the immediate source of Wordsworth's philosophy of immortality, and Coleridge acknowledged that Plato and the great French divine Fénelon were the parents of his own philosophy.

The *Ode* was begun in 1802 and stopped with the questions:

'Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?'

The poem was not completed until 1806, when Wordsworth answered his questions with the measured philosophy of maturity. It is almost a spiritual autobiography, for it marked the end of the first period of Wordsworth's poetry, which thereafter lacked the visionary gleam of his earlier years. For many it is the reflection of a mind subdued by earthly things and yearning to see the world and to see one's self in the celestial light of childhood's direct and tense perceptions. Could we succeed in thus catching a child's acute sense of reality, says Wordsworth, we could glimpse the Heaven from which we came. We cannot; we must find our compensation in appreciation of Nature and the use of the reason. The vision of God 'who is our home' is lost. But we can still acquire a sense of the continuity and eternity of Being in Nature. Shelley in the *Adonais* made glorious what Wordsworth deems the compensation of maturity.

We are Seven expresses the incapacity of a child vividly aware of physical life to conceive of death.

The following selections are from *Poems by William Wordsworth*, edited by Edward Dowden, Ginn & Company, Boston, 1897, pp. 24-26, 222-229.

[L. H.]

WE ARE SEVEN

— A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

‘Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?’
‘How many? Seven in all,’ she said
And wondering looked at me.

‘And where are they? I pray you tell.’
She answered, ‘Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

‘Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.’

‘You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.’

Then did the little Maid reply,
‘Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.’

THE FARTHER SHORE

'You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
The little maid replied,
'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

'And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

'So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

'And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you, then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
'O Master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD

'The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.'

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief;
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday; —
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
 happy Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee:
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm: —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 — But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

v

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

vi

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

vii

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his ‘humorous stage’
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul’s immensity;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet does keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read’st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness Lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o’er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being’s height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blessed —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young Lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flowers;

We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be;

In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

SCHOPENHAUER

(1788-1860)

THE philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer reflects vividly and constantly the qualities of his temperament and character. He was a morbid unpleasant sort of person, who, during most of his life, bitterly denounced an uncongenial world which failed to pay him even the tribute of hostility. He lived in constant fear of assassination for no reason at all and kept firearms at his bedside. Afraid of life as well as of death, he said as a young man: 'Life is a ticklish business; I have resolved to spend it in reflecting upon it.'

He did so and the chief fruit of his reflection was the *World as Will and Idea*. The true reality, the ultimate metaphysical principle, Schopenhauer says, is the 'will to live.' There is immortality only in the sense that the will to live in the individual is merged upon his death into the universal will to live. Yet, he inconsistently argues, through reason and contemplation the will to live can be sublimated, even extinguished, within the limits of mortal life. But the reason also will be absorbed upon death into the World as Idea.

Since life was miserable for him Schopenhauer grimly welcomes this extinction of human individuality. 'Death' is for him 'the great reprimand,' 'the loosing of the knot,' 'the great disillusion.'

The following selection is taken from the *World as Will and Idea* by Arthur Schopenhauer, translated by R. B. Haldane and J. Kemp, Kegan, Paul, French, Truebner Company, Ltd., three vols., eighth edition, London, 1931, I, 531-532.

[L. H.]

THE WORLD AS WILL AND IDEA

THE ASSERTION AND DENIAL OF THE WILL

Before us there is certainly only nothingness. But that which resists this passing into nothing, our nature, is indeed just the will to live, which we ourselves are as it is our world. That we abhor annihilation so greatly, is simply another expression of the fact that we so strenuously will life, and are nothing but this, and know nothing besides it. But if we turn our glance from our own needy and embarrassed condition to

those who have overcome the world, in whom the will, having attained to perfect self-knowledge, found itself again in all, and then freely denied itself, and who then merely wait to see the last trace of it vanish with the body which it animates; then, instead of the restless striving and effort, instead of the constant transition from wish to fruition, and from joy to sorrow, instead of the never-satisfied and never-dying hope which constitutes the life of the man who wills, we shall see that peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable confidence and serenity, the mere reflection of which in the countenance, as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the will has vanished. We look with deep and painful longing upon this state, beside which the misery and wretchedness of our own is brought out clearly by the contrast. Yet this is the only consideration which can afford us lasting consolation, when, on the one hand, we have recognised incurable sufferings and endless misery as essential to the manifestation of will, the world; and, on the other hand, see the world pass away with the abolition of will, and retain before us only empty nothingness. Thus, in this way, by contemplation of the life and conduct of saints, whom it is certainly rarely granted us to meet with in our own experience, but who are brought before our eyes by their written history, and, with the stamp of inner truth, by art, we must banish the dark impression of that nothingness which we discern behind all virtue and holiness as their final goal, and which we fear as children fear the dark; we must not even evade it like the Indians, through myths and meaningless words, such as reabsorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of the Buddhists. Rather do we freely acknowledge that what remains after the entire abolition of will is for all those who are still full of will certainly nothing; but, conversely, to those in whom the will has turned and has denied itself, this our world, which is so real, with all its suns and milky-ways — is nothing.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792-1822)

THERE is a deeply religious note in the poetry of Shelley 'The Atheist.' Robert Browning wrote: 'I call him a man of religious mind, because every audacious negative cast up by him against the Divine was interpenetrated with a mood of reverence and adoration.'

In the *Adonais* Shelley reveals his religion, which cannot be defined by the strict philosophical term 'pantheism,' but is an ecstatic intuition of oneness with the Spirit of Nature. In no other poem has he more sublimely displayed his delicate sense of music, his freedom from conventional thought, and his spiritual audacity. Shelley wrote of it to a friend: 'The *Adonais*, in spite of its mysticism, is the least imperfect of my compositions.'

The occasion for the writing of the poem was the death of his contemporary Keats at Rome on February 23, 1821, and the erroneous rumor that it had been hastened by a contemptible criticism of *Endymion* in the *Quarterly Review*. Although Shelley and Keats had been on friendly terms, they were not intimates. *Hyperion* was the only poem of Keats that Shelley admired. 'His other poems,' he wrote to a friend, 'are worth little.' The *Adonais*, therefore, is far more than a personal tribute; it is Shelley's most artistic expression of his mystic faith in man's immortal relation to the Divine.

The following selection is from the *Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1901, pp. 314-315.
[L. H.]

ADONAI

XXXIX

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief

THE FARTHER SHORE

Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

XLI

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

XLII

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear

His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

EMERSON

(1803-1882)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON belonged by birth to the New England aristocracy of the pulpit. In his veins ran the blood of seven ministers of the Gospel, and for three years he was himself pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston. Disapproval of the ordinance of the Last Supper, which he thought not intended by Christ as a permanent sacrament, led him, however, to resign his charge and go to Concord, where, in daily communion with nature, he found 'sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and,' above all, 'good in everything.'

Emerson was a prophet, not a priest. A 'Delphic' he has often been called. But he was a Delphic who consulted no oracle save the open oracle of nature. And of that oracle he was his own interpreter.

Self-reliance was Emerson's watchword. 'In thine own breast lie the stars of thy destiny' was the sum and substance of his teaching. Under the impulsion of English Transcendentalism he gave philosophical enlargement to the Puritan doctrine of the supreme authority of the individual conscience.

Emerson's sense of the necessity of emancipation from the deadening weight of tradition and his insistence upon a frank facing of personal responsibility link him with Thomas Carlyle. The seer of Concord differs, however, from the sage of Ecclefechan in a shrewd common-sense and a serene optimism.

Emerson was not a systematic philosopher but he brought the philosophy of the Over-Soul 'down from the clouds to dwell among men.'

The following selection is from the *Prose Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, Filius, Osgood, and Company, Boston, 1870, *Compensation*, I, 265-266.
[N. E. G.]

COMPENSATION

Ever since I was a boy, I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation: for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject life was ahead of theology, and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents, too,

from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling-house, greetings, relations, debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me, also, that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition, and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day,—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was: ‘We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now’; or, to push it to its extreme import: ‘You sin now; we

shall sin by and by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow.'

The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the soul; the omnipotence of the will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood.

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day, and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than this theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience; and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation, would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

TENNYSON

(1809-1892)

THE melodious tones of the poetry of Alfred Lord Tennyson have been somewhat dimmed in recent years by the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of an age deaf to 'the living lyre,' but the music of his verse has won for him a vital immortality among the lovers of English poetry which the ebb and flow of literary tastes and fancies can never destroy.

Intellectually Tennyson was a typical product of the Victorian era. He achieved, after a desperate struggle, a tentative compromise between the skepticism engendered by modern science and the religious faith of his fathers. *In Memoriam* reflects this struggle more vividly than any poem of that period. It is unique among the greatest English elegies in being inspired by intense personal feelings. Many of the poet's admirers have insisted, as he himself insisted, that his faith in the immortality of the soul was certain and inevitable and they point to this elegy as proof. But at the end of the poem, written over a period of seventeen years, he confesses:

'I falter where I firmly trod,
.
And faintly trust the larger hope.'

The death of Tennyson's most intimate friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, was the occasion of *In Memoriam*. Tennyson says of the piece: 'It must be remembered that this is a poem, *not* an actual biography. It is founded on our friendship, on the engagement of Arthur Hallam to my sister, on his sudden death at Vienna, just before the time fixed for their marriage, and on his burial at Clevedon Church.... The sections were written at many different places, and as the phases of our intercourse came to my memory and suggested them. I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication, until I found that I had written so many. The different moods of sorrow as in a drama are dramatically given and my conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer and relief only through Faith in a God of Love. "I" is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him.'

The following selection is from the *Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson*, Macmillan and Company, New York, 1893, pp. 247, 251, 255-256, 261.

[L. H.]

THE FARTHER SHORE

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

Obiit MDCCCXXXIII

INVOCATION

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
 Thou madest Life in man and brute;
 Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
 Is on the skull which thou has made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be:
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
 For knowledge is of things we see;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

XIV

If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,
And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port;

And standing, muffled round with woe,
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know;

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home;

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain;

THE FARTHER SHORE

And I perceived no touch of change,
 No hint of death in all his frame,
 But found him all in all the same,
 I should not feel it to be strange.

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XXXI

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
 And home to Mary's house return'd,
 Was this demanded — if he yearn'd
 To hear her weeping by his grave?

'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
 There lives no record of reply,
 Which telling what it is to die
 Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
 The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
 A solemn gladness even crown'd
 The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
 The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
 He told it not; or something seal'd
 The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
 Nor other thought her mind admits
 But, he was dead, and there he sits,
 And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
 All other, when her ardent gaze
 Roves from the living brother's face,
 And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
 Borne down by gladness so complete,

She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

xxxiii

O thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good:
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.
• • • • •

LIV

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

THE FARTHER SHORE

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night:
 An infant crying for the light:
 And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

THEODORE PARKER

(1810-1870)

A MODEST man, a profound scholar, a fearless preacher, Theodore Parker did much in his quietly convincing way to steady and balance the development of Calvinistic theology in pre-Civil War America.

Parker, like Channing, was a Unitarian, but, unlike Channing, a Unitarian of the more radical type. He came eventually to deny entirely the deity of Christ and to regard him merely as the most holy and saintly of men.

At a time when undiluted Calvinism was still dominant in the Congregational churches of New England, and when it required moral courage of a high order to dissent therefrom, Parker forsook the orthodoxy of his fathers and constructed a theology of his own. This theology, the result of the impact of wide reading upon an acute intellect and a highly sensitive conscience, he proclaimed freely, but not flauntingly, in a total of nine hundred and twenty sermons.

Parker's theology was not of the usual static variety. Being entirely self-evolved, it was organic and grew as he grew. Like all honest thinkers, he made no fetish of consistency. When he changed, however, it was never with the times that he changed, but as a result of wider reading and more profound reflection.

Parker began life under the influence of the inherited Calvinistic theology. As a boy he would sob himself to sleep for fear of eternal damnation. When he grew older much reading of contemporary German Transcendentalists fortified the natural repugnance of his kindly soul to the conception of a vengeful Creator who took delight in torturing His children. Future rewards for the good and future punishments for the wicked existed, he believed, but neither is of a corporeal character.

A Sermon of Immortal Life, from which the following selections are taken, furnishes an interesting counterblast to Jonathan Edwards' *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*. The text is that of the second edition, published by Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols, Boston, 1850, pp. 4-6, 9-10, 14-22, 26-27, 29.

[N. E. G.]

A SERMON OF IMMORTAL LIFE

Soon as a man attains consciousness of himself he attains consciousness of his Immortality. At first he asks proof no more of his eternal existence than of his present life; instinctively he believes both. Nay, he does not separate the two — this life is one link in that golden and electric chain of Immortality; the next life another and more bright, but in the same chain. Immortality is what philosophers call an ontological fact; it belongs essentially to the Being of Man, just as the Eye is a physiological fact and belongs to the Body of Man. To my mind this is the great proof of Immortality: the fact that it is written in human nature; written there so plain that the rudest nations have not failed to find it, to know it; written just as much as form is written on the Circle, and extension on Matter in general. It comes to our consciousness as naturally as the notions of Time and Space. We feel it as a desire; we feel it as a fact. What is thus in Man is writ there of God who writes no lies. To suppose that this universal desire has no corresponding gratification, is to represent Him, not as the Father of all but as only a Deceiver. I feel the longing after Immortality, a desire essential to my nature, deep as the foundation of my Being; I find the same desire in all men. I feel conscious of Immortality; that I am not to die — no; never to die, though often to change. I cannot believe this desire and consciousness are felt only to mislead, to beguile, to deceive me. I know God is my Father and the Father of the Nations. Can the Almighty deceive his children? For my own part, I can conceive of nothing which shall make me more certain of my Immortality. I ask no argument, from learned lips. No miracle could make me more sure; no, not if the sheeted dead burst cerement and shroud, and rising forth from their honored tombs stood here before me, the disenchanted dust once more enchanted with that fiery life; no, not if the souls of all my sires since time began came thronging round, and with miraculous speech told me they lived and I should also live. I could only say, ‘I knew all this before, why waste your heavenly speech!’ I have now indubitable certainty of eternal life. Death removing me to the next state, can give me infallible certainty.

Still more, this belief is very dear to Mankind. Let me prove that. If it were true that one human soul was immortal and yet was to be eternally damned, getting only more clotted with crime and deeper bit by agony as the ages went slowly by, then Immortality were a curse, not to that man only, but to all Mankind — for no amount of happiness, merited or undeserved, could ever atone or make up for the horrid wrong done to that one most miserable man. Who of you is there that could relish Heaven — or even bear it for a moment — knowing that a Brother was doomed to smart with ever greatening agony, while year on year, and age on age, the endless chain of Eternity continued to coil round the flying wheels of Hell! I say the thought of one such man would fill even Heaven with misery, and the best man of men would scorn the joys of everlasting bliss, would spurn at Heaven and say, ‘Give me my Brother’s place — for me there is no Heaven while he is there!’ Now it has been popularly taught that not one man alone but the vast majority of all Mankind are thus to be condemned; immortal only to be everlasting wretched. That is the popular doctrine now in this land. It has been so taught in the Christian churches these sixteen centuries and more — taught in the name of Christ! Such an Immortality would be a curse to men, to every man; as much so to the ‘saved’ as to the ‘lost,’ for who would willingly stay in Heaven — and on such terms? Surely not He who wept with weeping men! Yet in spite of this vile doctrine drawn over the world to come, Mankind religiously believes that each shall live forever. This shows how strong is the instinct which can lift up such a foul and hateful doctrine and still live on. Tell me not that scoffers and critics shall take away Man’s faith in endless life: it has stood a harder test than can ever come again.

The belief in immortality is one thing, the special form thereof, the definite notion of the future life, another and quite different. The popular doctrine in our churches I think is this: That this body which we lay in the dust shall one day be raised again, the living soul joined on anew, and both together live the eternal life. But where is the Soul all

this time, between our Death-day and our day of rising? Some say it sleeps unconscious, dead all this time; — others that 'tis in Heaven now, or else in Hell; others in a strange and transient home — imperfect in its joy or woe, waiting the final day and more complete account. It seems to me this notion is absurd and impossible; absurd in its doctrine relative to the present condition of departed souls; impossible in what it teaches of the resurrection of this body. If my soul is to claim the body again, which shall it be, the body I was born into, or that I died out of? If I live to the common age of men, changing my body as I must, and dying daily, then I have worn some eight or ten bodies. So at the last — which Body shall claim my Soul, for the ten had her? The soul herself may claim them all. But to make the matter still more intricate, there is in the earth but a certain portion of matter out of which human bodies can be made. Considering all the millions of men now living, the myriads of millions that have been before, it is plain, I think, that all the matter suitable for human bodies has been lived over many times. So if the world were to end today, instead of each old man having ten bodies from which to choose the one that fits him best — there would be ten men, all clamoring for each body! Shall I then have a handful of my former dust, and that alone? That is not the resurrection of my former body. This whole doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh seems to me impossible and absurd.

I know men refer this, as many other things no better, to Jesus. I find no evidence that he taught the resurrection of the body; rather evidence that he did not. I know it was the doctrine of the Pharisees of his time, of Paul, the early Christians, and more or less of the Christian churches to this day. In Christ's time in Judea, there were the Sadducees, who taught the eternal death of men; the Pharisees, who taught the resurrection of the flesh and its reunion with the soul; the Essenes, who taught the Immortality of the soul, but rejected the resurrection of the body. Paul was a Pharisee, and in his letters taught the resurrection of the dead — the belief of the Pharisees. From him it has come down to us, and in the creed of many churches it is still written, 'I believe in the resurrection of the Flesh.' Many

doubted this in early times, but the council of Nice declared all men accursed who dared to doubt the resurrection of the flesh. I mention this as absurd and impossible, because it is still, I fear, the popular belief, and lest some should confound the doctrine of Immortality with this tenet of the Pharisees. Let it be remembered the Immortality of the Soul is one thing, the resurrection of the Body another and quite different.

What is this future life; what can we know of it besides its existence? Some men speak as if they knew the way about Heaven as around the wards of their native city. What we can know in detail is cautiously to be inferred from the nature of Man and the nature of God. I will modestly set down what seems to me. It must be a conscious state. Man is by nature conscious; yes, self-conscious. He is progressive in his self-consciousness. I cannot think a removal out of the body destroys this consciousness; rather that it enhances and intensifies this. Yet consciousness in the next life must differ as much from consciousness here as the ripe Peach differs from the blossom, or the bud or the bark, or the earthly materials out of which it grew. The child is no limit to the man, nor my consciousness now to what I may be, must be hereafter. It must be a social state. Our nature is social; our joys social. For our progress here, our happiness we depend on one another. Must it not be so there? It must be an advance upon our nature and condition here. All the analogy of nature teaches that. Things advance from small to great; from base to beautiful. The girl grows into a woman; the bud swells into the blossom, that into the fruit. The process over — the work begins anew. How much more must it be so in the other life. What old powers we shall discover now buried in the flesh; what new powers shall come upon us in that new state — no man can know; 'twere but poetic idleness to talk of them. We see in some great men, what power of Intellect, Imagination, Justice, Goodness, Piety, he reveals lying latent in us all. How men bungle in their works of art! No Raphael can paint a dew-drop or a flake of frost. Yet some rude man, tired with his work, lies down beneath a tree, his head upon its swarthy arm, sleep

shuts, one by one, these five scant portals of the soul — and what an artist is he made at once! How brave a sky he paints above him, with what golden garniture of clouds set off; what flowers and trees, what men and women does he not create, and moving in celestial scenes! What years of history does he condense in one short minute, and when he wakes, shakes off the purple drapery of his dream as if it were but worthless dust and girds him for his work anew! What other powers there are shut up in men less known than this artistic phantasy — powers of seeing the distant, recalling the past, predicting the future, feeling at once the character of men — of this we know little, only by rare glimpses at the unwonted side of things. But yet we know enough to guess there are strange wonders there waiting to be revealed.

What form our conscious, social, and increased activity shall take we know not. We know of that no more than before our birth we knew of this world, of sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch, or the things which they reveal. We are not born into that world, have not its senses yet. This we know, that the same God, all-powerful, all-wise, all-good, rules there and then, as here and now. Who cannot trust Him to do right and best for all? For my own part I feel no wish to know how, or where, or what I shall be hereafter. I know it will be right; for my truest welfare; for the good of all. I am satisfied with this trust.

Yet the next life must be a state of Retribution. Thither we carry nothing but ourselves, our naked selves. Our fortune we leave behind us; our honors and rank return to such as gave; even our reputation, the good or ill men thought we were, clings to us no more. We go thither without our staff or scrip — nothing but the man we are. Yet that man is the result of all life's daily work; it is the one thing which we have brought to pass. I cannot believe men who have lived mean, little, vulgar and selfish lives, will go out of this and into that, great, noble, generous, good, and holy. Can the practical Saint and the practical Hypocrite enter on the same course of being together? I know the sufferings of bad men here, the wrong they do their nature, and what comes of that wrong. I think that suffering is the

best part of sin, the medicine to heal it with. What men suffer here from their wrongdoing is its natural consequence; but all that suffering is a mercy, designed to make them better. Every thing in this world is adapted to promote the welfare of God's creatures. Must it not be so in the next? How many men seem wicked from our point of view, who are not so from their own; how many become infamous through no fault of theirs; the victims of circumstances, born into crime, of low and corrupt parents, whom former circumstances made corrupt! Such men cannot be sinners before God. Here they suffer from the tyranny of appetites they never were taught to subdue; they have not the joy of a cultivated mind. The children of the wild Indian are capable of the same cultivation as children here; yet they are savages. Is it always to be so; is God to be partial in granting the favors of another life? I cannot believe it. I doubt not that many a soul rises up from the dungeon and the gallows, yes, from dens of infamy amongst men, clean and beautiful before God. Christ assured the penitent thief of sharing Heaven with him — and that day. Many seem inferior to me, who in God's sight must be far before me; men who now seem too low to learn of me here, may be too high to teach me there.

I cannot think the future world is to be feared, even by the worst of men. I had rather die a sinner than live one. Doubtless Justice is there to be done — that may seem stern and severe. But remember God's Justice is not like a man's; it is not vengeance; not poison but medicine. To me it seems tuition more than chastisement. God is not the Jailer of the Universe, but the Shepherd of the People; not the Hangman of mankind, but their Physician — yes our Father. I cannot fear Him, as I fear men. I cannot fail to love. I abhor sin, I loathe and nauseate thereat — most of all at my own. I can plead for others and extenuate their guilt, perhaps they for mine; not I for my own. I know God's Justice will overtake me, giving me what I have paid for. But I do not, cannot fear it. I know His Justice is Love, that if I suffer it is for my everlasting joy. I think this is a natural state of mind. I do not find that men ever dread the future life or turn pale on their death-bed at thought of God's vengeance

except when a Priesthood has frightened them to that. The world's Literature, which is the world's confession, proves what I say. In Greece, in classic days, when there was no caste of Priests, the belief in Immortality was current and strong, as here with us. But in all her varied literature I do not remember a man dying, yet afraid of God's vengeance. The rude Indian of our native land did not fear to meet the Great Spirit, face to face. I have sat by the bedside of wicked men, and while Death was dealing with my Brother, I have watched the tide slow ebbing from the shore, but I have known no one afraid to go. Say what we will, there is nothing deeper and stronger in men than confidence in God, a solemn trust that He will do us good. Even the worst man thinks God his Father; and is he not? Tell me not of God's vengeance — punishing men for his own glory! There is no such thing. Talk not to me of endless Hell where men must suffer for suffering's sake, be damned for an eternity of woe. I tell you there is no such thing, nor can there ever be. Does not even the Hireling Shepherd, when a single lamb has gone astray, leave the ninety and nine safe in their fold, go forth some stormy night and seek the wanderer, rejoicing to bring home the lost one on his shoulders? And shall God forget His child, His frailest or most stubborn child; leave him in endless misery, a prey to insatiate Sin, that grim, blood-thirsty Wolf, prowling about the human fold? I tell you, No; not God. Why, this eccentric Earth forsakes the Sun awhile, careering fast and far away, but that attractive power prevails at length, and the returning globe comes rounding home again. Does a mortal mother desert her son, wicked, corrupt and loathsome though he be? If so, the wiser world cries — Shame! But she does not. When her child becomes loathsome and hateful to the world, drunk with wickedness, and when the wicked world puts him away out of its sight, strangling him to death, that mother forgets not her child. She had his earliest kiss from lips all innocent of coming ill, and she will have his last. Yes, she will press his cold and stiffened form to her own bosom; the bosom that bore and fed the innocent babe yearns yet with mortal longing for the murdered murderer. Infamous to the world, his very dust is sacred dust to her. She braves the world's re-

proach — buries her son, piously hoping, that as their lives once mingled, so their ashes shall. The world, cruel and forgetful oft, honors the mother in its deepest heart. Do you tell me that culprit's mother loves her son more than God can love him? Then go and worship her. I know that when Father and Mother both forsake me, in the extremity of my sin — I know my God loves on. Oh yes, ye sons of men, Indian and Greek, ye are right to trust your God. Do Priests and their churches say No! — bid them go and be silent forever. No grain of dust gets lost from off this dusty globe; and shall God lose a Man from off this Sphere of Souls? Believe it not.

I know that suffering follows sin, lasting long as the sin. I thank God it is so; that God's own Angel stands there to warn back the erring Balaams, wandering towards woe. But God, who sends the Rain, the Dew, the Sun, on me as on a better man, will at last, I doubt it not, make us all pure, all just, all good, and so, at last, all happy. This follows from the nature of God himself, for the All-good must wish the welfare of His child; the All-wise know how to achieve that welfare; the All-powerful bring it to pass. Tell me He wishes not the eternal welfare of all men, then I say That is not the God of the universe. I own not that as God. Nay, I tell you it is not GOD you speak of, but some heathen fancy smoking up from your unhuman heart. I would ask the worst of mothers: Did you forsake your child because he went astray, and mocked your word? Oh no, she says — He was but a child, he knew no better, and I led him right, corrected him for his good, not mine! Are we not all children before God? the wisest, oldest, wickedest, a child! I am sure He will never forsake me how wicked soever I become. I know that He is Love; Love too, that never fails. I expect to suffer for each conscious, wilful wrong; I wish, I hope, I long to suffer for it. I am wronged if I do not; what I do not outgrow, live over and forget here, I hope to expiate there. I fear a sin; not to outgrow a sin.

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There are times when we think little of a future life. In a period of success, serene and healthy life — the day's good is good enough for that day. But there comes a time when

this day's good is not enough, its ill too great to bear. When Death comes down and wrenches off a friend from our side — Wife, Child, Brother, Father, a dear one taken — this life is not enough. Oh, no, not to the coldest, coarsest, and most sensual man. I put it to you, to the most heartless of you all, or the most cold and doubting — when you lay down in the earth your Mother, Sister, Wife, or Child, remembering that you shall see their face no more, is life enough? Do you not reach out your arms for Heaven, for Immortality, and feel you cannot die? When I see men at a feast, or busy in the street, I do not think of their eternal life; perhaps feel not my own. But when the stiffened body goes down to the tomb, sad, silent, remorseless,— I feel there is no death for the man. That clod which yonder dust shall cover is not my Brother. The dust goes to its place, the Man to his own. 'Tis then I feel my Immortality. I look through the grave into Heaven. I ask no miracle, no proof, no reasoning for me. I ask no risen dust to teach me Immortality. I am conscious of eternal life.

But there are worse hours than these: seasons bitterer than death — sorrows that lie a latent poison in the heart, slowly sapping the foundations of our peace. There are hours when the best life seems a sheer failure to the man who lived it, his wisdom folly, his genius impotence, his best deed poor and small; when he wonders why he was suffered to be born, when all the sorrows of the world seem poured upon him; when he stands in a populous loneliness and though weak, can only lean in upon himself. In such hours he feels the insufficiency of this life. It is only his cradle-time — he counts himself just born; all honors, wealth and fame are but baubles in his baby hand; his deep Philosophy but nursery rhymes; yet he feels the immortal fire burning in his heart. He stretches his hands out from the swaddling clothes of flesh, reaching after the topmost star, which he sees, or dreams he sees, and longs to go alone. Still worse, the consciousness of sin comes over him — he feels that he has insulted himself. All about him seems little; himself little, yet clamoring to be great. Then we feel our Immortality; through the gairish light of day we see a star or two beyond. The Soul within us feels her wings, contending to be born,

impatient for the sky, and wrestles with the earthly worm
that folds us in.

There is small merit in being willing to die; it seems almost sinful in a good man to wish it when the world needs him here so much. It is weak and unmanly to be always looking and sighing voluptuously for that. But it is of great comfort to have in your soul a sure trust in Immortality; of great value here and now to anticipate Time and live today the Eternal Life. That we may all do. The Joys of Heaven will begin as soon as we attain the Character of Heaven and do its duties. That may begin today. It is Everlasting Life to know God — to have His Spirit dwelling in you — yourself at one with Him. Try that, and prove its worth. Justice, Usefulness, Wisdom, Religion, Love, are the best things we hope for in Heaven. Try them on — they will fit you here not less becomingly. They are the best things of Earth. Think no outlay of Goodness and Piety too great. You will find your reward begin here. As much Goodness and Piety, so much Heaven. Men will not pay you — God will; pay you now; pay you hereafter and forever.

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812-1889)

WHEN Browning wrote to Elizabeth Barrett, after a long and delightful correspondence between them, asking her to let him call upon her, she refused in an irrational, feminine way. ‘There is nothing to see in me,’ she wrote, ‘nor to hear in me... If my poetry is worth anything to any eye, it is the flower of me. I have lived most and been most happy in it, and so it has all my colours; the rest of me is nothing but a root, fit for the ground and dark.’ About a year later they eloped.

On June 29, 1861, Robert Browning’s wife died — alone in the room with him. *Prospice* was written the following autumn. Nearly twenty-eight years later, shortly before his death, he said that he ‘felt as if she had died yesterday.’

Browning died in 1889. He was buried in the Poets’ Corner of Westminster Abbey. The choir sang his wife’s poem, ‘He giveth His Beloved Sleep.’

The following selection is from the *Complete Poetical Works of Robert Browning*, Macmillan Company, New York, 1914, pp. 516-517.

[L. H.]

PROSPICE

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle’s to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

BUCKLE

(1821-1862)

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE is today a man little known. The *History of Civilization in England*, his only work of consequence, gathers more dust than readers. He was not a trained scholar, although few men of his time were as widely read. His life was the uneventful one of a semi-invalid and recluse except for the ardor with which he worked to propound a new, a scientific interpretation of history. His ideas were rather commonplace and his scholarly technique amateurish, but few historians have written with such thrilling power and rhetorical effectiveness.

Buckle was unmarried and lived with his mother until she died on April 1, 1859. They were good companions and he dedicated the first volume of his history to her and the second volume to her memory. Her death was a crushing blow to him and it was under the influence of its immediate impression that he somewhat irrelevantly concluded his review of John Stuart Mill's *Essay on Liberty* for *Fraser's Magazine* with the argument for immortality based on the yearning of the affections.

The following selection is from *Essays by Henry Thomas Buckle*, D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1863, pp. 150-159.

[L. H.]

ON IMMORTALITY

Though this essay has been prolonged much beyond my original intention, I am unwilling to conclude it just at this point, when I have attacked arguments which support a doctrine that I cherish above all other doctrines. It is, indeed, certain that he who destroys a feeble argument in favour of any truth, renders the greatest service to that truth, by obliging its advocates to produce a stronger one. Still, an idea will prevail among some persons that such service is insidious; and that to expose the weak side of a cause, is likely to be the work, not of a friend but of an enemy in disguise. Partly, therefore, to prevent misinterpretation from those who are always ready to misinterpret, and partly for the satisfaction of more candid readers, I will venture to

state what I apprehend to be the safest and most impregnable ground on which the supporters of this great doctrine can take their stand.

That ground is the universality of the affections; the yearning of every mind to care for something out of itself. For, this is the very bond and seal of our common humanity; it is the golden link which knits together and preserves the human species. It is in the need of loving and of being loved, that the highest instincts of our nature are first revealed. Not only is it found among the good and the virtuous, but experience proves that it is compatible with almost any amount of depravity, and with almost every form of vice. No other principle is so general or so powerful. It exists in the most barbarous and ferocious states of society, and we know that even sanguinary and revolting crimes are often unable to efface it from the breast of the criminal. It warms the coldest temperament, and softens the hardest heart. However a character may be deteriorated and debased, this single passion is capable of redeeming it from utter defilement, and of rescuing it from the lowest depths. And if, from time to time, we hear of an apparently well attested case of its entire absence, we are irresistibly impelled to believe that, even in that mind, it lurks unseen; that it is stunted, not destroyed; that there is yet some nook or cranny in which it is buried; that the avenues from without are not quite closed; and that, in spite of adverse circumstances, the affections are not so dead but that it would be possible to rouse them from their torpor, and kindle them into life.

Look now at the way in which this godlike and fundamental principle of our nature acts. As long as we are with those whom we love, and as long as the sense of security is unimpaired, we rejoice, and the remote consequences of our love are usually forgotten. Its fears and its risks are unheeded. But, when the dark day approaches, and the moment of sorrow is at hand, other and yet essential parts of our affection come into play. And if, perchance, the struggle has been long and arduous; if we have been tempted to cling to hope when hope should have been abandoned, so much the more are we at the last changed and humbled. To note the slow, but inevitable march of disease, to watch the

enemy stealing in at the gate, to see the strength gradually waning, the limbs tottering more and more, the noble faculties dwindling by degrees, the eye paling and losing its lustre, the tongue faltering as it vainly tries to utter its words of endearment, the very lips hardly able to smile with their wonted tenderness; — to see this, is hard indeed to bear, and many of the strongest natures have sunk under it. But when even this is gone; when the very signs of life are mute; when the last faint tie is severed, and there lies before us nought save the shell and husk of what we loved too well, then truly, if we believed the separation were final, how could we stand up and live? We have staked our all upon a single cast, and lost the stake. There, where we have garnered up our hearts, and where our treasure is, thieves break in and spoil. Methinks that in that moment of desolation, the best of us would succumb, but for the deep conviction that all is not really over; that we have as yet only seen a part; and that something remains behind. Something behind; something which the eye of reason cannot discern, but on which the eye of affection is fixed. What is that, which, passing over us like a shadow, strains the aching vision as we gaze at it? Whence comes that sense of mysterious companionship in the midst of solitude; that ineffable feeling which cheers the afflicted? Why is it that, at these times, our minds are thrown back on themselves, and, being so thrown, have a forecast of another and a higher state? If this be a delusion, it is one which the affections have themselves created, and we must believe that the purest and noblest elements of our nature conspire to deceive us. So surely as we lose what we love, so surely does hope mingle with grief. That if a man stood alone, he would deem himself mortal, I can well imagine. Why not? On account of his loneliness, his moral faculties would be undeveloped, and it is solely from them that he could learn the doctrine of immortality. There is nothing, either in the mechanism of the material universe, or in the vast sweep and compass of science, which can teach it. The human intellect, glorious as it is, and in its own field almost omnipotent, knows it not. For, the province and function of the intellect is to take those steps, and to produce those improvements, whether speculative or

practical, which accelerate the march of nations, and to which we owe the august and imposing fabric of modern civilization. But this intellectual movement which determines the condition of man, does not apply with the same force to the condition of men. What is most potent in the mass, loses its supremacy in the unit. One law for the separate elements; another law for the entire compound. The intellectual principle is conspicuous in regard to the race; the moral principle in regard to the individual. And of all the moral sentiments which adorn and elevate the human character, the instinct of affection is surely the most lovely, the most powerful, and the most general. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to assert that this, the fairest and choicest of our possessions, is of so delusive and fraudulent a character, that its dictates are not to be trusted, we can hardly avoid the conclusion, that, inasmuch as they are the same in all ages, with all degrees of knowledge, and with all varieties of religion, they bear upon their surface the impress of truth, and are at once the conditions and consequence of our being.

It is, then, to that sense of immortality with which the affections inspire us, that I would appeal for the best proof of the reality of a future life. Other proofs perhaps there are, which it may be for other men or for other times to work out. But, before this can be done, the entire subject will have to be reopened, in order that it may be discussed with boldness and yet with calmness, which however cannot happen as long as a stigma rests on those who attack the belief; because its assailants, being unfairly treated, will for the most part be either timid or passionate. How mischievous as well as how unjust such a stigma is, has, I trust, been made apparent, and to that part of the question I need not revert. One thing only I would repeat, because I honestly believe it to be of the deepest importance. Most earnestly would I again urge upon those who cherish the doctrine of immortality, not to defend it, as they too often do, by arguments which have a basis smaller than the doctrine itself. I long to see this glorious tenet rescued from the jurisdiction of a narrow and sectarian theology, which, foolishly, ascribing to a single religion the possession of all truth, proclaims other religions to be false, and debases the most magnificent topics

by contracting them within the horizon of its own little vision. Every creed which has existed long and played a great part, contains a large amount of truth, or else it would not have retained its hold upon the human mind. To suppose, however, that any one of them contains the whole truth, is to suppose that as soon as that creed was enunciated the limits of inspiration were reached, and the power of inspiration exhausted. For such a supposition we have no warrant. On the contrary, the history of mankind, if compared in long periods, shows a very slow, but still a clearly marked, improvement in the character of successive creeds; so that if we reason from the analogy of the past, we have a right to hope that the improvement will continue, and that subsequent creeds will surpass ours. Using the word religion in its ordinary sense, we find that the religious opinions of men depend on an immense variety of circumstances which are constantly shifting. Hence it is, that whatever rests merely upon these opinions has in it something transient and mutable. Well, therefore, may they who take a distant and comprehensive view, be filled with dismay when they see a doctrine like the immortality of the soul defended in this manner. Such advocates incur a heavy responsibility. They imperil their own cause; they make the fundamental depend upon the casual; they support what is permanent by what is ephemeral; and with their books, their dogmas, their traditions, their rituals, their records, and their other perishable contrivances, they seek to prove what was known to the world before these existed, and what, if these were to die away, would still be known, and would remain the common heritage of the human species, and the consolation of myriads yet unborn.

INGERSOLL

(1833-1899)

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL, lawyer, lecturer, and colonel in the Union Army, belongs in the front rank of American orators. He has been compared to the Greek rhetorician Isocrates in his command of rhythmic language. He did not have a profound intellect but he was a sincere and brilliant champion of the unpopular cause of tolerant thinking. Although denounced as an atheist for his witty and eloquent attacks on the conventional religious beliefs of his time in the *Mistakes of Moses*, Ingersoll was a man of deep religious feeling.

His Address at the Funeral of his Brother is ‘published for the trade’ in the same brochure as his *Liberty of Man, Woman and Child*, without place, date, or name of publisher.

[L. H.]

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF HIS BROTHER

My Friends: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood’s morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life’s highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for the moment, he lay down by the wayside, and using a burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar, a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of a farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love, and every moment jewelled with a joy, will at its close become a tragedy, as sad, and

deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This grave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was love and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls that climbed the heights and left all superstitions here below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words: 'For justice all place a temple and all season summer.' He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshipper, humanity the only religion, and love the priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and if every one for whom he did some loving service were to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of a wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, 'I am better now.' Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred trust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was — there is — no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

OSLER

(1849-1919)

THE son of an inconspicuous Canadian clergyman, solidly grounded on his native heath in the classics and in medicine, called to occupy the chair of medicine in the two foremost medical schools of the United States, summoned finally by his king to become Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, Sir William Osler became known as 'Dean of Medicine' on both sides of the Atlantic.

When in 1900 President Eliot, wishing a scientist for the purpose, invited Osler, then at the Johns Hopkins, to deliver the annual Ingersoll lecture on Immortality at Harvard University, the latter refused energetically. Only after two further requests did he assent and then only with reluctance. For, as he says in his *Introduction*, 'Being neither a philosopher nor the son of a philosopher, I miss the lofty vantage-ground of a prolonged training in things of the spirit enjoyed by my predecessors in this lectureship.' His audience, however, who had expected a cold, critical, and rigidly technical treatment of the theme *Science and Immortality*, was greeted instead by an essentially human and appealing address, couched in language of rare simplicity, of great beauty, and amazingly rich in literary allusion. Masterful is the manner in which the foremost medical scientist of his day discriminates between the things that are temporal and can be apprehended only by the eye of reason and the things that are eternal and can be apprehended only by the eye of faith.

Only the very greatest of physicians can escape all perception of an antinomy between the material world of science and the spiritual world of religion. Osler was one of these. Another was Sir Thomas Browne, his life-long friend and guide. The *Religio Medici* was the second book Osler bought out of his meagre boyhood's savings; in after-life he recommended it as a book which 'should be in the hands — and in the hearts, too — of every medical student.' When in the dim and fading light of a late December afternoon learned dignitaries of the British realm assembled at Christ Church Chapel to pay the last rites to their beloved comrade, they beheld on his coffin a single sheaf of lilies and his favorite copy of *Religio Medici* 'comes viæ vitæque.'

In his lecture on *Science and Immortality*, from which the following selections are taken, Osler divides mankind, on the basis

of its attitude towards immortality, into three classes: (1) the Laodiceans, the lukewarm, for so the inhabitants of Laodicea are reputed to have been, (2) the Gallionians, the hostile, named after Gallio, the judge at the trial of Saint Paul, who 'would have none of these things,' and (3) the Teresians, the ardent believers, named after Saint Teresa, the rapt Spanish mystic.

The following selections are from *Science and Immortality*, Ingersoll Lecture, by William Osler, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1904, pp. 9-13, 14-15, 21-24, 34-43.

[N. E. G.]

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY

THE LAODICEANS

The desire for immortality seems never to have had a very strong hold upon mankind, and the belief is less widely held than is usually stated, but on this part of the question time will not permit me to do more than to make, in passing, a remark or two. Even to our masters, the Greeks, the future life was a shadowy existence. 'Whether they really partake of any good or evil?' asks Aristotle of the dead. Who does not sympathize with the lament of Achilles, stalking among the shades and envying the lowliest swain on earth? 'It harrows us with fear and wonder,' as Jowett says, speaking of Buddhism, 'to learn that this vast system, numerically the most universal or catholic of all religions, and in many of its leading features most like Christianity, is based, not on the hope of eternal life, but of complete annihilation.' And the educated Chinaman looks for no personal immortality, but 'the generations past and the generations to come form with those that are alive one single whole; all live eternally, though it is only some that happen at any moment to live upon earth.'

Practical indifference is the modern attitude of mind; we are Laodiceans,—neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm, as a very superficial observation will make plain. The natural man has only two primal passions, to get and to beget,—to get the means of sustenance (and today a little more) and to beget his kind. Satisfy these, and he looks neither before nor after, but goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the

evening, and returning, sleeps in Elysium without a thought of whence or whither. At one end of the scale the gay and giddy Cyrenaic rout — the society set of the modern world, which repeats with wearisome monotony the same old vices and the same old follies — cares not a fig for the life to come. Let us eat and drink; let us enjoy every hour saved from that eternal silence. ‘There be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream.’ Even our more sober friends, as we see them day by day, interested in stocks and strikes, in baseball and ‘bridge,’ arrange their view of this world entirely regardless of what may be beyond the flaming barriers,— *flammantia mænia mundi*. Where, among the educated and refined, much less among the masses, do we find any ardent desire for a future life? It is not a subject of drawing-room conversation, and the man whose habit it is to buttonhole his acquaintances and inquire earnestly after their souls, is shunned like the Ancient Mariner. Among the clergy it is not thought polite to refer to so delicate a topic except officially from the pulpit. Most ominous of all, as indicating the utter absence of interest on the part of the public, is the silence of the press, in the columns of which are manifest daily the works of the flesh. Any active demand for a presentation of the spiritual and of the unseen would require that they should sow to the spirit and bring forth the fruits of the spirit. On special occasions only, in sickness and in sorrow, or in the presence of some great catastrophe, do disturbing thoughts arise: ‘Whence are we, and why are we? Of what scene the actors or spectators?’ and man’s heart grows cold at the thought that he must die, and that upon him, too, the worms shall feed sweetly. Few among the religious can reproach themselves, as did Donne, with an over-earnest desire for the next life, and those few have the same cause as had the Divine Dean — a burden of earthly cares too grievous to be borne. The lip-sigh of discontent, when in full health, at a too prolonged stay in Kedar’s tents changes quickly, in sickness, to the strong cry of Hezekiah as he drew near to the gates of the grave. And the eventide of life is not always hopeful; on the contrary, the older we grow, the less fixed, very often, is the

belief in a future life. Waller's bi-mundane prospect is rarely seen to-day. As Howells tells us of Lowell, 'His hold upon a belief in a life after death weakened with his years.' Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'We may love the mystical and talk much of the shadows, but when it comes to going out among them and laying hold of them with the hand of faith, we are not of the excursion.'

We habitually talk of the departed, not as though they had passed from death unto life and were in a state of conscious joy and felicity, or otherwise, but we count them out of our circle with set deliberation, and fix between them and us a gulf as deep as that which separated Dives from Lazarus. That sweet and gracious feeling of an ever-present immortality, so keenly appreciated in the religion of Numa, has no meaning for us. The dead are no longer immanent, and we have lost that sense of continuity which the Romans expressed so touchingly in their private festivals of the Ambarvalia, in which the dead were invoked and remembered. Even that golden cord of Catholic doctrine, the Communion of the Saints, so comforting to the faithful in all ages, is worn to a thread in our working-day world. Over our fathers immortality brooded like the day; we have consciously thrust it out of lives so full and busy that we have no time to make an enduring covenant with our dead.

THE GALLIONIANS

The great bulk of the people are lukewarm Laodiceans, concerned less with the future life than with the price of beef or coal. Our scientific student, scanning his fellow men, would soon recognize the second group, the Gallionians, who deliberately put the matter aside as one about which we know nothing and have no means of knowing anything. Like Gallio, they care for none of these things, and live wholly uninfluenced by a thought of the hereafter. They have either reached the intellectual conviction that there is no hope in the grave, or the question remains open, as it did with Darwin, and the absorbing interests of other problems and the every-

day calls of domestic life satisfy the mind. It was my privilege to know well one of the greatest naturalists of this country, Joseph Leidy, who reached this standpoint, and I have often heard him say that the question of a future state had long ceased to interest him or to have any influence in his life. I think there can be no doubt that this attitude of mind is more common among naturalists and investigators than in men devoted to literature and the humanities.

Science may be said to have at least four points of contact with a belief in immortality. In the first place, it has caused a profound change in men's thoughts within the past generation. The introduction of a new factor has modified the views of man's origin, of his place in nature, and, in consequence, of his destiny. The belief of our fathers may be expressed in the fewest possible words: 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' Man was an *angelus sepultus* which had —

'Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.'

Created in the image of God, 'sufficient to have stood, though free to fall,' he fell, and is an outlaw from his father's house, to which he is now privileged to return at the price of the Son of God. This is the Sunday story from orthodox pulpits, and it is what we teach to our children. On the other hand, to science man is the one far-off event towards which the whole creation has moved, the crowning glory of organic life, the end-product of a ceaseless evolution which has gone on for æons, since in some early pelagian sea life first appeared, whence and how science knows not. The week-day story tells of man, not a degenerate descendant of the sons of the gods, but the heir of all the ages, with head erect and brow serene, confident in himself, confident in the future, as he pursues the gradual paths of an aspiring change. How profoundly the problem of man's destiny and of his relation to the unseen world has been affected by science is seen in the current literature of the day, which expresses the naturally irreconcilable breach between two such diametrically opposed views of his origin. But this has not been wholly a

result of the biological revolution through which we have passed. The critical study of the Bible has weakened the belief in revelation, and so indirectly in immortality, and science has had a good deal to say about the credibility of what purports to be a direct revelation based on miracles. The younger ones among you cannot appreciate the mental cataclysm of the past forty years. The battle of Armageddon has been fought and lost, and many of the survivors, as they tread the *via dolorosa*, feel in aching scars

‘the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,—’

the heavy change from the days when faith was diversified with doubt, to the present days, when doubt is diversified with faith.

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THE TERESIANS

There remains for consideration the most interesting group of the three to the scientific student, representing the very opposite pole in life's battery, and either attracting or repelling, according as he has been negatively or positively charged from his cradle. There have always been two contending principles in human affairs, an old-time antagonism which may be traced in mythology and in the theologies, and which in philosophy is represented by idealism and realism, in every-day life by the head and the heart. Aristotle and Plato, Abelard and St. Bernard, Huxley and Newman, represent in different periods the champions of the intellect and of the emotions. Now on the question of the immortality of the soul, the only people who have ever had perfect satisfaction are the idealists, who walk by faith and not by sight. ‘Many are the wand bearers, few are the mystics,’ said Plato. ‘Many be called, but few are chosen,’ said Christ. Of the hosts that cry Lord! Lord! few have that earnest expectation of the creature which has characterized in every age those strong souls laden with fire who have kept alive this sentiment of immortality,— the little flock of Teresians, who feel that to them it is given to *know* the mysteries.

Not always the wise men after the flesh (except among the Greeks), more often the lowly and obscure, women more often than men, these Teresians have ever formed the moral leaven of humanity. Narrow, prejudiced, often mistaken in worldly ways and methods, they alone have preserved in the past, and still keep for us to-day, the faith that looks through death. Children of Light, children of the Spirit, whose ways are foolishness to the children of this world, mystics, idealists, with no strong reason for the faith that is in them, yet they compel admiration and imitation by the character of the life they lead and the beneficence of the influence they exert. The serene faith of Socrates with the cup of hemlock at his lips, the heroic devotion of a St. Francis or a St. Teresa, but more often for each one of us the beautiful life of some good woman whose —

'Eyes are homes of faithful prayer,
Whose loves in higher love endure,'

do more to keep alive among the Laodiceans a belief in immortality than all the preaching in the land. Some of you may recall how strongly this is brought out in Cardinal Newman's University Sermon, 'Personal Influence, the Means of Propagating the Truth.'

Though a little flock, this third group is the salt of the earth, so far as preserving for us a firm conviction of the existence of another and a better world. Not by the lips, but by the life, are men influenced in their beliefs; and when reasons calls in vain and arguments fall on deaf ears, the still small voice of a life lived in the full faith of another may charm like the lute of Orpheus and compel an unwilling assent by a strong, indefinable attraction, not to be explained in words, outside the laws of philosophy, — a something which is not apparent to the senses, and which is manifest only in its effects. In that most characteristic Eastern scene before King Darius, in the discussion, Which is the strongest thing in the world, Zorobabel was right in giving woman the preëminence, since she is the incarnation of the emotional, — of that element in life which sways like a reed the minds of men.

The remarkable development of the material side of existence may make us feel that Reason is King, with science as the prime minister, but this is a most short-sighted view of the situation. To-day as always the heart controls, not alone the beliefs, but the actions of men, in whose life the head counts for little, partly because so few are capable of using their faculties, but more particularly because we are under the dominion of the emotions, and our deeds are the outcome of passion and prejudice, of sentiment and usage much more than of reason. From the standpoint of science, representing the head, there is an irreconcilable hostility to this emotional or cardiac side of life's problems, yet as one of the most important facts in man's history it has to be studied, and has been studied in a singularly lucid way in this University by one recognized everywhere as a master in Israel. Unfortunately, with the heart man believeth, not alone unto righteousness, but unto every possible vagary, from Apollonius of Tyana to Joseph Smith. Where is the touchstone to which a man may bring his emotions to the test, when as the great Stagyrite remarks, ordinary opinions are not less firmly held by some than positive knowledge by others? In our temporizing days man is always seeking a safe middle ground between loyalty to the intellectual faculty and submission to authority in an unreasoning acceptance of the things of the spirit. On the question of immortality the only enduring enlightenment is through faith. 'Only believe,' and 'he that believeth,' — these are the commandments with comfort; not 'only think,' and 'he that reasoneth,' for these are the commandments of science. To many the awkwardness of the mental predicament would be more keenly felt were it not for the subtleness and suppleness of our understanding, which is double and diverse, just as the matters are double and diverse.

Though his philosophy finds nothing to support it, at least from the standpoint of Terence the scientific student should be ready to acknowledge the value of a belief in a hereafter as an asset in human life. In the presence of so many mysteries which have been unveiled, in the presence of so many yet unsolved, he cannot be dogmatic and deny the possibility of a future state; and however distressing such

a negative attitude of mind to the Teresian, like Pyrrho, he will ask to be left, reserving his judgment, but still inquiring. He will recognize that amid the turbid ebb and flow of human misery, a belief in the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come is the rock of safety to which many of the noblest of his fellows have clung; he will gratefully accept the incalculable comfort of such a belief to those sorrowing for precious friends hid in death's dateless night; he will acknowledge with gratitude and reverence the service to humanity of the great souls who have departed this life in a sure and certain hope — but this is all. Whether across death's threshold we step from life to life, or whether we go whence we shall not return, even to the land of darkness, as darkness itself, he cannot tell. Nor is this strange. Science is organized knowledge, and knowledge is of things we see. Now the things that are seen are temporal; of the things that are unseen science knows nothing, and has at present no means of knowing anything.

The man of science is in a sad quandary to-day. He cannot but feel that the emotional side to which faith leans makes for all that is bright and joyous in life. Fed on the dry husks of facts, the human heart has a hidden want which science cannot supply; as a steady diet it is too strong and meaty, and hinders rather than promotes harmonious mental metabolism. In illustration, what a sad confession that emotional Dryasdust, Herbert Spencer, has made when he admits that he preferred a third-rate novel to Plato and that he could not read Homer! Extremes meet. The great idealist would have banished poets from his Republic as teachers of myths and fables, and had the apostle of evolution been dictator of a new Utopia, his Index Expurgatorius would have been still more rigid. To keep his mind sweet the modern scientific man should be saturated with the Bible and Plato, with Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton; to see life through their eyes may enable him to strike a balance between the rational and the emotional, which is the most serious difficulty of the intellectual life.

A word in conclusion to the young men in the audience. As perplexity of soul will be your lot and portion, accept the situation with a good grace. The hopes and fears which make

us men are inseparable, and this wine-press of Doubt each one of you must tread alone. It is a trouble from which no man may deliver his brother or make agreement with another for him. Better that your spirit's bark be driven far from the shore — far from the trembling throng whose sails were never to the tempest given — than that you should tie it up to rot at some lethean wharf. On the question before us wide and far your hearts will range from those early days when matins and evensong, evensong and matins sang the larger hope of humanity into your young souls. In certain of you the changes and chances of the years ahead will reduce this to a vague sense of eternal continuity, with which, as Walter Pater says, none of us wholly part. In a very few it will be begotten again to the lively hope of the Teresians; while a majority will retain the sabbatical interest of the Laodicean, as little able to appreciate the fervid enthusiasm of the one as the cold philosophy of the other. Some of you will wander through all phases, to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after death; and this is my own *confessio fidei*.

LODGE

(1851-)

SIR OLIVER JOSEPH LODGE has been for nearly a half century one of the most distinguished scientists of England. Among men of science he is known for his investigations in lightning, the seat of the electromotive force in the voltaic cell, the phenomena of electrolysis, the speed of the ion, and other problems equally occult to the layman. He is better known to the 'public' as a leader in spiritualism, as the father who believed that he actually talked with the spirit of his boy Raymond who had been killed on the battlefield of the Great War.

The belief of Sir Oliver in the immortality of the soul was not the product of his grief. Before the War he wrote, as a man of science and not as a bereaved father, an argument for immortality. As the measured and impersonal judgment of a great physicist it is of interest to the curious and of comfort to the sorrowing.

The selection is from *Science and Immortality* by Sir Oliver Lodge, Moffat, Yard and Company, New York, 1908, pp. 153-161.

[L. H.]

THE TRANSITORY AND THE PERMANENT

Now let us consider what is meant by Immortality. Is there anything that is not subject to death and annihilation? Can we predicate immortality about anything? Everything is subject to change, but are all things subject to death? Without change there could be no activity, and the universe would be stagnant; but without death it is not so clear that its progress would be obstructed; unless death be only a sort of change.

But is it not a sort of change? Consider some examples: When a piece of coal is burnt and brought to an apparent end, the particles of long-fossilised wood are not destroyed; they enter into the atmosphere as gaseous constituents, and the long-locked-up solar energy is released from its potential form and appears once more as light and heat. The burning of the coal is a kind of resurrection; and yet it is a kind of death too, and to the superficial eye nothing is left but ashes.

Take next the destruction of a picture or a statue, let it be torn to pieces or mashed to powder; there is nothing to suggest resurrection about that, and the beautiful form embodied in the material has disappeared.

Such a dissolution is a more serious matter, and may be the result of a really malicious act. It is perhaps the nearest approach to genuine destruction that is possible to man, and in some cases represents the material concomitant of a hideous crime. True, nothing material is destroyed, the particles weigh just as much as before; yet the expression is gone, the beauty is defaced, an idea perhaps is lost.

But, after all, the idea was never really in the marble or in the pigments; it was embodied or incarnate or displayed by them, in a sense, but it was not really *there*. It was in the mind of the artist who constructed the work, and it entered the mind of the spectators who beheld it — at least of those who had the requisite perceptive faculty; but it was never in the stone at all. The inert material, from the impress of mind it had received, was able to call out and liberate in a kindred mind some of the original feelings and thoughts which had gone to fashion it. Without a perceptive faculty, without a sympathetic mind, the material was powerless. Set up in, or sent to, a world inhabited only by lower animals, it would convey no message whatever, it would be wholly meaningless; just as a piece of manuscript would be, in such a world, though it contained the divinest poem ever written.

Nevertheless, by the supposed act of vandalism a certain incarnation of beauty has been lost to the world. Though even so it is not destroyed out of the universe: it remains the possession of the artist and of those privileged to feel along with him.

Consider next the destruction of a tree or of an animal. Here again the particles remain as many as before, it is only their arrangement that is altered; the matter is conserved but has lost its shape; the energy is constant in quantity but has changed its form. What has disappeared? The thing that has disappeared is the life — the life which appeared to be in the tree or the animal, the life which had composed or constructed it by aid of sunshine and atmosphere, and was

manifested by it. Its incarnate form has now gone — no more will that life be displayed amidst its old surroundings, it has disappeared from our ken; apparently it has disappeared from the planet. Has it gone out of existence altogether?

If it were really generated *de novo*, created out of nothing, at the birth of the animal or the tree, we should be entitled to assume that at death it may have returned to the nonentity whence it came.

But why nonentity? What do we know of nonentity? Is it a reasonable or conceivable idea? Things when they vanish are only hidden. And so conversely: it is readily intelligible that some existence, some bodily presentation, can be evoked out of a hidden or imperceptible or latent or potential existence, and be made actual and perceptible and what we call real. Instances of that sort are constantly occurring. It occurs when a composer produces a piece of music, it occurs when an artisan constructs a piece of furniture, it occurs when a spider spins a web, and when the atmosphere deposits dew. But what example can we think of where existence is created out of nonentity, where nothing turns into something? We can think of plenty of examples of change, of organisation, of something apparently complex and highly developed arising out of a germ apparently simple; but there must always be at least a seed, or nothing will arise; nothing can come out of nothing: something must always have its origin in something.

A radium atom is an element possessing in itself the seeds of its own destruction. Every now and then it explodes and fires off a portion of itself. This can occur several times in succession, and finally it seems to become inert and to cease to be radium or anything like it; it is thought by some to have become lead, while the particles thrown off have become helium, or occasionally neon, or sometimes argon. Let us suppose that. We cannot stop there, we are bound to go on to ask what was the original of the radium itself. If it explodes itself to pieces in the course of a few thousand years, why does any radium still exist? How is it being born? Does it spring into existence out of nothing, or has it some parent? And if it has a parent, what was the origin of that parent?

Never in physical science do we surmise for a moment that something suddenly springs into being from previous non-existence. All that we perceive can be accounted for by changes of aggregation, by assemblage and dispersion. Of material aggregates we can trace the history, as we can trace the history of continents and islands, of suns and planets and stars; we can say, or try to say, whence they arose and what they will become; but never do we state that they will vanish into nothingness, nor do we ever conjecture that they arose from nothing.

It is true that in religion we seek to trace things farther back still, and ultimately say that everything arose from God; and there, perforce, our chain of existence, our links of antecedence and sequence must cease. But to allow such a statement to act as an intellectual refuge can only be a concession to human infirmity. Everything truly arose from God; but there is nothing specially illuminating in such a statement as that, for everything is in God now; and everything will continue to be animated and sustained by God to all eternity. It is not legitimate explicitly to introduce the idea of God to explain the past alone; the term applies equally to the present and to the future.

So the assertion just made, though true enough, is only a mode of saying that what was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. This is a religious mode of expressing our conviction of the uniformity of the Eternal Character, but it is not a statement which adds to our scientific information. We may not be able to understand Nature, we are certainly unable to comprehend God. If we say that Nature is an aspect of the Divine Being, we must be speaking truly; but that only strengthens our present argument as to its durability and permanence, for we shall certainly not thus be led to attribute to anything so qualified any power of either jumping into or jumping out of existence. To make the statement that Nature is an aspect of the Godhead is explicitly to postulate eternity for every really existing thing, and to say that what we call death is not annihilation but only change. Birth is change. Death is change. A happy change, perhaps; a melancholy change, perhaps. That all depends upon circumstances and special cases, and on the

point of view from which things are regarded; but, anyhow, an inevitable change.

I want to make the distinct assertion that no really existing thing perishes, but only changes its form.

Physical science teaches us this, clearly enough, concerning matter and energy: the two great entities with which it has to do. And there is no likelihood of any great modification in this teaching. It may, perhaps, be induced in the long-run to modify the form of statement and to assert conservation and real existence of ether and motion (or, perhaps only, of ether *in* motion) rather than of matter and energy. That is quite possible, but the apparent variation of statement is only a variant in form; its essence and meaning are the same, except that it is now more general and would allow even the atoms of matter themselves to have their day and cease to be; being resolved, perhaps, into electricity, and that into some hitherto unimagined mode of motion of the ether. But all this is far from being accepted at present, and need not here be considered.

The distinction between what is transitory and what is permanent is quite clear. Evanescence is to be stated concerning every kind of 'system' and aggregation and grouping. A crowd assembles, and then it disperses; it is a crowd no more. A cloud forms in the sky, and soon once more the sky is blue again; the cloud has died. Dew forms on a leaf: a little while, and it has gone again — gone apparently into nothingness, like the cloud. But we know better, both for cloud and dew. In an imperceptible form it was and soon into an imperceptible form it will again have passed; but meanwhile there is the dewdrop glistening in the sun, reflecting all the movements of the neighbouring world, and contributing its little share to the beauty and the serviceableness of creation.

Its perceptible or incarnate existence is temporary. As a drop it was born, and as a drop it dies; but as aqueous vapour it persists: an intrinsically imperishable substance, with all the properties persisting which enabled it to condense into drop or cloud. Even it, therefore, has the attribute of immortality.

So, then, what about life? Can that be a nonentity which

has built up particles of carbon and hydrogen and oxygen into the form of an oak or an eagle or a man? Is it something which is really nothing; and soon shall it be manifestly the nothing that an ignorant and purblind creature may suppose it to be?

Not so; nor is it so with intellect and consciousness and will, nor with memory and love and adoration, nor all the manifold activities which at present strangely interact with matter and appeal to our bodily senses and terrestrial knowledge; they are not nothing, nor shall they ever vanish into nothingness or cease to be. They did not arise with us: they never did spring into being; they are as eternal as the God-head itself, and in the eternal Being they shall endure forever.

‘Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.’

So sang Emily Brontë on her deathbed, in a poem which Mr. Haldane quotes in full, in his Gifford Lectures, as containing true philosophy. And, surely in this respect there is a unity running through the universe, and a kinship between the human and the Divine: witness the eloquent ejaculation of Carlyle:

‘What, then, is man! What, then, is man!

‘He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time, and *is*, and will be, when Time shall be no more.’

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(1858-1919)

IN ONE of his hunting books Theodore Roosevelt wrote Browning's words

'How good is man's life, the mere living!'

Few men enjoyed life and enjoyed it so abundantly as did Roosevelt. And his delight in living was deepened and balanced by a stern and vibrant desire to make his life of service to mankind. He sought eagerly and accepted gustily the challenge of things temporal but he also responded with unflinching courage to the commands of things eternal. When he died on January 6, 1919, the world knew that 'Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a summons.'

On July 17, 1918, the news reached him that his youngest boy Quentin had fallen in aerial combat. That autumn he wrote the *Great Adventure*. When told that he had never written so well before he answered, 'Ah, that was Quentin.'

The following selection is from the *Great Adventure, Present-Day Studies in American Nationalism*, by Theodore Roosevelt, Scribner's Sons, New York, 1918, *The Great Adventure*, Chapter I, pp. 1-8.

[L. H.]

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for unless its sons and daughters thought of life not as something concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual, but as a link in the great chain of creation and causation, so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose life must be made to serve the larger

and continuing life of the whole. Therefore it is that the man who is not willing to die, and the woman who is not willing to send her man to die, in a war for a great cause, are not worthy to live. Therefore it is that the man and woman who in peace-time fear or ignore the primary and vital duties and the high happiness of family life, who dare not beget and bear and rear the life that is to last when they are in their graves, have broken the chain of creation, and have shown that they are unfit for companionship with the souls ready for the Great Adventure.

The wife of a fighting soldier at the front recently wrote as follows to the mother of a gallant boy, who at the front had fought in high air like an eagle, and, like an eagle, fighting had died:

'I write these few lines — not of condolence for who would dare to pity you? — but of deepest sympathy to you and yours as you stand in the shadow which is the earthly side of those clouds of glory in which your son's life has just passed. Many will envy you that when the call to sacrifice came you were not found among the paupers to whom no gift of life worth offering had been entrusted. They are the ones to be pitied, not we whose dearest are jeopardizing their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. I hope my two sons will live as worthily and die as greatly as yours.'

There spoke one dauntless soul to another! America is safe while her daughters are of this kind; for their lovers and their sons cannot fail, as long as beside the hearthstones stand such wives and mothers. And we have many, many such women; and their men are like unto them.

With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself, but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done and of risk and danger never wantonly courted, but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced. And those who have earned joy, but are rewarded only with sorrow, must learn the stern comfort dear to great souls, the comfort that springs from the knowledge taught in times of iron that the law of worthy living is not fulfilled by pleasure, but by service, and by sacrifice when only thereby can service be rendered.

No nation can be great unless its sons and daughters have in them the quality to rise level to the needs of heroic days. Yet this heroic quality is but the apex of a pyramid of which the broad foundations must solidly rest on the performance of duties so ordinary that to impatient minds they seem commonplace. No army was ever great unless its soldiers possessed the fighting edge. But the finest natural fighting edge is utterly useless unless the soldiers and the junior officers have been through months, and the officers of higher command and the general staff through years, of hard, weary, intensive training. So likewise the citizenship of any country is worthless unless in a crisis it shows the spirit of the two million Americans who in this mighty war have eagerly come forward to serve under the Banner of the Stars, afloat and ashore, and of the other millions who would now be beside them overseas if the chance had been given them; and yet such spirit will in the long run avail nothing unless in the years of peace the average man and average woman of the duty-performing type realize that the highest of all duties, the one essential duty, is the duty of perpetuating the family life, based on the mutual love and respect of the one man and the one woman, and on their purpose to rear the healthy and fine-souled children whose coming into life means that the family and, therefore, the nation shall continue in life and shall not end in a sterile death.

Woe to those who invite a sterile death; a death not for them only, but for the race; the death which is insured by a life of sterile selfishness.

But honor, highest honor, to those who fearlessly face death for a good cause; no life is so honorable or so fruitful as such a death. Unless men are willing to fight and die for great ideals, including love of country, ideals will vanish, and the world will become one huge sty of materialism. And unless the women of ideals bring forth the men who are ready thus to live and die, the world of the future will be filled by the spawn of the unfit. Alone of human beings the good and wise mother stands on a plane of equal honor with the bravest soldier; for she has gladly gone down to the brink of the chasm of darkness to bring back the children in whose hands rests the future of the years. But the mother, and far more

the father, who flinch from the vital task earn the scorn visited on the soldier who flinches in battle. And the nation should by action mark its attitude alike toward the fighter in war and toward the child-bearer in peace and war. The vital need of the nation is that its men and women of the future shall be the sons and daughters of the soldiers of the present. Excuse no man from going to war because he is married; but put all unmarried men above a fixed age at the hardest and most dangerous tasks; and provide amply for the children of soldiers, so as to give their wives the assurance of material safety.

In such a matter one can only speak in general terms. At this moment there are hundreds of thousands of gallant men eating out their hearts because the privilege of facing death in battle is denied them. So there are innumerable women and men whose undeserved misfortune it is that they have no children or but one child. These soldiers denied the perilous honor they seek, these men and women heart-hungry for the children of their longing dreams, are as worthy of honor as the men who are warriors in fact, as the women whose children are of flesh and blood. If the only son who is killed at the front has no brother because his parents coldly dreaded to play their part in the Great Adventure of Life, then our sorrow is not for them, but solely for the son who himself dared the Great Adventure of Death. If, however, he is the only son because the Unseen Powers denied others to the love of his father and mother, then we mourn doubly with them because their darling went up to the sword of Azrael, because he drank the dark drink proffered by the Death Angel.

In America to-day all our people are summoned to service and sacrifice. Pride is the portion only of those who know bitter sorrow or the foreboding of bitter sorrow. But all of us who give service, and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch-bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners. The torches whose flame is brightest are borne by the gallant men at the front, and by the gallant women whose husbands and lovers, whose sons and brothers are at the front. These men are high of soul, as they face their fate on the shell-shattered

earth, or in the skies above or in the waters beneath; and no less high of soul are the women with torn hearts and shining eyes; the girls whose boy lovers have been struck down in their golden morning, and the mothers and wives to whom word has been brought that henceforth they must walk in the shadow.

These are the torch-bearers; these are they who have dared the Great Adventure.

THE END

